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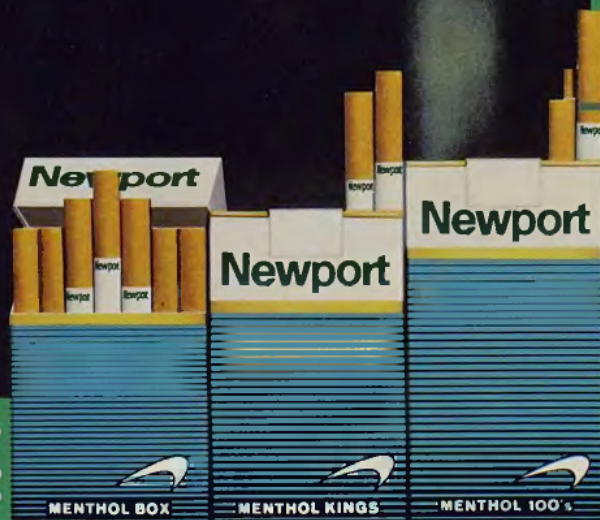


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PLAYBILL

GUINEVERE, AT LEAST according to Lerner and Loewe, claimed that May was the lusty month. Not about to argue with a woman who has many strong friends, we've stoked this issue with enough lust to fuel 50 medieval Maypole bacchanals. Still, that's not all you'll find in the pages that follow. There will be classicism, terrorism, bisexuality, Kinski and a genuine May Pole.

You don't need a photographic memory to recall **Ansel Adams**, one of the world's best-known photographers and a feisty environmentalist to boot. In a colorful *Playboy Interview* conducted by **David and Victoria Sheff**, Adams opens the shutter on his views on the natural beauty of the planet and the unnatural ugliness of the current Secretary of the Interior.

There are many classical touches in May's fiction, part two of **Norman Mailer's** *Ancient Evenings*. But who's touching whom? An excerpt from Mailer's Little, Brown novel of the same title, this month's conclusion has Pharaoh's right-hand man left to guard the Queen of the Nile and her fertile delta.

In *The Targeting of America: A Special Report on Terrorism*, **Laurence Gonzales** sights a new wolf at the door. If international terrorism is as bullish as he thinks, its next battlefield could be Wall Street, or your street. **James P. Wohl** has prepared a bitter scenario—*A Terrorists' Guide to the 1984 Olympics*—to accompany it.

Seems we've cornered the market on star photographers this month. His style is very different from Adams', but **Helmut Newton** also creates vistas of topography (nude), and **Nastassia Kinski** is certainly a resource worth conserving. The lifelike Marlene Dietrich doll you'll find in *Nastassia Kinski Exposed* dates back to the Thirties; photographer Newton became so fond of it that we gave it to him. Our movie maven, **Bruce Williamson**, had the pleasure of Miss Kinski's company in writing the text.

The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey springs into its third installment this issue, asking the musical question "Do bisexuals really double their chances of getting a date on Saturday night?" Lovingly illustrated by **Kinuko Craft**, it may be one of the most eye-opening studies of sex you'll ever see.

One of the least traditional television columns you'll ever see begins this month. It's by **Tony Schwartz**, who wrote for *Newsweek* and reviewed TV for *The New York Times* before turning on to us. "I'll be a little iconoclastic in this column," says Schwartz. "Working for *PLAYBOY* gives me more license than working for, say, the *Times*." True to his promise, he kicks off his column by predicting the demise of one of the big-three networks.

If you think there's nothing lusty in baseball, you've never seen Baltimore Orioles hurler **Jim Palmer** pitch bikini briefs. Palmer gets debriefed by *The Washington Post's* **Tom Boswell** in this month's *Palmer vs. Palmer*. We fired a brush-back pitch in **Bill Utterback's** direction ("Bring your brush back, Bill"). He dusted himself off and came through with a hit illustration.

Last year, the movies featured a homesick extraterrestrial, a boxer with a Roman nose and a numeral to match and Spock's last grok. This year's *The Year in Movies* is even better. Slaved and slavered over by Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** and Associate Art Director **Theo Kouvatsos**, it's got all of the above and some notable sex, too.

Contributing Editor **David Rensin** climbed the mountain to **Charlton Heston's** house for May's *20 Questions*. One of our most articulate movie heroes, Heston offers lines on acting, politics, boots, sex and the big issue of the day, nuclear disarmament.

Believe it or not, there are *two* Miss Mays in this issue. The first is an actual May Pole, this month's pinup girl in the Polish government's official skin calendar for 1983, which we've titled *Gdansk's Aren't Just for Gdansk*. Our American model isn't a member of Solidarity, but she's striking, nevertheless. Photographed by **Stephen Wayda**, Playmate **Susie Scott** is a computer programmer you'll never erase from your memory. So proceed.



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 30, no. 5—may, 1983

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Duck! Here comes the summer of '83-D.

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He's the dean of American photography and Smokey the Bear's best friend. To his credit, the U.S. Secretary of the Interior is mad at him. What makes this 81-year-old environmentalist/lensman click? He supplies the answers in this wide-angle view of his art and his life, plus his frank appraisals of James Watt, Ronald Reagan and others.

THE TARGETING OF AMERICA:

A SPECIAL REPORT ON TERRORISM—article LAURENCE GONZALES 88

The P.L.O. blew it in Lebanon, so in the true pioneer spirit, terrorists are heading west. Incendiaries may be moving to the United States. Perhaps it's time for a new sort of neighborhood preservation.

A TERRORISTS' GUIDE TO THE 1984

OLYMPICS—article JAMES P. WOHL 90

If you think the toughest event at the Olympics is the decathlon, guess again. It's a good bet that terrorists are already in training for some non-scheduled events. Here's how our best minds view the competition.

MEET THE MRS.—pictorial 93

Mrs. Oklahoma and Mrs. Georgia, both former contestants in the Mrs. America Pageant, are a pair of living testimonials to the wondrous power of marriage.

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COVER STORY

Facing off with you this month is screen gem Nastassia Kinski, displaying her wet look. You remember Nastassia from *Cat People*. If you look closely, you'll see that she has lately deserted her feline predilection. In fact, she's gone and sprouted Rabbit ears. Famed femme photographer Helmut Newton's cover shot starkly documents the harey transformation. As for Kinski, we'd say she gives great face.

ANCIENT EVENINGS, PART II—fiction NORMAN MAILER 100

A second look at an exciting new novel. This time, the Pharaoh removes Menenhetet from his gig as keeper of the royal harem and puts him to work for the Queen, which gives our hero the first recorded case of delta blues.

BARTENDERS' SECRETS—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 103

The professionals tell how they deliver the punch.

PALMER VS. PALMER—personality TOM BOSWELL 104

The most laid-back ball of nerves in baseball, he's also the most disciplined sex symbol in medallion. If opposites attract, then Orioles pitching ace Jim Palmer must be very together.

LOVE AT FIRST BYTE—playboy's playmate of the month 108

When Salt Lake City computer specialist Susie Scott told us she just loves men to death, we decided to take a peek at her program. When you see her software in action, it will definitely give you some data to process.

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STAYING POWER—attire DAVID PLATT 124

The Modern Jazz Quartet in the enduring harmony of classic ensembles.

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY, PART III—article 126

This month: Do bisexuals really double their chances of getting a date on Saturday night? The nonstraight respondents to our far-reaching *Playboy* Readers' Sex Survey said yes and no. We compare and contrast the behavior of heterosexuals with that of homosexuals and bisexuals. We told you this study was far-reaching.

THE YEAR IN MOVIES 130

We'd like to thank Tinseltown for making all this possible: Hollywood herpes, the joy of sex onscreen, the memorable heroes and villains and some of the best lines since "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

20 QUESTIONS: CHARLTON HESTON 138

We ask the stor of *Planet of the Apes* what he thinks about this planet. He calls Ed Asner stupid; he calls Paul Newman innocent; he calls the Russians treaty breakers; but he would never call the President Ronnie.

HOW MEN BECAME MIND READERS—ribald classic 141

NASTASSIA KINSKI EXPOSED—pictorial 142

Helmut Newton is sometimes called the king of kink. Leather, dogs and big-shouldered women have all figured in his work. At a Los Angeles poolside location, we introduced him to a porcelain doll, to Kinski, the equally delicate star of the film *Exposed*, and to her director, James Toback. Result: an oddly erotic fantasy.

GDANSKINS AREN'T JUST FOR GDANSK—pictorial 154

When Poland's Communist Party issued a 1983 pinup calendar, we thought it might be a Polish joke. But, as you'll see, these are real party girls.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor 156

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Loser-read discs are in your audio future; the '83 Turbo T-bird takes off from zero to 60 in nine seconds; Grapevine; Sex News.



Sex Survey

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Bartenders' Secrets

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Staying Power

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Great Scott

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Olympic Terrorism

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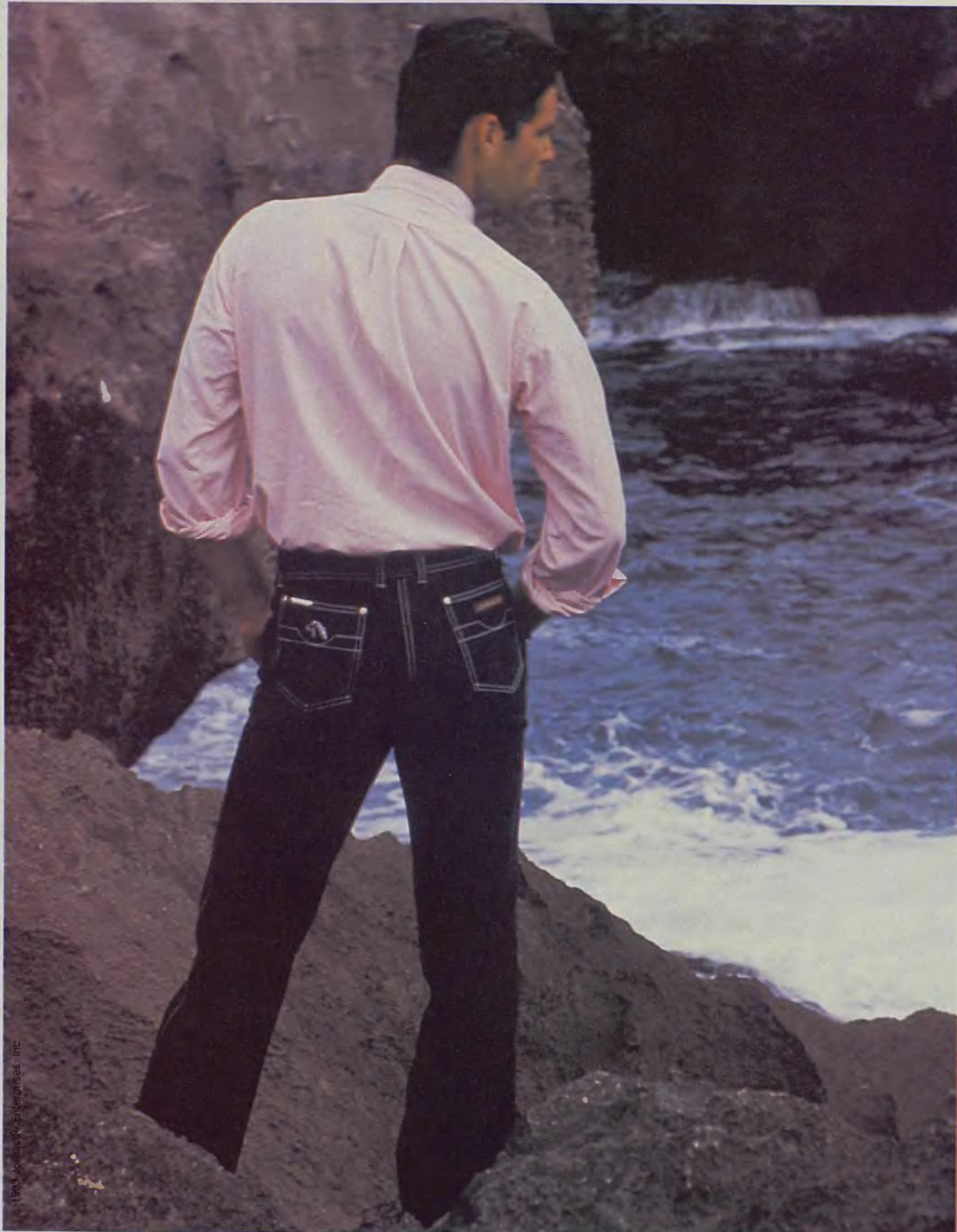
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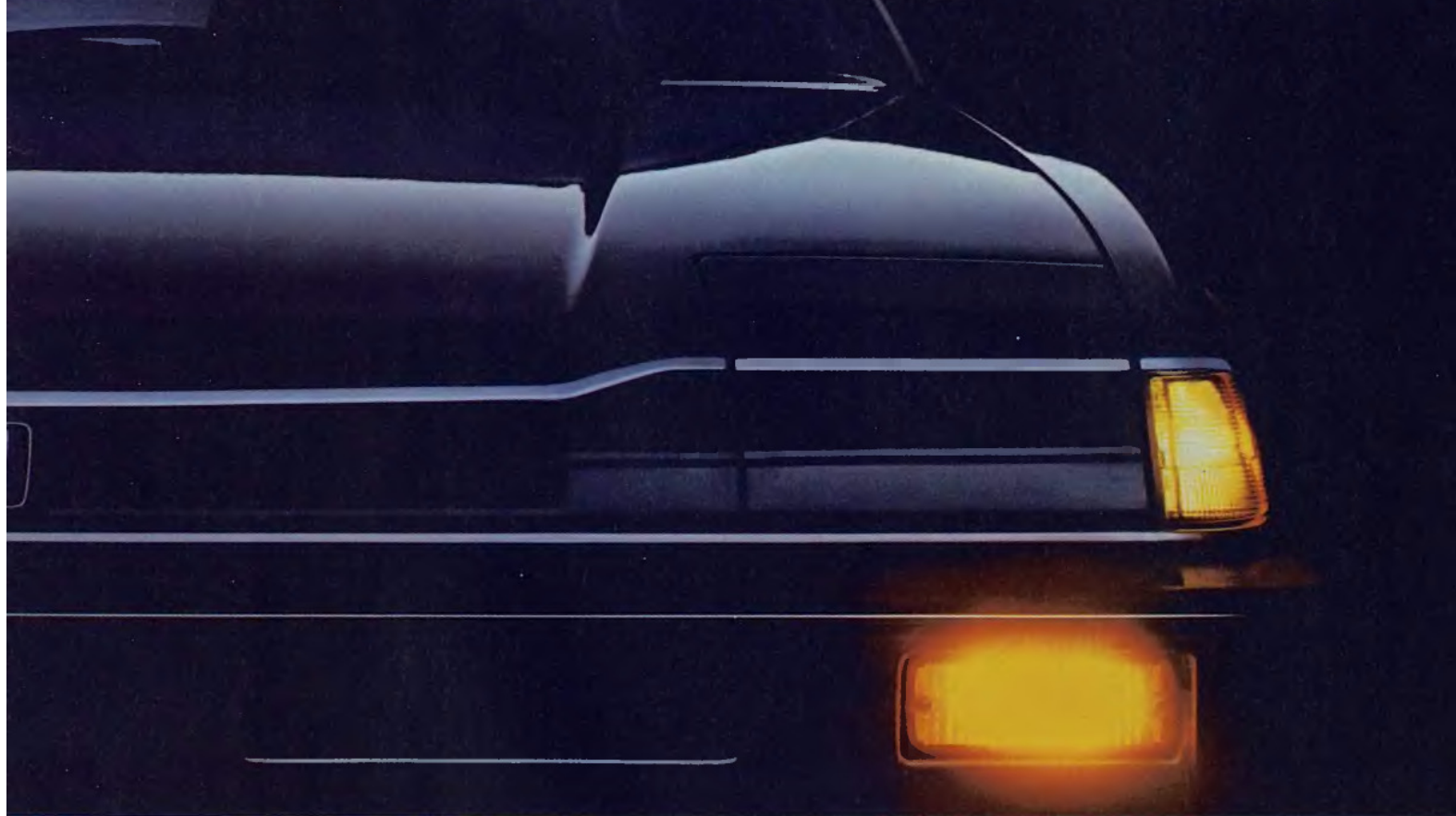
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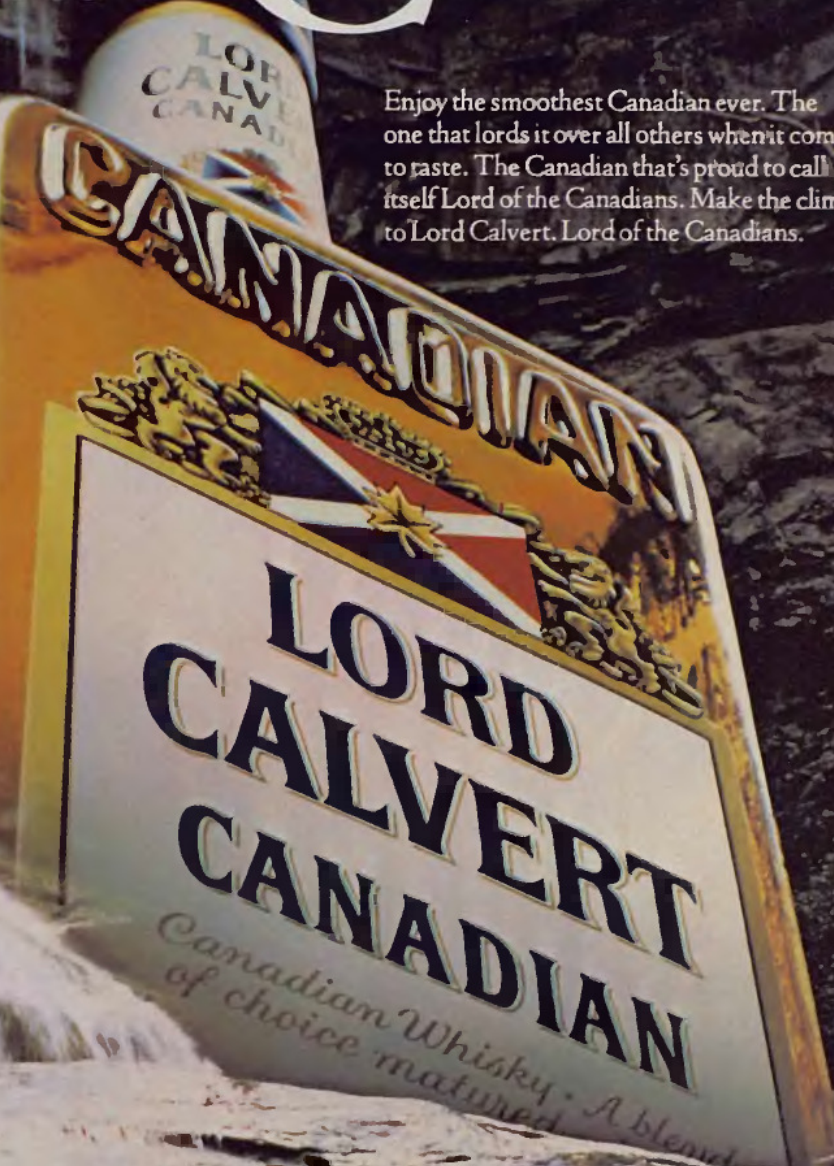
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

THE PLAYBOY AND THE PEP BOYS

What do you say when you find the entire University of Michigan cheer-leading squad ensconced in your back yard? You might try, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" as Hef did when the M-Go-Blue crew showed up to tour Playboy Mansion West during Rose Bowl week. Below, Hef joins the entourage for a mountain of a body-building session. The way things stacked up, we're quite sure it wasn't *their* fault that Michigan later lost the game to UCLA.



BEAUTY AND THE BIG GUY

August 1981 Playmate Debbie Boostrom blows a few circuits as she measures up beside Richard Kiel, better known to Bond fans as Jaws. Debbie, who stands 5'4", and Kiel, 7'2", were photographed at the latest Consumer Electronics Show at the Las Vegas Hilton.

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH KIMMEL

Below, Bruce Kimmel, *Sex News* reporter for the *Playboy on the Scene* video show, cooks with March 1979 Playmate Denise McConnell. In this sketch, titled "The Galloping Aphrodisiac," chef Kimmel tests out a series of recipes, including vodka omelet and garlic pie. The results speak for themselves.



BLACKWOOD GETS WIRED FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL

When we featured her in *The Girls in the Office* in August 1978 (right), Nina Blackwood was a promising voice-over announcer who worked for a music publisher. Now she's an on-air personality for MTV, the Warner cable-TV operation that has become as instrumental as radio to pop-record sales. Above: Nina on-camera for MTV.





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WAR IS PEACE

My enthusiastic congratulations on February's *On the Brink of 1984*. E. L. Doctorow proves himself a very articulate essayist as well as an author of thoughtful and inspiring novels. While rereading *Nineteen Eighty-Four* recently, I was struck by the frightening parallels between the task of the Ministry of Truth and the language used by the present Administration to clarify/obscure its reactionary policies. If Ronald Reagan considers votes from about 24 percent of the voting public to be a "mandate from the people," we would do well to turn out in force at the polls in 1984 to help him redefine the term. In the face of growing domestic poverty and worldwide militarism, the number of our alternatives grows smaller every day. Surely, the last half century of global politics has taught us that totalitarianism has apathy as its best friend. If we have failed to grasp that truth, then we deserve to suffocate under all the bullshit a 20-megaton mule team can haul.

J. L. Hinton
Riverdale, Georgia

In a world in which three quarters of the people live under the spirit-crushing rule of either bonehead Communists or bone-in-the-nose socialists, Doctorow re-examines Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and—surprise, surprise—warns us of what America is coming to. Does anyone doubt that the good Doctorow would come up with the same trendy litany of El Salvador, Vietnam, Beirut, nuclear freeze, Israel and Reaganomics if he were asked to examine and comment on the water table of Green Bay, Wisconsin, for the past 50 years? As a friend once said in another context, he, and you, ought to be spanked on your little pink aspirations.

Warren B. Murphy
Teaneck, New Jersey

The essay by Doctorow leaves me with the question "Is Orwell's novel truly helpful in projecting the near-future trends of

American society?" Certainly, Big Brother is remote from our current system. Since Vietnam, the civil freedom of the individual has increased to the point of victimizing the noncriminal sector of the population. Ours is the society in which the outcome of a trial is based as much on the prosecution's ability to gather and present the facts in the dictated fashion as upon the tried individual's criminal behavior. This high regard for civil freedom is reflected far more accurately by Orwell's contemporary Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*. In Huxley's prophecy, the government has no need to bully like Big Brother; it uses, instead, the highly effective application of the latest advances in psychology, pharmacology and electronics. But the civil freedom and the high affluence available to the inhabitants of Huxley's world come at a price: Individuality and humanity are lost. The resulting characteristics of the Huxley society are sexual promiscuity, obsessive materialism, dependence upon mood-altering drugs, anti-intellectualism and the death of the arts. In short, Huxley predicts a government that will gradually rob individuals of their spirituality while pacifying them by overstimulating their more primitive needs. Sound familiar? Big Brother may be round the corner of a nuclear war, but *Brave New World* is happening now.

Jim Ludwig
El Granada, California

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"It doesn't matter if it is not true now; it will be with time," the citation from Gabriel García Márquez' *The Autumn of the Patriarch* given in Claudia Dreifus' excellent February *Playboy Interview* with him, is an observation remarkably similar in connotation to the quotation from Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in Doctorow's fine article *On the Brink of 1984* in the same issue: "Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past." Both observations are particularly relevant to numerous

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ROCK STAR NIGHT



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg.
"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings,
16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

YOU CAME IN DROVES.

You filled concert halls, packed baseball stadiums, blanketed outdoor parks and crammed into everything from churches to boat rides to get in on the fun.

Two million of you came to enjoy jazz in portions that have never been heaped so high: twenty Kool Jazz Festivals in major cities nationwide, showcasing nearly 2000 artists in 456 separate concerts.

It marked the greatest effort in the history of entertainment to highlight this uniquely American contribution to the world of music.

More than a mere concert. And when Kool Jazz came to town, it was truly a "Festival."

As much as 12 days of outstanding music in some cities... with mayors proclaiming a "Kool Jazz Week" in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Orlando, Hampton, Cincinnati, New York and New Orleans.

In addition, our partners included civic and cultural organizations such as the Atlanta Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the

Dallas Grand Opera Association, the Seattle Symphony, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Houston Society for Performing Arts, and many more.

Music—custom-tailored. Far from being a traveling road show, each area's Kool

Jazz Festival also featured its own special kind of music and spotlighted local musicians.

Talented artists—unknown nationally, but heralded locally—performed on the same stages as the likes of Ella Fitzgerald and Dizzy Gillespie.

There was more than enough for jazz "purists" as well as more casual fans to feast on in the mix of all-time greats along with greats-already.

From Mel Tormé, Sarah Vaughan, Lionel Hampton and Herbie Hancock to Luther Vandross, Al Jarreau, Chick Corea, and Weather Report.

Every city, every festival, every performance had its highlights. To mention just a few:

KJF plays JFK:

Festival premiere, Washington, D.C. At the 1982 Kool Jazz Festival kick-off, for the first time ever, all four major theatres of the John F. Kennedy Center were simultaneously devoted to a single event. In halls that usually host operas and command performances for U.S. Presidents, 38 different jazz groups sang, plucked, strummed, drummed, blew and played non-stop from noon to midnight.

It was one spectacular way to celebrate Benny Goodman's 73rd birthday. And Benny himself played as if he were still twenty-five.

Six days plus the wee small hours. Seven days plus Lake Michigan. As the backstage crew waited



patiently well past the Cinderella hour, Kool & The Gang's James Taylor capped a six-hour soul marathon in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium... wrapping up a six-day feast of jazz, fusion and soul.

And tens of thousands of Chicagoans spilled into spacious Grant Park night after night for a week as the Chicago Kool Jazz Festival capped another summerful of fun along the Lakefront.

Pittsburgh Pennsylvania Fitzgerald. The city used to belong to the Pirates and Steelers. Then Ella hit town and 100,000 festival-goers clogged the highways to greet her.

As the setting sun painted the sky crimson over Pointe State Park, the First Lady of Song captivated the multitude in the usual Fitzgerald style—leave it to Ella to bring an audience to its feet with a selection like "Old MacDonald Had a Farm."

It was a fitting inaugural to eight days of jazz that kept Pittsburgh's theatres and concert halls packed.

The spectacular Los Angeles Sound & Sight Show. Jazz was only the beginning at the first Kool Jazz Festival to play Los Angeles.

Five extraordinary days of concerts combined jazz, rhythm and blues, rock, new wave, fusion, multi-media presentations, sound effects, choreography and costuming.

Who knows what their encore will be this year?





East Side, West Side, all around the town... and an historic reunion.

They played New York for 11 days, 1000 of them, from Carnegie Hall and the Guggenheim Museum, to the Roseland Ballroom and the Staten Island Ferry... spilling over into Brooklyn, Saratoga, Purchase to the north and New Jersey to the south.

And what an opening night.

Benny Goodman twirled his clarinet like a baton, Lionel Hampton grinned and Teddy Wilson quietly watched their antics... as these three original members of Mr. Goodman's quartet, formed in 1936, were reunited for the first time in years.

Rehearsal? "About 20 minutes," said Mr. Goodman. "If you can't do it right when you get on stage, you might as well forget it."

They did it right. When they finished, 5500 Carnegie Hall concertgoers stood and applauded for five minutes.

Houston—scheduled two-hour concerts ran for three. The audiences simply wouldn't let the performers go. Spyro Gyra treated concertgoers to everything from a "musical battle" between electric guitar and keyboard to some unexpected one-finger boogie arrangements by pianist Tom Schuman.

George Benson and his All-Stars,



performing with local pianist Joe Sample, brought constant cheers which were interrupted only during solos by youthful trumpeter Wynton Marsalis... when thousands showed their appreciation by listening in total silence. Jones Hall, site of coat-and-tie symphonies and ballets, may never be the same.

Critic's corner.

A crowd's ovation is worth pages of praise. In the case of the Kool Jazz Festivals, critics themselves applauded: • "Inspired performances by Mel Tormé, others, launch jazz festival."—

Martha Smith, *Providence Journal* (Newport Festival).

• "Jazz giants deliver spellbinding concert."—Andrea Herman, *San Diego Tribune* (San Diego Festival).

• "Jazz festival provides fans feast for the ears."

—Patricia O'Haire and Don Nelson, *New York Daily News* (New York Festival).



• "The Kool festival is jazz and more."—Al Hunter, (Cincinnati Festival).

If you were among last year's two million festival-goers, these comments and many more like them come as no surprise.

The beat goes on. Meanwhile, Kool Jazz Festivals—like the music itself—build on a rich heritage and continue to forge ahead.

George Wein, Producer of the Kool Jazz Festivals since their inception, refers to 1982 as "the year of the Jazz Festival."

And that's a mere hint of what is yet to come.

See you later this year.



There's only one way to play it...

**"The Kool Jazz Festival...
truly deserves to be ranked
among the world's major
musical events."**

Chicago Sun-Times - Tuesday, September 7, 1983



recent governmental attempts at unsuccessful historical revisionism—"double-speak"—or, more simply stated, public deception.

Frank Nuessel
New Albany, Indiana

I wish to "thank" novelist García Márquez for his hallucinatory description of Fidel Castro. According to García Márquez, the Cuban dictator not only seems to be capable of sustaining a nonpolitical friendship, he's also humane, tolerant and respectful of writers. On reading García Márquez' *Interview*, one wonders whether Castro's Soviet-controlled regime is actually responsible for the killing and imprisonment of thousands of dissidents—many of them for the very "crime" García Márquez seems to commit quite often: expressing opinions freely. This is fiction at its worst! Is there any way to revoke a Nobel Prize?

Manuel F. Ballagas
Cincinnati, Ohio

García Márquez says things about America and the United States that bring out strong feelings in me. You see, I understand his passion, because I feel it, too. By appearance, I am obviously an American of Spanish descent. And I have said many times that I am an American. In Mexico, I was talking with a child and he asked me if I were an *americano*, and, yes, I made the assumption that only citizens of the United States are *americanos*. But so did the child, and children are quite honest in reflecting their society's opinions on life. To make my point clearer, I was upset with García Márquez' statement that he can't help but feel resentful when North Americans appropriate the word America for themselves. My experience suggests that we didn't appropriate the name without the agreement of those others who refer only to U.S. citizens as *americanos*. (In fact, I wonder if even García Márquez would walk around in any Spanish-speaking country and proudly declare, "¡Yo soy americano!") Here I am, in a country that is my home, that is known as the United States. And Márquez stings my pride when he makes me look dumb from his "worldly" viewpoint in Paris—and he's not even French—by telling me I have a country with no name. Ouch.

James J. Maldonado
Sandia Park, New Mexico

M.M. GOOD

As I write this letter, 1982 is in its last days. But I have already seen my choice for Playmate of the Year 1984. February's Melinda Mays is one of the most intoxicatingly beautiful ladies you've ever brought to our attention. (Kudos, too, to Arny Freytag for his fine photography. Perhaps there is another shot lying around the office you'd like to share?) Tell Miss Mays that if she ever comes to Chapel Hill, the

ice cream is on me. How can you possibly maintain such a standard of excellence through all of 1983?

Paul Godley
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

I would like to commend you on Arny Freytag's marvelous photography of February Playmate Melinda Mays. The photographs stand as published proof that a fine photographer and a fantastic model can produce wonderful pictures together. I am involved with fashion-and-glamor photography in Atlanta and have been for about three years. I have had the good fortune to photograph Melinda on several occasions and have found it truly a pleasure. I have great respect for Freytag's work, but I must say that I believe it would be difficult to take a bad photograph of such a beautiful lady. As proof of this, I have enclosed a somewhat patriotic shot of her, taken during a glamor-photography workshop. Melinda is always "warm as the Fourth of July" when she's in front of the camera. Congratulations! A wonderful pictorial.

Richard T. Hogan
Atlanta, Georgia

Thank you, Richard. Now we know why Melinda had stars in her eyes when we met her—not to mention why half of the men she



meets stop to salute. As for those of you who suspect we've forgotten the traditional nude Playmate photo: Just remove the rockets' red glare from your eyes and read on.

I have been subscribing to your magazine for a year now and have never seen anyone as lovely as Melinda Mays. Would you please reveal her again, to show anyone who passed up her pictorial what he missed?

John Bogeman
Shelbyville, Indiana

I am absolutely amazed by Melinda Mays. I have been reading PLAYBOY for ten

years now, and Melinda is the greatest-looking woman you've featured in a long time. Granted, PLAYBOY always has the best-looking women gracing its pages, but none compares with Melinda. I would also like to congratulate Freytag on an excellent job of photography; you should give him a big bonus. *Thank you* for bringing Melinda to us. I would sell my soul to the Devil just for the chance to meet her.

Sam Roberts
Winfield, Kansas

Would you sell your car for a picture of



her? Maybe we can work something out here.

KIM LIKED IT

I wish to give credit to Richard Fegley for his shooting of the February cover of PLAYBOY—and to hair stylist Rick Provenzano of Beverly Hills for applying his talents in making our cover shot so memorable to me.

Kim Basinger
Almeria, Spain

CONCUPISCENT FOR KIM

Thank you! Being a photographer of women for the past ten years, I have made it a point to see the ads in all the fashion magazines. About seven years ago, I received a composite of Kim Basinger from the Ford Agency. It has been love ever since. I am on the lookout now for only one model in magazines, and that's Kim. I would give almost anything to have the opportunity to test with her. Of course, having a subscription to PLAYBOY and finding February's *Betting on Kim* is almost as good.

Jeff Magnet
Framingham, Massachusetts

I was surprised to find no mention in *Betting on Kim* of Basinger's co-starring in a TV series some years ago as a young undercover police detective. Everyone I've

spoken with so far believes I'm crazy or, worse, that I may have Kim confused with Angie Dickinson. Please set the record straight before I start believing that absurd possibility myself.

Peter M. Flynn
Plymouth, Massachusetts

Kim Basinger *did* star in one short-lived TV series—*Dog and Cat*—on ABC from March to May of 1977. Her co-star was Lou Antonio. The show had a light sense of humor: An experienced plainclothes cop (Antonio) was teamed with a bright, sexy and competent rookie (Basinger). Other than that and the usual professional and sexual differences occurring from such a pairing, it was just another Southern California cop opera. The only unique thing was the cops' vehicle: a beat-up Volkswagen Beetle with a souped-up Porsche engine.

Richard J. Sonoski
Oil City, Pennsylvania

CROONERS AND CALLGIRLS

Roy Blount Jr.'s *Why Wayne Newton's Is Bigger Than Yours* (PLAYBOY, February) is an eye opener, to say the least. Such exorbitant salary amounts for such absolute dolts as Secretary of the Interior James Watt are unconscionable. Blount fails, however, to list one of the most striking inequities of all: that of the unemployed. When one excludes the paltry sums from unemployment compensation and welfare, this category of 12,000,000 souls reaps the astounding sum of \$0 per hour! Perhaps our near and not-so-dear leader should be relegated to that amount on January 20, 1985.

Ken Bracken
Two Harbors, Minnesota

I find Blount's *Why Wayne Newton's Is Bigger Than Yours* very interesting. However, I have a problem digesting David Harrop's sidebar *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, which contains an erroneous hourly wage for a U.S. Army Pfc. Harrop claims that an E-3 (Private First Class) makes \$3.81 an hour. As of October 1982, an E-3 earns a gross salary of \$6.09 an hour if single and \$6.50 an hour if married. Harrop must have left out the B.A.Q. (basic allowance for quarters) and the B.A.S. (basic allowance for subsistence), both of which are paid out in cash for rent and food costs to a soldier who chooses to live off base. Most Pfc.'s are teenagers. I wonder how many civilian teenagers are employed at six dollars or more an hour.

Jay P. Marlowe
San Diego, California

Harrop's *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is quite intriguing. I did find some of his figures to be incorrect, though, especially the one he has listed for callgirl (independent): \$60. I am a former callgirl; I'm retired now and well off financially at the ripe age of 28 years. I'd like to say, from personal experience, that the average callgirl in New Orleans makes \$100 an hour,



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to "ANCD", Box 2817-PB, NYC, 10163

Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981



JOCKEY®



THE JOCKEY® COMMITMENT: QUALITY AND VALUE.

LIFE® BRIEFS—Lo-rise. In solid colors of soft, absorbent 100% combed cotton. T-shirts to match.

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minimum; the exceptional callgirl makes as much as \$150 to \$350 an hour. I was considered exceptional.

(Name and address withheld by request)

SEX AND THE SINGULAR SURVEY

I thoroughly enjoyed *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* (PLAYBOY, January). Strange as it may seem, people like me—mothers—are still *very* interested in sex and in life in general. But why would you include other, more aggravating items in your otherwise entertaining magazine? Is it your policy to cater to only the under-30 crowd and eliminate all those my age and older? If that is the case, allow me to tell you that there are "old folks" out there still living and loving and having fun. And you know something? We have more time to do it, because lots of us saved our money and retired and do not have to do that awful four-letter word—work—anymore!

Mrs. G. Lewis
Santa Clara, California

THIN ICE

Thank you, Pete Dexter, for a thoughtful piece on Jim Craig (*The Education of Jim Craig*, PLAYBOY, February). As one who has been close to college hockey in the E.C.A.C., where Craig played while at Boston University, I have some sense of what his life was like before Lake Placid. As a newspaper reporter who writes about both police matters and sports for a small daily, I have some sense—and I emphasize the word *some*—of what his life has been like since then. I've seen my share of athletes being worshiped, and I've seen my share of people unlucky enough to be caught up in fatal accidents and criminal charges. The combination is mind-bending even to think about, but Dexter does an excellent job of putting everything in perspective. His article makes me think about the people I write about both in court and on the playing field.

Scott A. Conroe
Auburn, New York

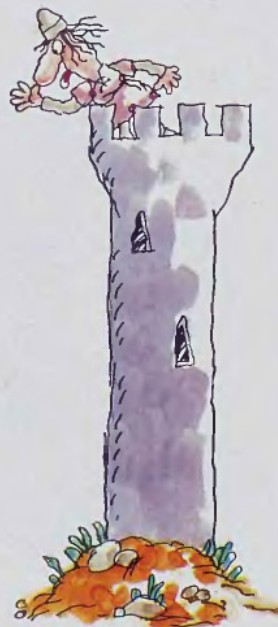
NO, YOURS IS OK

The film *Bare Touch of Magic*, mentioned in *The Year in Sex* (PLAYBOY, February), has, in fact, *not* been shown in its unexpurgated version in Canada. Both "covered" and uncovered versions will appear this coming spring *only* on First Choice Canadian, Canada's national 24-hour pay-TV service. As you may know, First Choice Canadian holds the exclusive showcase for The Playboy Channel, bringing your fine product to Canada. (And if that isn't an unabashed plug, feel free to add your own.)

Jeph Loeb
First Choice Canadian Communications
Corporation
Toronto, Ontario



For centuries, many a game has been lost over lousy aim.



Introducing a largehead racket that's 100% graphite for less flex and more control.

Wilson Sting.

In the days of the Round Table, the catapult was used to hurl stones across moats and over castle walls. The catch was that the stone left the catapult at *whatever indiscriminating angle the flexing action released it*. Those guys got a lot of power, but many a war was lost over lousy aim.

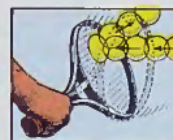
The moral of this history lesson is that the same basic "catapulting" occurs on today's largehead rackets. Largehead frames flex up and



down and side to side, causing the ball to leave the racket at *whatever indiscriminating angle the flexing action releases it*. Which is often too far left or too far right; i.e., out of court.

But Wilson is changing that. Presenting the Wilson Sting. One largehead racket that flexes amazingly less, because it's made of one of the firmest materials there is. 100% graphite.

Thanks to graphite's firmness, the Sting "holds" its position when hitting the ball. So that the ball leaves the racket more in the direction you intend it



Aluminum and fiberglass largehead frames flex more, sending the ball in off-target directions.



The Sting is 100% graphite so it's firm enough to "hold" its position, sending the ball in a more on-target direction.

to: in court, on target, and out of your opponent's reach.

The 100% graphite Sting. The big racket that's big on control.

Wilson[®] STING[™]
GRAPHITE

Also available in new midsize.

"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DRIVE, SHE SAID

In California, everyone lives in his car. That makes for traffic jams, congested intersections and testy dispositions. San Francisco writer Robin Zehring has put together a collection of steamy short stories designed to keep your blood pumping while waiting for the light to change. *The Auto-Erotic Carbook*, billed as "the ultimate sexual drive," contains fantasies brief enough to read in stop-and-go traffic. Most involve spur-of-the-moment affairs consummated in public places. We're not sure whether or not this volume will improve driver safety; sweaty palms, after all, don't make for a sure grip on the wheel. We did find out, though, that Zehring has chosen her own car carefully. If you haven't already guessed, she drives a Rabbit.

Chicago's Saint Joseph Hospital recently purchased a building to provide office space for its physicians and surgeons. High on the face of the building there remains a concrete emblem from the former tenant that reads: AMALGAMATED MEAT CUTTERS AND BUTCHER WORKMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

From our animal-crackers file: When Daniel Yannielli, 44, scaled a ten-foot concrete wall at the Honolulu Zoo, stripped down to his skivvies and played his harmonica for an elephant, police booked him for cruelty to animals.

SEE SPOT GLOW

There's growing concern among western Europeans that when the big bomb falls, it'll be in their back yards. To quell the anxiety of a group of English physicians, the U.S. Air Force sent its civil-defense experts on a lecture tour. "The idea was that our patients should be told to go to a small room and seal the cracks with sticky tape," explained Dr. Neil

Stevenson, one of the doctors who attended the lecture on how to survive nuclear devastation. "One pet would be tied up outside to see what happened," Dr. Stevenson further paraphrased. "After it died and an all-clear was broadcast, the family would send out a second animal."

New Jersey's Institute of Technology's *The Vector*, in a piece about fraternities, ran the following sentence: "The college will give you the social opportunities that will help you get a job, but fraternities will give you the social opportunities that will help you get head."

Waste not, want not: According to *The Oakland Tribune's* account of the California-Stanford game that Cal won on a controversial five-lateral kickoff return during the last four seconds, Stanford halfback Vincent White and athletic director Andy Geiger "both said one official signaled the play was over by waving his hands in front

of his waste." No wonder the Stanford rooters weren't the only ones who smelled something funny.

The Atlanta Constitution's classified section advertised for a "stewardess. For private leer jet." Presumably, one of her main duties will be to check that the passengers' seat belts are *always* fastened.

Last year, the Scottsdale, Arizona, city council passed an ordinance that made first-time prostitution punishable by a mandatory ten-day jail sentence. City attorney Dick Filler made the announcement. There is no truth to the rumor that his wife is the former Betty Dont.

Attention, Alaskans: When a moose is on the loose, he's apt to show up anywhere. In Anchorage, the big lugs are munching their way through shrubbery and scaring motorists. What to do if you encounter one? One suggestion is to throw yourself down in a snowbank and remain quiet. State game biologist Dave Harkness says, "The chances of that moose's coming over and kicking you or stepping on you are very, very remote." It works well when you want to avoid old girlfriends, too.

DEEP-DISH DISASTER

Pizza lovers know the danger. You give in to temptation and find out your eyes are bigger than your sewage system. It happened to Wellston, Ohio, as the town found itself menaced by 400,000 gallons of pizza sludge.

Wellston was hungry for the jobs a new Jenos factory provided. But the economic feast had an industrial-strength downside with a life of its own: a thick, slushy discharge of flour, tomato paste and cheese. And vegetables. And pepperoni.

It refused treatment. It just kept growing until it threatened to overflow Wellston's sewage plant. Because of its acid





Chrysler's 1993 Debenture—This honey of an opportunity pays 12.3 percent highway and 9.8 percent city. In a decade, each debenture can be exchanged for Chrysler stock, Chrysler cars or 17 American Airlines tickets. Should the company burn out its fiscal clutch or get caught underwriting a pharmaceutical offering, the holder of the debenture will, for two weeks, receive the services of Lee Iacocca as houseboy. Says E. F. Hutton: "If you can find a weirder debenture, buy it."

Woodmere, Long Island, 11.2 Percent JAP Relocation Bonds—Proceeds from the issue will be used to bus the brightly colored princesses to Detroit, Pittsburgh, Youngstown and any other American city where retailers are getting desperate. Why, asks civic-minded Long Island, shouldn't the wealth, you know, be shared? The young credit experts, who will never arrive in a strange city without an appropriate garnish, are said to account for 119 percent of Woodmere's retail economy. Don't worry too much about the number; the dear things probably did the arithmetic themselves.

Israel Berlitz Bonds—Buy now to lock in high yields with the bonds that will enable Israeli soldiers to learn new languages so they'll be able to communicate with members of all nations and faiths as they help spread peace around the globe. Investors will reap extraordinary dividends, because the bonds promise the purchaser special treatment when the troops arrive in his country.

Hollywood, California, Municipal Bonds—What investor can easily ignore this bastion of the nation's cultural infrastructure? Who can pass up delightful financial offerings such as Highway Authority II: The Off-Ramp, The Return of the Sewer-Development People and The Revenge of the Bridge-and-Tunnel Authority? Certainly, no one we know.

San Francisco 12 Percent Castro Street Convertibles—Although these are not expected to mature, they may be a lot of fun for a while. Moody's has rated the bonds AAA-GQ, which is encouraging, though the service cautions that these hummers are very

volatile. A short involvement with them is probably best: Get in, get out, then walk on by.

Fast Manny's Money Mart—Manny is hot, a guy really on a roll, and he can't wait to invest your hard-earned money. "Hurry up," he says, "this is a cash business and we ain't got all day. It's not like Mutual of fuckin' Omaha." Relentless, Manny roams the country for investment opportunities, from Aqueduct to Hialeah to Santa Anita. For the sake of his supporters, he is in the process of rigging the New Jersey lottery. Standard & Poor's notes that the firm has paid regular dividends since Thursday.

Relationship Futures—This new commodity opportunity permits you to gamble on the duration of your friends' romances or, as it were, your own. Personally, I had always been irked that my love life was one aspect of my being that was strictly nonprofit. Was it really necessary to expend so much energy just to establish a negative cash flow? Thank God, you can now go short on your beloved and, at least, recoup some capital when she decides you're no less creepy and scrofulous than all the other guys who have given her a bad time. Here's one investment that is clearly worth a tumble.

Eastern European Dissident Bonds—Here's an investment that pays off surprisingly quickly, for each purchaser receives a genuine freedom fighter via Norwegian frigate. Humanitarians everywhere have helped finance the dramatic TV ad campaign, which features Joe Garagiola crying, "Buy a bond, get a Czech" and "Hey, fella, wouldn't your wife like a nice, thick Pole for the holidays?"

Mexico and Brazil—The really shrewd investors are no longer into tangibles or even intangibles. Right now, the savviest guys are snapping up countries at the lowest prices seen since the Depression. Many nations are so mired in debt that the plucky financier willing to lay down a few grand in cash can score quite a coup (no offense intended). The prestige alone would seem to be a healthy dividend, and your local bank will, overnight, become very willing to renegotiate your loan payments.

—ANDREW FEINBERG

content, it couldn't be buried. Experts said it would "move."

In the best Fifties monster-movie tradition, the Feds came to the rescue with a secret weapon: a HUD block grant for equipment to dry and decompose the pizza beast. Wellston was saved. Still, thank God there weren't any anchovies.

Florida's *The Stuart News* headlined a report of an attack this way: "BEACH CAMPER BEATS OFF NAKED SLASHER."

PINHEADS

Jim Kenney, of Jim's Salad Company in Unity, Maine, needed a replacement part for his vegetable cutter. So he phoned the manufacturer, Urschel Laboratories, in Valparaiso, Indiana, and asked for a new crank pin. In the past, Urschel had sent Kenney small machine parts via U.P.S.; the shipping charges were always around four dollars.

This time, however, Urschel got fancy. It flew the pin to Boston on Emery World-Wide, then trucked it up to Unity on Sanborn's Motor Express. "It was unbelievable," said Kenney. "A big tractor-trailer pulled up to the door and the driver jumped out with a package that weighed less than seven ounces." The bill was heavier: \$18.10 for the crank pin and two screws; \$8.50 C.O.D. charge; \$75.27 for the air freight; and \$20.31 for the trucking. Nine days and \$122.18 later, Kenney could slice, dice, chop and grate. Great.

The Contract Bridge Bulletin contains an article by Victor Mollo, the title of which is *The Art of Going Down*. Perhaps that information will come in handy for those players who are on their last rubber.

GOOD OL' BOY

Move over, Dukes of Hazzard, a nine-year-old Houston boy is out to top you. Recently, the tiny Texan decided that he was "going to see his grandma." So when Mom dozed, he copped the car keys, revved up the family station wagon and took off to visit Granny—at speeds of more than 100 mph. A citizen who noticed the diminutive driver called the police and the chase was on. Officers in patrol cars tailed the teeny terror while four other patrol cars sped in front, clearing a path. The chase ended after seven miles or so, when the kid piled into a highway sign and totaled the car. He walked away unhurt. The cops gave him a lecture and sent him home. He was described by the officers as "pretty upset." They didn't describe the parents' condition.

Good news, campers: *The Rocky Mountain News's* classified section carried an ad for a "roomy six-and-a-half-foot cabover. Pops up, folds down, jacks off and sleeps six." Sounds like more than enough entertainment around the campfire.

WIN \$100,000 IN SOLID GOLD



Canadian Club, one of Canada's great treasures, offers you a golden opportunity to win. The prize, \$100,000 in pure Canadian gold. Correctly answer the simple question posed on the official entry blank and send it in. If your entry is selected, you win. The 100 people who come in second will get a glittering prize of their own, a one-ounce Canadian Gold Maple Leaf Coin.

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SPORTS

When Darryl Dawkins joined the Philadelphia 76ers straight out of high school eight years ago, he definitely wasn't your average N.B.A. player. Besides wearing a diamond earring and shattering glass backboards, the 6'11", 251-pound center gave himself nicknames and said that he came from the planet Lovetron. Craig Moddero caught up with the self-proclaimed Chocolate Thunder of the New Jersey Nets over dinner in Phoenix. His report: "If E.T. had met Dawkins first, he certainly would have had more fun and Double D would probably have gone home with him."

PLAYBOY: You claim that you were born on the 53rd of NEVember and grew up on the planet Lovetron. Did you have an unusual childhood?

DAWKINS: It was a very happy childhood. You see, this is not my planet. I'm just visiting. I'm here on a mission: N.B.A. basketball. About 200 light-years ago, there was a baby born on Lovetron, and that child fell all the way to earth. That baby then got up. And I am that baby. I tell people I am a Lovuloid and the women on my planet are Sexual Inhabitants. Guys will then say, "What the hell? This brother's deep." I have a different wave length from most people's.

PLAYBOY: Do people ever have a difficult time believing you?

DAWKINS: Sometimes, they really think I'm crazy. Once, I was outside The Spectrum in Philadelphia with a guy. He told me it was a big building. I told him I could jump off the building headfirst and live. I told him it was all in the head. You just turn your head into a block of cement. He almost scratched a hole in his head trying to figure out how I'd do it. People in Los Angeles have a wild imagination, like me; but on the East Coast, they think you're on drugs if you act crazy. I have no need for drugs. I'm bona fide, zonified; make no mistake, I'm an overqualified beer drinker.

PLAYBOY: After a play-off game against Portland a few years ago from which you were ejected, you went into the locker room and ripped a toilet off its moorings. Do you still get so upset?

DAWKINS: I've been so mad at times that I probably could have exploded. That's when people find out how cool you really are. Anybody can get mad, run into a room and tear up everything. I have destroyed a room once or twice. Now I'm happier with myself. I can find peace within me. When we lose now, I just think about how we can win the next time we face that team. There comes a time when you want to grab a few people, toss them in the air and crack a few heads. But who needs a lawsuit?

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have sex before a game?

DAWKINS: [Shakes head firmly] No way. I can't afford to have my strength sapped. I



"You see, this is not my planet. I'm just visiting."

won't even have sex after a game if I have a game the next day. My steady lady gets real upset with me sometimes for that. But I have to be firm. I tell her, "Woman, I just spent an evening knocking heads with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and tomorrow night I'm going against Bob Lanier. The only three-letter word I'm interested in tonight is *bed!*"

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a woman wear you out sexually?

DAWKINS: [Brief silence] Let's say I've had a battle or two in my life span. To be worn out so you couldn't walk, drained—that's unheard of with me. I would never let a woman take all my energy. I please my woman. They say a lot of black men don't like to eat pussy, but you're not looking at one. Things do go better with pussy. Yum, yum. Give me some.

PLAYBOY: Are you a romantic?

DAWKINS: I will do anything I can to satisfy my woman. I can be as romantic as Charles Boyer. I'd even learn how to speak French if a woman I loved wanted me to be as cool as Charles Boyer. Women can be really strange sometimes. The first year I was in the league, a woman sent me a pair of her underpants. I was only 18 years old. I didn't understand what was going on. As time went on, I started to be more aware of women and their needs.

PLAYBOY: The overwhelming majority of players in the N.B.A. are black. Why are blacks generally considered to be better basketball players than whites?

DAWKINS: I'm not sure if that's true. People

say blacks are better basketball players than whites because they've had a childhood of struggling. But I know a lot of whites grew up that way, too. White guys are better foul shooters than blacks. They concentrate more on the line.

PLAYBOY: Are there any products that you'd like to endorse?

DAWKINS: I'd like to do beer commercials, but the N.B.A. won't let you do them while you're an active player. My favorite product to endorse would be Old Spice. The guy who does its commercials is so cool. He goes through three women who are eights and kisses a lady who's a ten. That's my kind of guy. I like to endorse clothing, cologne and food. If I had endorsed the DeLorean car, I doubt that the head dude and his company would have gone under.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

DAWKINS: Dracula. He could appear whenever he wanted to, and he always had a beautiful lady with him. I've never seen Dracula with an ugly lady. If he is, he's just holding her for the police. I'm that way, too. Dracula could bite women on the neck and get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Could an N.B.A. player be a homosexual and be accepted by his team?

DAWKINS: I don't know about that. I feel like anybody is entitled to be anything he wants to be. I ain't no homosexual. I'm a 138 percent real man. I don't see how a homosexual can be in the N.B.A.—not with all the contact and the rough-and-tough stuff we do. If I know a teammate is a homosexual, I ain't gonna bother with him. That's his business. Just don't try to drag me along with you. Don't make no moves to try to get me to do anything to you. I'm not going to ask anyone if he's a homo and to tell me what it's like. If I knew a guy was a homosexual, I'd ask him not to pat me on the ass after I made a good shot. He might be putting too much feeling into the gesture.

PLAYBOY: What kind of woman turns you off?

DAWKINS: A bigmouth woman who's always yelling. A woman who wants to party all the time. I can't even hold her shoes. When you're playing a game, you want your lady to be cheering for you. But if there are 18,000 people there and you can hear your lady yelling over them, that's a bigmouth woman.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to be when you grow up?

DAWKINS: When I was in third grade, I wanted to be a streetcar conductor. I'd like to be a wrestler. Go into the ring and destroy a few guys. Call myself Doctor Demolition. I'd like to be an actor. I'd get all the parts that call for a great ladies' man. You get a lot of kisses that way. I'd be a cross between Clark Gable and Billy Dee Williams. You're looking at the world's first and only Dark Gable.



PIANO LOUNGER: "Do I mind being compared with Doc Severinsen? Well, I guess I'm asking for it," says **Paul Shaffer**, bandleader for *Late Night with David Letterman*.

Often, at the end of his monolog, Letterman turns to the band: "At this point, let's say hello to Paul Shaffer. Hi, Paul. How are you?" Cut to the band, where the 30-ish, bespectacled master of *Late Night* keyboards stands with a silly smile on his face.

"Well, I got a little Vegas throat, David. You know how it is out in the desert, being a per-for-mah and everything." Paul loves to speak the language of per-for-mahs. We're talking your Bob Goulets, your Sammy Davis Jr.s, your Wayne Newtons.

Here's how he describes his band members: Steve Jordan on drums is "a marvelous musician and a true genius." Hiram Bullock is "a wonderful guitar player—any style—he can play Hunan," and Will Lee is "really the number-one bass player in the world." Standard showbiz hyperbole?

Perhaps not—the music is hot. It's not quite clear why the band was named The World's Most Dangerous Band, though there are implicit risks in the broad range of pop material it covers when *Late Night* heads for a commercial. Shaffer selects the diverse play list himself.

"Once, we were welcoming a new affiliate in Philadelphia," muses Paul, "so we played Elton John's *Philadelphia Freedom* and *South Street*, by the Orlons. I'm lucky to have a band that, like me, can play those songs by ear. Sometimes, I write out a little something; but usually, we just play."

Are there any plans for the band? The usual albums and tours? "No," says Shaffer, "you've got to turn on the television to hear this music. It's designed so you

don't have to hear the whole song. We don't have a vocalist, so if you catch only the beginning or the end of some great tune, that's OK. It won't let you down."

Shaffer, who grew up in Thunder Bay, Ontario, emerged in New York in the mid-Seventies as a major presence in the *Saturday Night Live* band, composing most of the show's special musical material. In 1977, he left to co-star in the Norman Lear sitcom *A Year at the Top*, a Seventies version of *The Monkees* that failed to survive a year, let alone make it to the top. Shaffer returned to *SNL*, where he became visible as a supporting actor. Remember his near-perfect impression of rock impresario Don Kirshner? Next, he went on to become musical director for the Blues Brothers' Band and appeared in *Gilda Radner Live from New York*. Now, of course, he has soared to new heights with Letterman.

But has stardom changed the *real* Paul Shaffer? Let's just say he has a strong sense of tradition, not unlike that of some of the other enduring show-business legends.

Every spring, he hosts the Paul Shaffer Celebrity Seder, an event that dates from his *SNL* years. After dessert, he solemnly reminds his guests that the Seder always ends with the toast "Next year . . . in Jerusalem," whereupon he lifts his glass and intones, "Next year . . . at Hef's Mansion."

—TOM DAVIS

REVIEWS

The most energized recorded performance we've run across lately is The Nitecaps' *Go to the Line* (Sire). Backed by The Uptown Horns (fresh from their stint on the last J. Geils Band album), The Nitecaps work that striation of rock reserved for dancing. But rather than sift through the sediment of disco, these guys step onto the terra firma of *salsa* and R&B. You know: The Famous Flames meet Tito Puente. And, more than that, they've invested the old forms with some peppy, punky rhythms, but nothing *too* clean.

Randy Newman uses the most ordinary words on *Trouble in Paradise* (Warner). He writes that a girl is nice to him and that going for a walk in Miami is very special. His lyrics often sound like something one of those dumb little yellow happy faces would say, but don't kid yourself: Newman's are the words of the inarticulate expressed with a silver tongue. His minimalist language reaches its fullest expression here on *My Life Is Good*, a song about a rich, trendy . . . well . . . jerk, who winds up doing a Bruce Springsteen impression. There are plenty of other surprises here, too, including guest appearances by Linda Ronstadt, Paul Simon, Lindsey Buckingham, Bob Seger and Don Henley, to name a few. A very special album.

It's hard to know what you're going to get when you pick up a new Todd Rundgren release. The puckish, prolific Utopian has given us mysticism, didacticism and

TRUST US



Hairdressers Gary Shaw and Paul received an album credit for their work on The Nolans' hair. We thank them. We'd also like to thank Phil Collins for the very nice music on his album. We're not sure who did his hair.



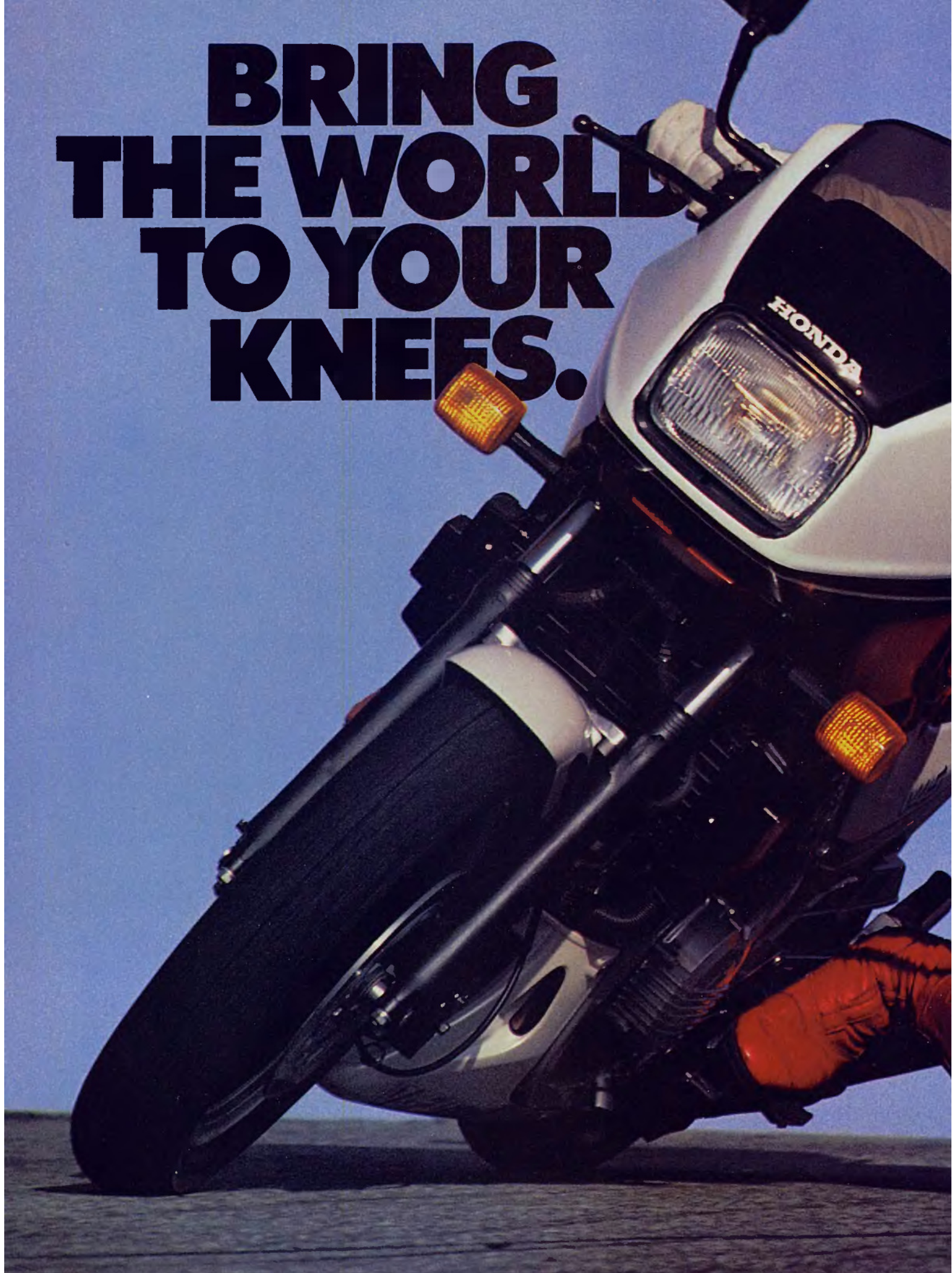
HOT

1. Phil Collins / *Hello, I Must Be Going!*
2. John McLaughlin / *Music Spoken Here*
3. Smokey Wood / *The Houston Hipster* (Western swing, 1937)
4. Garland Jeffreys / *Guts for Love*
5. Gandhi sound track

NOT

1. The Nolans / *Portrait*
2. Kleer / *Get Ready*
3. Starfighters / *In-Flight Movie*
4. Black Sabbath / *Live Evil* (two-record set)
5. Louise Mandrell / *Close Up*

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futuro-rock; his ninth solo album, *The Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect* (Bearsville), hits a hipper, happier stride than anything we've heard so far. Four stars for the four smooth, richly chorused tunes on the A side, especially the Stevie Wonderesque *There Goes Your Baybay*. Whatever torture begot this project, the result is triumphant. Hey, hey, Todd. We're taking this one to the beach.

Chris Hillman's flat picking was all over The Byrds, The Flying Burrito Brothers and The Souther-Hillman-Furay Band. His reverence for the elegance of traditional fretted music came through despite the power amps. On *Morning Sky* (Sugar Hill), he has assembled a first-class band (including Herb Pedersen, Bernie Leadon and Al Perkins) and redoes Bob Dylan (*Tomorrow Is a Long Time*), The Grateful Dead (*Ripple*), J. D. Souther (*Mexico*) and Gram Parsons (*Hickory Wind*). You'll be glad he does.

Those who like their music as crisp as a fresh, cold apple should sink their teeth into *Bluegrass: The Greatest Show on Earth* (Sugar Hill). This live two-record set gathers some of the best pickers and singers around: The Seldom Scene, The Original Seldom Scene (John Starling's voice is the difference), The Country Gentlemen (in both present and original incarnations) and The Almost Original New South (with Ricky Skaggs and J. D. Crowe). This music can either start your heart or break it. But that's OK, because it immediately proceeds to the feet; our toes didn't stop tapping.

SHORT CUTS

Count Floyd (RCA): Joe Flaherty's *SCTV* ghoul makes his album debut with predictably bloodcurdling results.

Ric Ocasek / *Beatitude* (Geffen): The Cars' star driver goes solo.

Neil Young / *Trans* (Geffen): *Star Wars* comes to Highway 101 and Neil provides the ambient sound; a funny record.

ABBA / *The Singles* (Atlantic): If the Jetsons had a rock band, these would be their greatest hits.

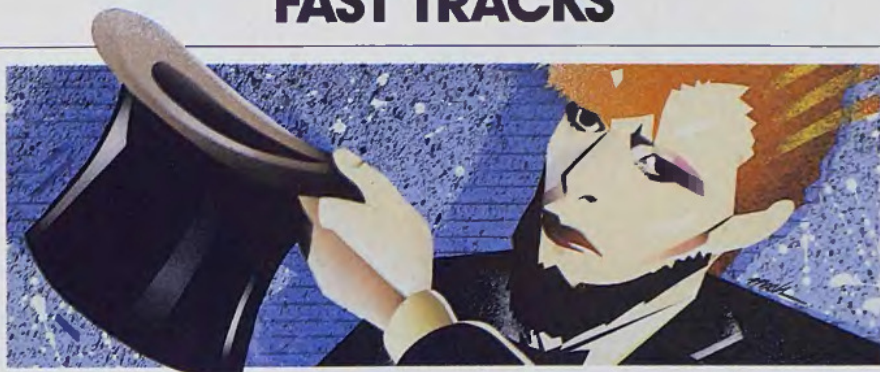
Jerry Lee Lewis / *My Fingers Do the Talkin'* (MCA): And they're eloquent in this first studio outing since Lewis' hospital stay.

Cruisin' Ann Arbor (Ann Arbor Music Project): From the town that brought you Bob Seger and Iggy Pop, here's a collection of A.A.'s current crop of heavy music.

Gary Stewart & Dean Dillon / *Those Were the Days* (RCA): These hard-country red-necks have legs. This six-cut/six-buck bargain is almost better than last year's LP.

Original Cast / *Nine—the Musical* (CBS Masterworks): Although this Tony winner is based on a work by Italian film maker Federico Fellini, its music doesn't transmit Roman fever. But it's a good cast and production.

FAST TRACKS



THE NEW BRITISH INVASION: We hear that David Bowie has been offered the role of Abraham Lincoln in a new 12-hour, \$3,000,000 opera to be staged in L.A. (where else? we ask you) during the 1984 Olympics. Robert Wilson, creator of the unusual and well-received *Einstein on the Beach*, has written a new opera called *The Civil Wars: A Tree Is Best Measured when It Is Down*. Artists from six countries have been asked to participate, including David Byrne of The Talking Heads, who will write a film score to accompany a two-hour movie within the opera. Who says that *Nicholas Nickleby* was too long?

REELING AND ROCKING: Tony Banks of Genesis did the score for the Faye Dunaway movie *The Wicked Lady*. . . . Keith Emerson is in Tokyo working on the sound track for an animated film. . . . Sting's acting career continues with a role in the forthcoming science-fiction movie *Dune*. . . . Kenny Loggins is one of four composers working on the music for the new Michael Cimino film, *Footloose*. . . . Former Doors drummer John Densmore has a role in the Malcolm McDowell movie *Get Crazy*. . . . *Little Malcolm*, a movie made more than ten years ago by George Harrison and John Hurt, is about to be considered for general release. It was made before Hurt's successes with *Midnight Express* and *The Elephant Man* and Harrison's foray into movie production with the likes of *Monty Python's Life of Brian*.

NEWSBREAKS: When the Dead celebrated last New Year's in Oakland, one of the hot attractions was a group called the *Dinosaurs*. We predict you'll be hearing this bunch on records soon; it's a natural. Look at this line-up: on guitar, Barry "The Fish" Melton and John "Quicksilver" Cipollina; Spencer "Airplane" Dryden on drums; Nicky "Mr. Piano" Hopkins, Peter "Big Brother" Albin and Dead lyricist and guitarist Robert Hunter on vocals. . . . Roger Daltrey is going to star in a BBC version of *The Beggar's Opera*, as Macheath. No doubt it will eventually play on our side of the water. . . . Frank Zappa, still fresh after a series of classical conducting chores in both England and the U.S., will be recording some of those performances for release on his own Barking Pumpkin label. . . . Smokey Robinson has signed to host a syndicated TV music show called *Step-pin' Out* next fall. . . . There are tentative plans for an Everly Brothers reunion concert in London. We should get that goody here, too, if it all works out. . . . The Isle of Wight Pop Festival may be

revived this summer. The promoter has approached both The Who and David Bowie about appearing. At the last festival, a big one, Jimi Hendrix performed just a month before he died. . . . Three Dog Night plans to regroup, touring small halls so as to see the audience, and to make an album. . . . Aerosmith taped a live concert in 3-D and plans to release it as a video cassette, a video disc and a promo clip. Special glasses will come with it, of course. . . . Daryl Dragon (a.k.a. The Captain) is producing an album with Mike Love of the Beach Boys. It's party music, clumps of old hits, and is going to be sold directly through the Tandy Corporation's Radio Shack stores—a new marketing idea that cuts out the middleman.

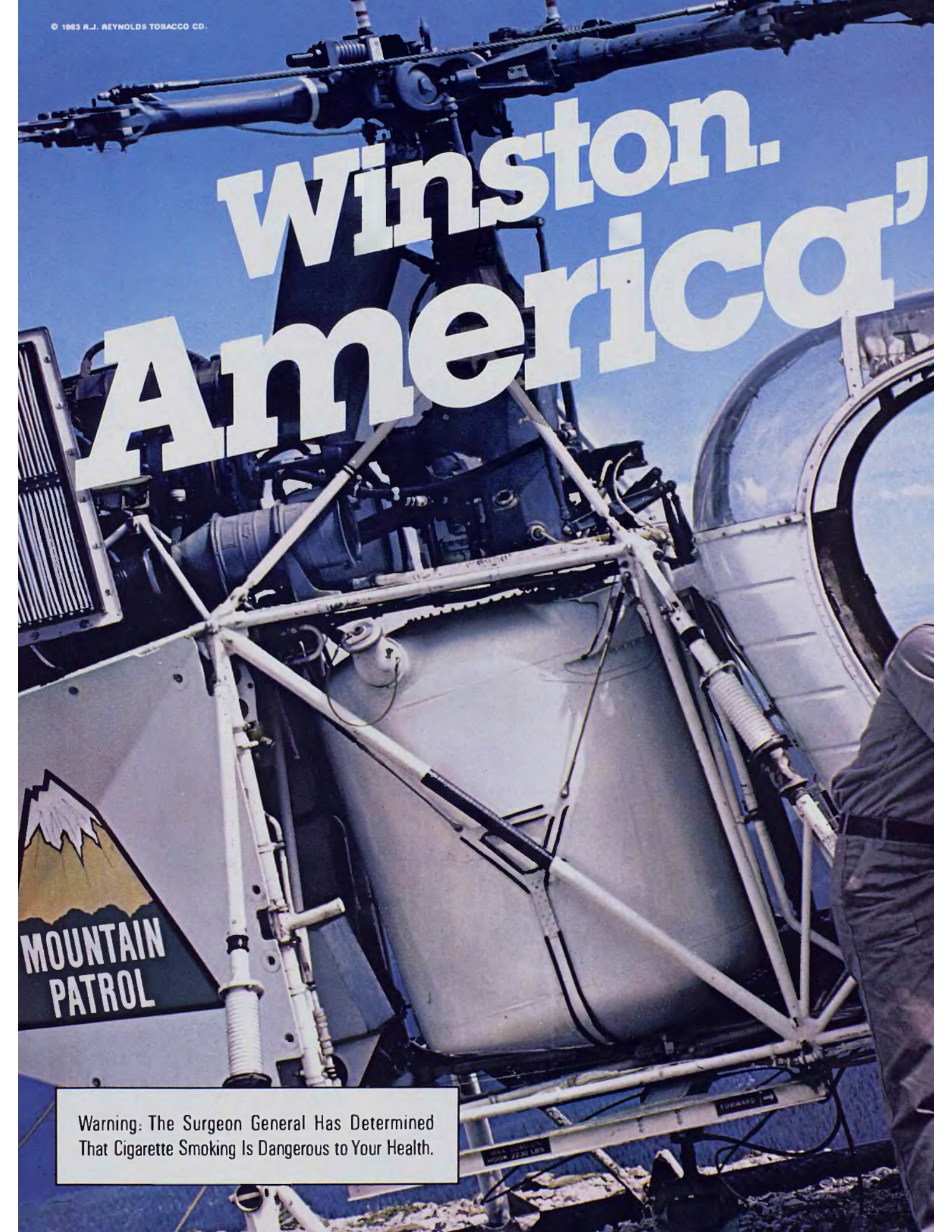
RANDOM RUMORS: There is no life in the fast lane for the Human League's Phil Oakey, who says, "Sex bores me. . . . [It] was built up a few decades ago and it is just about to fall to bits." Phil likes work: "I'm not interested in fun at all." We'll remember all that the next time we're asked to fork up cash to watch him work. . . . Joe Jackson says he doesn't think of New York as a rock-'n'-roll town. A jazz, Latin and funk town, yes, but not rock. . . . Lamont Dozier, who with two writing buddies (the Hollands) wrote many of the Motown hits of the Sixties, is grateful for all the recent "covers" of those old songs. He says that they keep his music alive and pay the bills while he works on a solo album. We hear that Dozier has more than 2000 songs to his credit. That kind of makes McCartney look like a beginner, doesn't it? . . . And, finally, we want to play our version of the name game. Just who is it who thinks up the names for groups? How about these: Peter and the Test Tube Babies, The Hypothetical Prophets and the ever-popular Haja Queen Sava Abeni and Her Waka Modernisers?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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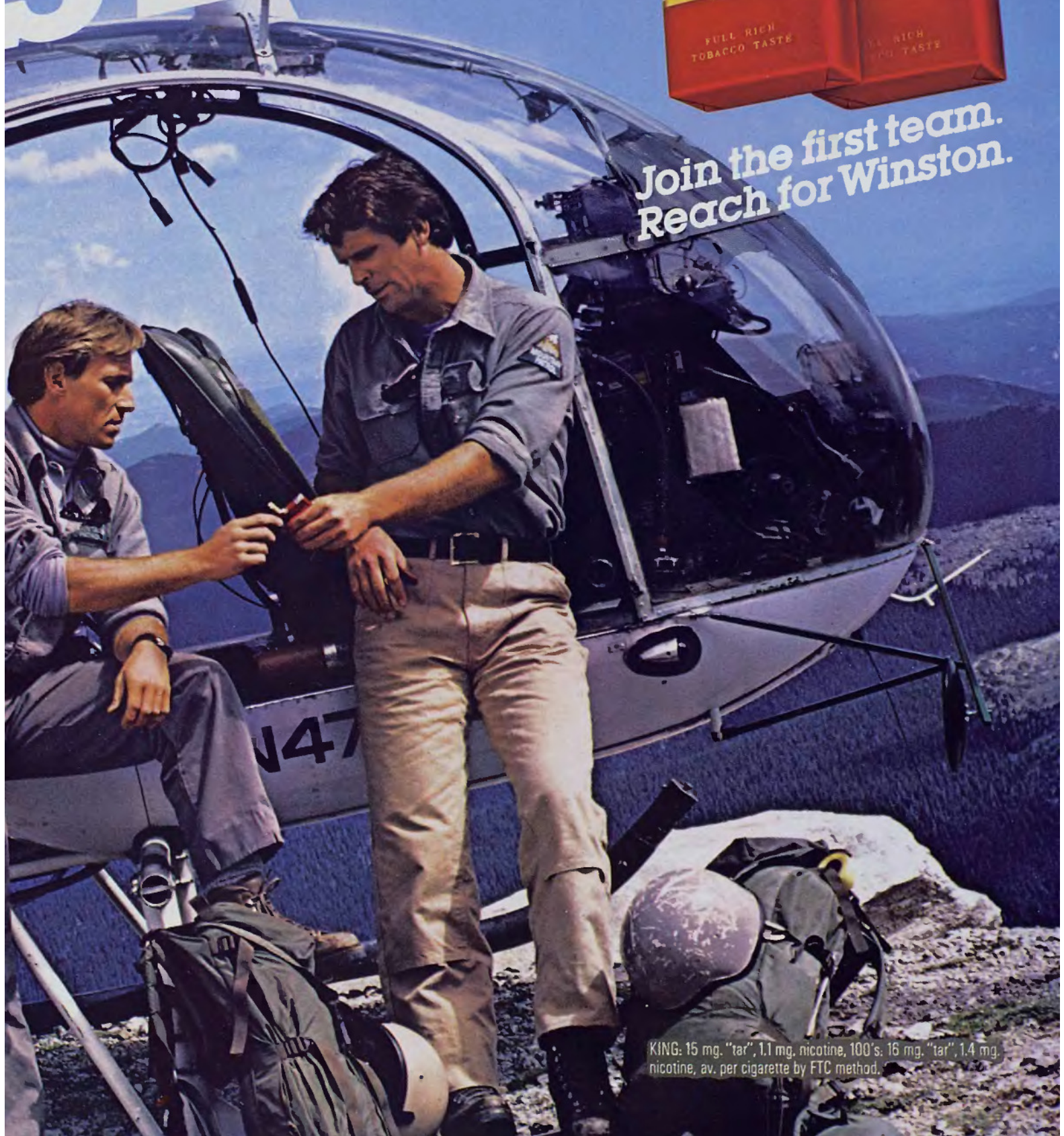
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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AS AN L.A. COP in a chopper on night patrol over the city, Roy Scheider is laconic and splendid, but the real star of *Blue Thunder* (Columbia) is a state-of-the-art experimental helicopter from which the movie takes its title. This secret weapon exists, we are warned, utilizing hardware "real and in use in the U.S. today." Hanging in the air on "whisper mode," virtually silent, it has listening devices that hear through walls, guns that fire 4000 rounds a minute, visual scanners that can "peer down dresses at 1000 feet." Some fun, and *Blue Thunder* is one hell of a movie, sky-high and handsome, crisply witty as well as exciting. On his hottest streak since *Saturday Night Fever*, director John Badham has a sure-fire cast—Scheider backed by the late Warren Oates, marvelous in one of his last roles, as a caustic police captain, with Daniel Stern as Scheider's wry side-kick, Candy Clark as his loyal lady, Malcolm McDowell as the worst of the bad guys.

Scheider is marked for murder when he stumbles onto a dastardly plot to stir up trouble in the barrio just so *Blue Thunder* can test its firepower against a troublesome minority group. That's not *quite* believable, but *Thunder* moves at such a fast clip that plausibility becomes secondary to the excitement afoot—rather, aloft. An aerial battle above Los Angeles pits Scheider against airborne SWAT teams, plus a pair of F-16 fighter planes carrying Sidewinder missiles—and if this climactic sequence doesn't knock you for a loop, nothing will. *Blue Thunder* has top spin to spare, but leave your thinking cap at home. **YYY**

Tom Selleck makes his big bid for movie stardom in *High Road to China* (Warner), a triumph of rugged sex appeal and screen presence over an ambitious but uninspired screenplay. Once upon a time, Clark Armstrong might have played Selleck's role as a hell-for-leather pilot in the Roaring Twenties, hired by a spoiled heiress (Bess Armstrong) to fly his two-seater across the Himalayas into China to find her long-lost dad. There's a huge inheritance at stake and the heiress tags along, of course, to face the dangers posed by hostile tribesmen, Communists, bad breaks and fuel shortages. Although she's altogether competent, Armstrong doesn't quite project the proper screwball charm written into her part, which would have been a natural for Jean Harlow or Carole Lombard in her heyday. Jack Weston provides bumptious comic relief in the true-to-tradition sidekick role. *High Road*, filmed on location in Yugoslavia, reportedly cost much more than \$20,000,000, and you can *feel* the money being spent on breath-taking aerial



Blue Thunder: cops-and-choppers story.

Pilots, 'copter and bush, are big in this month's movie fare.



Selleck, Armstrong take the *High Road*.

stunts and on battle scenes on terra firma. None of it makes a hell of a lot of sense, but this sort of cinematic exercise has nothing to do with logic. Director Brian G. Hutton does just a passable job of selling Selleck, and that's enough for Tom—who seems more than able to sell himself. **YY½**

It's Tuscany, 1944. Having heard that the Yanks are coming, a band of Italian men, women and children, rightly distrusting a German offer of sanctuary in the local church, set off to meet their liberators. What happens then? Well, three little girls bump into a couple of stray GIs, who blow up a condom for them as a toy balloon. And an oldish couple, who have shied away from each other for decades, are thrown together for a rueful, tender night of love. And there is a wrenching scene in a sunlit field where former friends

and neighbors—the Fascist Black Shirts *vs.* furious peasants—clash in one last slaughter on the eve of peace. *The Night of the Shooting Stars* (UA Classics) views all this through the softening filter of reminiscence—the war years remembered by a woman narrator who was only six years old at the time. Everything about it seems intentionally dated but deeply humanistic and touching, well up to standard for Italy's Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, the writing-directing team of brothers (*Padre Padrone*, et al.) who use a movie camera as if they were Renaissance painters. Although at times you may wish they'd hurry some, your patience will be rewarded. **YY½**

In *Lovesick* (Warner/Ladd), Alec Guinness plays Freud, who has never heard of a Freudian slip and keeps materializing to reproach Dudley Moore. Dudley's a Manhattan psychiatrist having a romantic fling with one of his patients, winsomely played by fresh-faced Elizabeth McGovern (of *Ordinary People* and *Ragtime*). Writer-director Marshall Brickman, formerly Woody Allen's collaborator, polishes up a bundle of psychiatry jokes and works them into the fabric of a smooth, understated romantic comedy that is consistently droll and tasteful yet seldom more than mildly funny. Besides Sir Alec, the notables contributing telling bits include Alan King, John Huston, Gene Saks and Renee Taylor. *Lovesick* plays like a short-short tale stretched too far with plenty of lyrical montages with music to prettify the slow spots. *Arthur* it ain't. On the other hand, Moore fans should be grateful to find their man much nearer the mark than he was in the turgid *Six Weeks*. **YY½**

A young wife and mother of two, *Lianna* (UA Classics) leaves home to explore her lesbian tendencies after falling helplessly in love with an attractive female psych teacher at night school. How she handles

the subsequent emotional upheavals affecting her husband, children, lovers and friends is the substance of this touching problem drama by writer-director-editor John Sayles, whose *Return of the Secaucus Seven* ranked among the more astute sleepers of 1980. With an unaffected, relatively unknown but appealing actress named Linda Griffiths in the title role, and Jane Hallaren altogether believable as the woman she wants, *Lianna* has the impact of a brave minor movie that breaks new ground. In fact, the subject matter isn't revolutionary at all, yet Sayles's sympathetic treatment of it seems refreshing, candid and contemporary, partly because his screenplay presents challenging second thoughts on touchy topics to both men and women, liberated or not. Oh, the deck may be stacked a smidgen against Lianna's husband (Jon DeVries), a philandering college prof who fools around with coeds in his film classes. There's particular humor and compassion, though, in Lianna's encounters with a predatory male acquaintance (played by Sayles himself), with a former confidante (Jo Henderson) who can't handle her best friend's unexpected sexual switch and with a lesbian pickup. "Lianna Massey eats pussy," the heroine flings at her mirror image one morning after a moment of truth. Some moviegoers may find *Lianna* hard to take, or a bit "special," at any rate. But overall, the film's unassuming skill and sensitivity are beyond question another step up the ladder for Sayles. 🍷🍷

There's no shying away from vintage melodrama in *The Man from Snowy River* (Fox), an Australian epic alleged to be the biggest box-office hit ever to play down under. Kirk Douglas is the guest star, broadly portraying a couple of brothers who loved the same woman and got into a shootin' match over her lo, these many years ago. That's subplot. The plot proper has to do with a virile young mountain man (Tom Burlinson, yet another Aussie candidate for success in other hemispheres) who's great at handling horses and capturing a rancher's daughter (Sigrid Thornton). *Man from Snowy River* could hardly be cornier or more enjoyable on its own simple-minded terms as an old-style Western. Filming actually took place in the southeastern state of Victoria, where men are men and the scenery is breathtaking. Director George Miller, though good enough for the job at hand, is *not* the same George Miller who directed Australia's awesome *The Road Warrior*. Up here, I doubt that union rules—or custom—would allow two top directors to work professionally under the same monitor. Imagine having, say, two Steven Spielbergs. We could live with that. 🍷½

Small in scope but burgeoning with sly spirits and quirky human comedy, *Local Hero* (Warner) ought to further enhance the reputation of Scottish writer-



Snowy River, where men are men and the scenery's breath-taking.

Kirk Douglas goes
down under; Burt
Lancaster visits Scotland.



Burt's back on the beach, in Scotland.

director Bill Forsyth, whose offbeat *Gregory's Girl* was one of the sleeper hits of 1982. Forsyth has described *Hero*, with appropriate tongue-in-cheek inaccuracy, as "a combination of *Apocalypse Now* and *Brigadoon*." He's got Burt Lancaster for a starring role as a Houston oil tycoon who is undergoing abuse therapy (his therapist keeps reminding him he's a shit) while pulling the plot strings from his private planetarium back in Texas. Most of the fun takes place in a Scottish seaside village that the tycoon wants to acquire lock, stock and barrel (along with countless acres of surrounding countryside) and destroy to make way for a gigantic oil refinery. One of the oilman's minions, a guy named MacIntire (Peter Riegert, an alumnus of *Animal House*) from mergers and acquisitions, is sent to negotiate the take-over because he's wrongly presumed to be of Scottish origin. The natives, however, turn out to be a far cannier lot than anyone anticipated, with an eye for big bucks as well as a yen for worldly pleasure. Riegert

plays MacIntire with bright, brash Yankee innocence while discovering that the simple Scots he came to bilk know plenty about everything, including nonstop sex. To explain much more might spoil it, but *Local Hero* lifted my heart to the highlands in its own modest way, as did *I Know Where I'm Going*, *Tight Little Island* and other vintage comedies. 🍷🍷

An all-star company was assembled by Italian writer-director Ettore Scola for *La Nuit de Varennes* (Triumph), a sumptuous, colorful, terribly talky French movie celebrating the Revolution. Like a Gallic tribute to John Ford's *Stagecoach*, it's a road film structured around carriage stops en route to the village of Varennes, where Louis XVI and the royal family, all in disguise, sought refuge from the rabid revolutionary tribunals in Paris. *La Nuit* takes nary a peek into poor King Louis' conveyance. The film's action, of which there is precious little, springs from another crowded coach or two carrying Casanova (Marcello Mastroianni), Thomas Paine (Harvey Keitel, of all people), the French writer Restif (Jean-Louis Barault, a star as exalted in France as Olivier is in England) and a beautiful countess (Germany's Hanna Schygulla). These passengers, among others, seem bound for Varennes for no better reason than to trade pithy remarks, mostly in French, about life, love and revolution. Though modern in spirit, Scola's literary conceit becomes monotonous after a while. The cream of it is Mastroianni's lush portrait of Casanova as an aging roué, rouged and world-weary, a retired champion stud who obviously prefers a gourmet meal and a nap to new amours. Marcello alone would be worth twice the price of admission. 🍷

Divulging even a little of what goes on in *Invitation au Voyage* (Triumph) may scare audiences away from a stunning, small-scale French picture that's a treat for the eye even when the mind boggles. Perhaps the real talent here is cinematographer Bruno Nuytten, who infuses every shot with a kind of imaginative mean-streets

realism that often seems several jumps ahead of the screenplay by writer-director Peter del Monte. Well, let's drop a few clues: *Invitation au Voyage* is a bizarre road movie dealing with rock music, incest and necrophilia. The trip gets heavy at the start when a handsome young provincial lad packs the body of his dead twin sister into a bass-fiddle case, straps the case onto the roof of his car and sets off. His adventures en route to an unknown destination alternate with flashbacks to his life—and lovemaking—with his eccentric sibling, a New Wave singer. Laurent Malet and Nina Scott play the star-crossed brother and sister with unforgettable intensity. This provocative *Voyage* is not for everyone but is not to be missed by cinephiles who cherish sleepers in the *Diva* tradition. **YY½**

There is plenty of testimony to the hypnotic presence of our current cover girl, Nastassia Kinski, in this issue (see pictorial, page 142). But it's only fair to add that her restless, quicksilver performance in *Exposed* (MGM/UA) would have shown the world her star quality even if she had been anonymous until now. She plays a college dropout, a country girl with a thirst for adventure who comes to New York, unexpectedly becomes a top fashion model (Ian McShane plays the lens genius who discovers her) and—even more unexpectedly—gets deeply involved with a famous concert violinist (Rudolf Nureyev), who uses her as bait in his private vendetta with an international terrorist (Harvey Keitel) based in Paris. That's a lot to chew, and writer-producer-director James Toback asks the audience to swallow whole somewhat more than the normal quota of baloney for a topical suspense drama. I think the casting of Nureyev was a mistake, electric though he is, because he hasn't enough skill at characterization to keep himself in context—he remains the great Nureyev, no matter what the script says, doing a movie gig.

Kinski, *au contraire*, appears to work with an invisible wand that makes everything magically credible. Her spontaneous, easy-does-it transformation from a gangly Wisconsin farmerette into a lacquered supermodel is really something to see. After that, director Toback turns the spotlight on Nureyev and slams the film into high gear, as if he had made it while running a fever. He can claim valid credit, of course, for providing a remarkable young actress with her most effective showcase since *Tess*. Nastassia repays the favor by saving the movie for him—she gives *Exposed*, which would otherwise range from uneven to mediocre, a high-wattage source of natural light. **YY½**

Maybe I am too generous in praising actors, but more and more of them strike me as great talents in search of a script. Canadian-born Kate Nelligan, who was marvelous in 1981's *Eye of the Needle* (and



Kinski *Exposed* by Nureyev.

Nastassia Kinski saves
one movie while
Kate Nelligan rescues another.



Hirsch puts Nelligan on hold.

subsequently conquered Broadway as the star of *Plenty*), sums up a young mother's agony over a kidnaped child with her mesmerizing performance in *Without a Trace* (Fox). Adapted by Beth Gutcheon from her novel *Still Missing*, the story is chock-full of parallels to the Etan Patz case, no matter how vehemently the moviemakers deny for the record any connection to the child who disappeared on his way to school in Manhattan several years ago. *Without a Trace* is a relatively upbeat saga of a woman's stubborn faith rewarded, and producer-director Stanley R. Jaffe (who produced *Kramer vs. Kramer*) has prudently handled his directorial debut in austere, understated style. Occasionally, I felt that a bit of flamboyant melodrama might be helpful as Nelligan pushed the search for her vanished son (Daniel Bryan Corkill). Judd Hirsch as a kindly detective, David Dukes as her estranged husband and Stockard Channing as a Brooklyn Heights neighbor are all up to the standard set by Kate's meticulously orchestrated star turn. **YYY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Blue Thunder** (Reviewed this month) Cops, choppers and Scheider. **YYY**
- Coup de Torchon** Philippe Noiret in a very noir French film. **YYY**
- Exposed** (Reviewed this month) Hats in the air for Nastassia. Period. **YY½**
- 48 HRS.** Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte as cop and robber. **YY½**
- Frances** Mediocre movie-star bio saved by the belle: luscious Jessica Lange as poor Frances Farmer. **YY½**
- Gandhi** By now, they should be polishing up some Oscars for this saga—maybe one for Kingsley. **YYYY**
- High Road to China** (Reviewed this month) Tom Selleck in a non-*Magnum* opus. **YY½**
- Invitation au Voyage** (Reviewed this month) Incest on the rocks. **YY½**
- The King of Comedy** Jerry Lewis steals Scorsese's show from De Niro. **YY**
- Lianna** (Reviewed this month) To Lesbos with love from John Sayles. **YYY**
- Local Hero** (Reviewed this month) Lancaster vs. the Scots. **YYY**
- Lovesick** (Reviewed this month) Dudley Moore as a smitten shrink. **YY½**
- The Man from Snowy River** (Reviewed this month) Classy Aussie epic. **YY½**
- The Night of the Shooting Stars** (Reviewed this month) Italians at war. **YY½**
- La Nuit de Varennes** (Reviewed this month) Mastroianni's Casanova makes it watchable. **YY**
- Sophie's Choice** An Oscar for Streep, or the drinks are on me. **YYY½**
- The Sting II** Not a true sequel—just a different scam—and just passable when Jackie Gleason's on the screen. **YY**
- Table for Five** A divorced father faces life in his 40s; Jon Voight makes the growing pains movingly real. **YY½**
- Tales of Ordinary Madness** Wine, women and Gazzara off the wall. **YY½**
- Tender Mercies** As a country-and-western singer on the road back, Robert Duvall is grand, as usual. **YYY**
- Tootsie** The blithest spirit of this hilarious high comedy is Dustin Hoffman in drag. **YYYY**
- The Verdict** Another Oscar contender—Paul Newman as a boozed-up lawyer fighting formidable odds. **YYY½**
- Videodrome** The future according to director David Cronenberg, with James Woods and Debbie Harry. **YY**
- Wasn't That a Time** The Weavers then and now—and wonderful. **YYY**
- Without a Trace** (Reviewed this month) The missing-child story misses, but Kate's great. **YYY**
- The Year of Living Dangerously** Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver weather intrigues in Djakarta. **YYY**
- Don't miss** **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

VIDEO

what's new on tape and disc
by bruce williamson

THIS OCCASIONAL COLUMN will try to keep pace with what's hot, what's happening, what's upcoming in the world of video cassettes and discs.

So far, movies dominate the market. You can walk away with *The Road Warrior* (Warner) or the French *Diva* (MGM/UA), even the current Richard Gere smash, *An Officer and a Gentleman* (Paramount, priced at \$39.95 on VHS and \$29.95 on Beta, down from the standard \$70 to \$80 in an experiment intended to encourage sales and compete with the lower-cost discs).

As we go to press, the top-selling cassettes (depending on which trade-paper

Movies, exercises,
Beatles and an evening
with Robin Williams.

chart you trust) are *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* (Paramount), an indisputable favorite; *Rocky III* (CBS-Fox); and *Jane Fonda's Workout* (Karl), the last a phenomenal success (the sequel is *Jane Fonda's Workout for Pregnancy, Birth and Recovery*), with *Playboy Video Vol. 1* (CBS-Fox) rapidly edging up on the charts, bare but unbowed.

Don't underrate sex appeal as a key factor in take-home tapes. The *Aerobicise* series (third edition, *The Ultimate Workout*, from Paramount) has begotten an imminent syndicated TV show, and right about now, those erotic aerobichicks should be getting video competition from *Everyday with Richard Simmons* (Karl), *eXercise* (Monterey), which boasts a sexy topless cool-down, and *Muscle Motion* (Media), in which male dancers from Chippendales in L.A. do some jiggling that Jane might consider irresponsible physiotherapy. Most women will love it.

Original programing is relatively rare, except for how-to tapes (everything from beginners' blackjack to wine tasting) and some adaptations from records or cable TV: for example, an extraordinary musical docudrama, *The Compleat Beatles* (MGM/UA), a collector's dream. Though released last year and extensively screened aloft, Broadway's *Pippin* (Family), with William Katt and Ben Vereen, is the first big musical produced for the home market. The likeliest new chart buster I can see is *An Evening with Robin Williams* (Paramount), hilarious raunch from a San Francisco concert in 1982, first aired on HBO. Next time, we'll look at the Vidmax *MysteryDisc* (an "interactive" viewer-participation thriller) and other curios. Stay tuned.

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make you a better driver. Engineers at VW even saw to it that the seats are quite attractive.

After all, they're only human.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

By TONY SCHWARTZ

THIS IS A SHORT STORY about the brave new world of television. It is not an upbeat story. Dazzling technology aside, there isn't much heartening news to report. If you think television is bad now, I'm here to tell you that it may well get worse.

Worse for the major networks, one of which is likely to die, or shrink severely, within the next decade. No sense mincing words: NBC, the weakest of the three, would be the first to go. Worse for the 200-odd local stations that now get paid by NBC to carry the network's programs and will suddenly be scrambling to fill the airwaves on their own. And even worse for viewers, who have been encouraged, mostly by romantic journalists, to believe a modern fairy tale: that more channels lead automatically to better programs.

Because, in reality, the death of a major, full-service network won't be offset by the birth of a lot of smaller and narrower ventures. No NBC (or a withered NBC) will mean one fewer network reaching into nearly every American home with its programs and giving us, however different we may be, some common ground. It will mean the loss of a sophisticated and lavishly equipped news organization willing and able to spend \$50,000,000 a year on its half-hour nightly newscasts alone. And the death of NBC would also mean the loss of the one network that has begun self-consciously sprinkling a schedule long dominated by schlock with smarter, more substantial shows, such as *Fame*, *Cheers* and *St. Elsewhere*. Finally, with one fewer full-fledged competitor to worry about, the remaining two networks—already content to feed us such froth as *The Dukes of Hazard* and *Fantasy Island*—will be even less compelled to try anything ambitious.

This scenario begins with the fact that the networks are losing audience much faster than they care to admit. Three years ago, ABC, CBS and NBC commanded 90 percent of the prime-time viewing audience; two years ago, 86 percent; this season, they'll average 80. In the face of those figures, the network line has been that any further erosion will be more than offset by the continuing growth in the number of homes with television. But recently, ABC executives have begun confirming independent estimates that the three-network share may drop to 64 percent or even lower by 1990. Already, in Columbus, Ohio, where subscribers to the Qube cable system can choose among 36 channels, the three-network audience share has dropped to less than 50 percent.

What makes such statistics so ominous is that the networks are in a downward spiral they seem unable to stop. The number of competitors, and the homes they reach, keep increasing. Simple math sug-



Our newest columnist
delivers a grim prognosis
for the once-proud peacock.

gests, for example, that the commercial networks will soon be outbid for rights to popular sporting events by pay networks that can generate more money with smaller audiences—simply by charging fans per month, per sport or per event. The second highest bidder for the 1984 Olympics, for example, was a pay network, and that occurred when fewer than a quarter of all homes were wired for cable.

As for prime-time series—historically the networks' bread and butter—the costs of production continue to rise, and there's no end in sight. Even the most simply mounted half-hour situation comedy now costs \$350,000—double what it did five years ago. One network solution has been to cut back on the number of original episodes and to rely more than ever on reruns, which require minimal additional costs. But that's just a subtler form of economic suicide. For when the rerun season begins, viewers have more impetus than ever to look for non-network alternatives. Last summer, the three-network share dropped to 68 percent. A second short-sighted solution has been to increase the number of minutes allotted to commercials. But that, too, can only further alienate viewers, who now have the option of turning to commercial-free networks such as Home Box Office.

Perhaps most insidious to the networks is the growth of satellite technology. Satellites are freeing local stations from their historic dependency on the networks' distribution systems. Until recently, ABC, CBS and NBC's method of delivering

programs to affiliates via telephone land lines was the most efficient game in every town. But now any local station that invests in a modestly priced receiving dish has access to the growing menu of independently produced programs that are being sent out via satellite.

And that's precisely what a network such as NBC is up against. For half a dozen years now, NBC has been running a distant third in prime time and an even more dismal third in daytime—where it now attracts 15 percent of the audience. Several of its strongest affiliates (the ones that historically exceeded the network's national ratings average by virtue of strong local news programming and good management) simply jumped ship, signing with ABC or CBS.

Moreover, NBC's current affiliates have shown an increasing willingness to look beyond the network for programming. When the independent production of *Nicholas Nickleby* was offered to stations around the country this past winter, ten NBC affiliates were quick to take it—on the reasonable gamble that it would outdraw the low-rated NBC prime-time series it preempted over four weekday nights.

The network system depends on affiliate loyalty, and that was no great problem so long as everyone made plenty of money. In 1982, NBC reported approximately a \$100,000,000 profit, which sounds pretty nifty at first blush. But nearly all of that came from its five locally owned stations.

NBC doesn't break out the figures, but knowledgeable sources say that the network itself showed no profit in 1980 and 1981 and earned a paltry \$20,000,000 or so last year—despite revenues well in excess of one billion dollars. That's a profit margin of less than two percent. RCA, NBC's corporate parent, could do better selling off the network and putting the proceeds in a savings account.

As NBC executives see it (not surprisingly), the network can survive indefinitely, even without ratings improvement. "We wouldn't be wildly profitable," says Kathryn Pelgriff, NBC's vice-president for corporate planning, "but given continuing growth in ad revenues and the discipline to control costs better, there's no reason we can't keep a modest profit level."

The catch is that the network's troubles are prompting a corrosive cycle. Because NBC has a weaker line-up of programs, affiliates are quicker to pre-empt. Thus, NBC's national ratings suffer further, and so do the sums it—and its affiliates—can charge advertisers. Affiliates, in turn, become even more inclined to search for alternative programs, and that compounds the network's problems. The issue is survival, and in leaner times, stations are understandably more concerned with their own situations than with the network's; in

desperation, a drowning man sometimes pulls down even the person who swims out intending to save him. "The network-affiliate relationship is a very delicate one," acknowledges Pelgrift. "The question is how much havoc the affiliates can afford to wreak on the network system that supports them."

Grant Tinker, the former producer who replaced Fred Silverman as head of NBC last year, has tried to stake out new territory for the network as the place to turn to for better television. But nurturing a few inventive prime-time series may be too little, too late. Hit shows have become ever scarcer on all three networks, and the few that have emerged in recent years are those scheduled directly after extremely successful series. But unlike CBS and ABC, NBC has virtually *no* hits; and in daytime hours, when networks traditionally earn the highest profit margin, NBC is weakest and viewing patterns are slowest to change. And what of the NBC news operation, which does less programming less visibly and less stylishly than its competitors? Tinker's efforts are still too scatter-shot to give NBC a distinctive, upscale identity. Nor does RCA—with troubles of its own—have unlimited money to pour into the rebuilding of the network.

So what happens if NBC does go belly up? The answer is chaos, at least in the short term. Consider, for example, the prospect of 200 stations all dressed up with no stuff to run. Many will fold; but in the interim, it's likely that a fair share will settle for whatever alternative programming has a reasonable prospect of attracting audience. And because exploitation is the cheapest and quickest way to win ratings (just look at most local newscasts), that may well mean more gratuitous violence, more smarmy sex and more *Family Feuds*.

Nor can viewers expect cable suddenly to pick up the slack. Sure, there will be more, much more, of what commercial television has long provided as part of its over-all package—movies, sports and news. But it seems unlikely to expect much innovation from cable networks—particularly those supported by advertising—that will be sharing smaller pieces of a fragmented audience pie and smaller revenues. It's not coincidental that the noblest and most ambitious cable venture so far—the tony performing-arts channel, CBS Cable—was also the first to fail.

How bad might it get? For cosmic questions such as that, I always turn to Steve Friedman, executive producer of the *Today* show and a man who knows and loves television despite all his better instincts—among them a penchant for breezy candor.

"How bad?" said Steve when I called him recently. "Well, would you believe that in ten years we might look back fondly at the Eighties as television's golden age? My advice is to enjoy it now, while you can. The brave new world of television may just be reruns of *M*A*S*H* and Barry Manilow singing *Memory*."

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What Walter Tevis did for pool in his 1959 novel *The Hustler* he does for chess in *The Queen's Gambit* (Random House). You don't have to be as obsessive about the game as Tevis is to enjoy this thriller. But if you are, you will be rewarded.

In a new collection of related short stories titled *The London Embassy* (Houghton Mifflin), Paul Theroux takes his narrator, Spencer Savage, from a post in Malaysia (remember *The Consul's File*?) to a job in England. And our hero, Spencer, sometimes finds England more perplexing than Southeast Asia. As ever, well-told tales.

Whether he's describing how the Defense Department leaks selected classified reports to *Aviation Week* or how the next war is likely to be orchestrated from space or how killer satellites work, Thomas Karas does a subtle and thorough job of reporting in *The New High Ground: Systems and Weapons of Space Age War* (Simon & Schuster). If you thought the film *Star Wars* was based on fiction, you'd better read Karas, because in an objective and rational fashion, he describes the latest hardware and doctrine. "The military exploration of space has been happening for 25 years," he writes, "[and] the time for national debate about our space policy is now." The first couple of chapters are dull as Karas outlines the organizational problems of the Pentagon's space warriors, but as soon as he talks about specific systems and satellites, the book is worthy of Luke Skywalker.

Tim Page's *Nam* (Knopf) is primarily a book of photographs—stunning, frightening, tranquil, mean, graceful—by one of the best combat photographers of the Vietnam war. Page covered that war from 1965 to 1969, when he was severely wounded. But his work is an example of creativity in the midst of madness and death, and this book is a jewel. You see two Marines at the instant they are fatally hit (shades of Robert Capa's famous photograph from the Spanish Civil War). You see women praying for peace on Dao Island, a stoned trooper smoking Cambodian Red, an A-6 pilot on the carrier Coral Sea, a 12-year-old child minigunned by U.S. choppers, the empty eyes of a tank driver on Tay Ninh road. You won't forget any of them.

Personal computers are becoming so much a part of modern life that they are causing previously unknown nervous disorders. One such is computer itch. That's when you desperately want to buy one of those cute blinking screens but can't figure out why. Another is computer-paralysis syndrome. That's a serious one. It happens when you decide to buy a computer but are afraid that if you get one today,



It's the Queen's move.

A new Tevis thriller, computer handbooks and Didion on El Salvador.

it will be obsolete by tomorrow. Well, you may not be able to find the ultimate computer, but, fear not, there is an ultimate computer book. In fact, there are two of them. They are called *The Personal Computer Book* and *The Word Processing Book* (Ballantine/Prelude Press). The author, Peter A. McWilliams, communicates effortlessly about a difficult subject. That puts him two steps ahead of the authors of the 9,000,000 other computer books out there. Also, he is funny. Funnier than Eddie Murphy on a good night. McWilliams doesn't tell you a lot about what computers are; he tells you what they can do for you and what you can do with them. He also tells you what's worth buying and what's not. What more could you ask from a book? After all, it's not a computer.

In *Salvador* (Simon & Schuster), Joan Didion turns journalist. She writes with splendid, terrifying simplicity about her trip to El Salvador in 1982. It's Didion's best work. Read the summation of her thoughts about a lunch she had at the American Embassy: "The wine was chilled and poured into crystal glasses. The fish was served on porcelain plates that bore the American eagle. . . . The crystal and the American eagle together had on me a certain anesthetic effect, temporarily deadening that receptivity to the sinister that

afflicts everyone in Salvador, and I experienced for a moment the official American delusion, the illusion of plausibility, the sense that the American undertaking in El Salvador might turn out to be, from the right angle, in the right light, just another difficult but possible mission in another troubled but possible country." Didion plays it truthfully, succinctly, humbly, and the words shine.

Is *The Life of Byron Jaynes* (Norton), by James Howard Kunstler, an attempt to profit from current interest in Jim Morrison, the rock star who died in 1971? In an obvious parallel to Morrison, Jaynes is a rock star who mysteriously dies in Europe at the top of his career. In Morrison's case, the coffin was sealed and interred before careful stock could be taken. In the fictional case, Jaynes never actually makes it into the earth, though he winds up living *underground* in rural New Hampshire. And there he would have stayed had it not been for an ex-*Rolling Stone* writer who spots him in a supermarket. The story moves slowly until the writer and the rocker sit down for a series of taped interviews; then events take a seemingly nonfictional turn. The hands-on description of life around big bucks and arena rock in the Sixties and Seventies rings true. And that insight is the author's best defense against charges of exploitation. A lot of writers attempt the rock-'n'-roll novel and are usually way off the mark. Kunstler knows his turf.

The odds are you'll go from the first chapter to the final sentence of Kenneth Goddard's *Balefire* (Bantam) before you remember to get up for a sandwich. Thanatos, a high-tech terrorist of the desert variety, has launched a systematic assault on the Huntington Beach Police Department in the weeks before the 1984 Olympic games in L.A. The heat's been arranged by a band of virulent pool-and-patio Arabs who've underestimated the spunk of at least one sleuth. Goddard, a West Coast cop and a forensics specialist, has written a beautifully plotted first novel.

BOOK BAG

The Playboy Advisor on Love & Sex (Perigee), by James R. Petersen: It's a pleasure to draw your attention to our favorite advice columnist, who has collected ten years' worth of the best questions—and answers. You'll learn a lot and enjoy it.

Jelly Roll, Jabbo and Fats: Nineteen Portraits in Jazz (Oxford), by Whitney Balliett: Literary riffs by the best of all the jazz writers.

Passengers (Doubleday), by Thomas G. Foxworth and Michael J. Laurence: This knuckle-whitening novel about air safety by a pilot and a screenwriter has all the elements for the inevitable movie version.

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

DOL GOSSIP: Hal (Being There) Ashby will direct Diane Keaton in *Modern Bride*, described as a "contemporary comedy about a liberated woman who decides to have an old-fashioned wedding." . . . Burt Reynolds will play the lead in Blake Edwards' remake of *The Man Who Loved Women*. . . . The Bee Gees are set to write and perform songs for Paramount's *Staying Alive*, the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*. The continuation (starring John Travolta) picks up Tony Manero's story almost six years after *Fever*, as he tries to make it as a dancer on the Broadway boards. . . . William (Body Heat) Hurt and Lee Marvin top-line Orion's film adaptation of Martin Cruz Smith's best-selling novel *Gorky Park*. The screenplay was written by Dennis (Pennies from Heaven) Potter. . . . Author Douglas Adams' trilogy of best sellers—*The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* and *Life, the Universe and Everything*—has been optioned by Ivan Reitman, director of *Meatballs* and *Stripes*. Adams will pen the script. . . . CBS-TV is prepping a post-Korean War follow-up version of *M*A*S*H*. Initial

with a high TVQ who is stuck doing offbeat human-interest stories and would prefer investigating something meaty. Natch, something meaty comes along in the form of Gielgud, a con artist disguised as a Japanese businessman who happens to sit next to Hays on a flight to London. Hays suspects industrial espionage, but Gielgud is going for only simple blackmail.



Hays



Gielgud

The rest is a bit convoluted: Somebody gets killed, a film falls into the wrong hands, Hays falls in love and Gielgud disguises himself as a punk rocker, a German building engineer and a Pakistani porter—all of which, I am told, makes this his "meatiest comic role since *Arthur*."

3-D ROUNDUP: Spurred by the unanticipated box-office success of Filmways' 1981 3-D release *Comin' at Ya*, Hollywood has gone 3-D crazy. This summer (dubbed "Summer of '83-D") will see the first slew of three-dimensional films, to be followed by many, many more if the trend holds. Naturally, almost every studio in town has jumped onto the proverbial band wagon. Universal's first big offering will be *Jaws 3-D*, starring Dennis Quaid, Bess Armstrong, Simon MacCorkindale and Louis Gossett, Jr. Premise involves a great white shark accidentally let out of its enclosed lagoon at a sea park. The four above-named stars play employees of the park who must engage and ultimately destroy the fish. Filmed in a brand-new process, *Jaws 3-D* will feature scenes in which the shark virtually jumps into the audience's lap.



Armstrong



Quaid

Columbia's premiere offering (set for a June release) is *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*, starring Peter Strauss, Molly Ringwald, Andrea Marcovicci and Ernie Hudson. Billed as "the first 3-D outer-space

adventure in nearly 30 years," it involves the exploits of a space salvage operator (Strauss) assigned to rescue three female voyagers marooned in space. *Comin' at ya* from Orion in October is *Amityville 3-D*; and rumor has it that Paramount's got one, too, but it's being kept under wraps (could it be *Star Trek III*?).

MILITARY PAC-MAN: It is fairly common knowledge that somewhere in the inner sanctum of the Defense Department there exists a secret computer that simulates World War Three for the Pentagon's military strategists. Would it be possible for someone—anyone—to tap into that program? That was the central question asked by screenwriters Walter Parkes and Larry Lasker when they came up with the idea for *War Games*—the fictional story of a teen-aged computer whiz who accidentally taps into the Pentagon's war-planning program. To research the project, Lasker and Parkes approached the Pentagon, where their initial inquiries were greeted with some degree of cooperation. But soon after seeing the script, Defense Department powers slammed the door shut. Unde-



Broderick



Coleman

tered, the writer-sleuths managed to charm their way into a VIP tour of the NORAD (North American Air Defense) command headquarters. There they learned that many of the key points in their script were not only true but even more frightening than they had imagined. The resulting film, which stars Matthew Broderick, Dabney Coleman and John Wood, is set for a July release.

ROLE REVERSAL: David Begelman's first film project since leaving the stewardship of MGM/UA to become president of Sherwood Productions will be *Mr. Mom*, starring Michael (Night Shift) Keaton, Teri (Tootsie) Garr and Martin (Serial) Mull. Directed by Stan (Love at First Bite) Dragoti and written by National Lampoon editor and former PLAYBOY contributor John Hughes, the film is a comic story about a suddenly unemployed executive (Keaton) who suffers an identity crisis when he takes on the domestic responsibilities for his wife (Garr) while she re-enters the job market to unexpected success. Twentieth Century-Fox will distribute the picture.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



Reynolds



Keaton

segments of the spin-off series are being written by Larry Gelbart; so far, three members of the original cast—Harry (Colonel Potter) Morgan, William (Father Mulcahy) Christopher and Jamie (Klinger) Farr—will reprise their roles. As for Alan Alda, he's busy turning *The Four Seasons* into a TV series. The new *M*A*S*H* series is scheduled to air in September.

BOFFO XMAS: Santa was extremely generous to Hollywood and particularly to Columbia Pictures last Christmas. According to a report in *Variety*, Columbia's two major yuletide contenders—*Tootsie* and *The Toy*—took the lion's share of the holiday box office, tallying up a combined revenue of more than \$80,000,000. Paramount's *48 HRS.* and *Airplane II*, Universal's *Dark Crystal*, Warner Bros.' *Best Friends* and 20th Century-Fox's *The Verdict* each scored above the \$20,000,000 mark as well.

INCOGNITO: Robert Hays, John Gielgud, Pamela Stevenson and Jim (Barnum) Dale star in *Scandalous*, one of those complex caper stories that defy concise explanation. But we'll try. Hays plays a TV journalist



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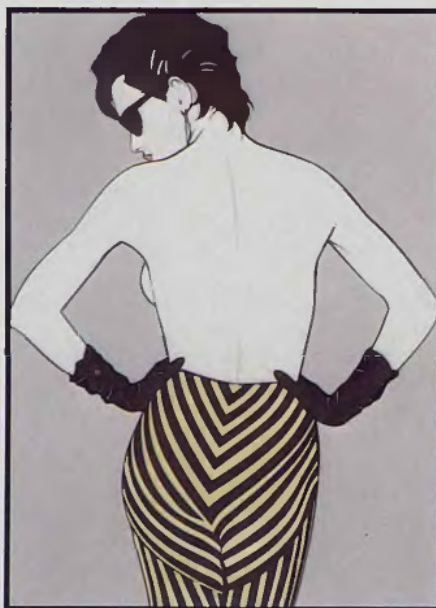
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I answered your questionnaire in the January 1982 issue. I found it very helpful to our sexual relationship, but now I have a few questions. From the questionnaire, I learned that my husband enjoys masturbation—so much so that he indulges in it quite often. I have always thought that masturbation is an adolescent thing or a pleasure indulged in by sexually frustrated people. For quite a while, he seemed uninterested in having sex; he says it was because of marital problems. But I wonder why he should have been interested in me if he could find pleasure through masturbation. Am I not satisfying his sexual needs, or does he have a sexual problem? I hope your advice will help me better understand my husband's sexual needs and wants.—Mrs. J. O., Tucson, Arizona.

Masturbation is a healthy sexual release for men of all ages and is not simply an activity for the adolescent or the sexually frustrated male. Many well-adjusted married males (and females) continue to masturbate throughout their lives. That does not necessarily mean that anything is amiss in your particular relationship or that you are failing to provide for his sexual needs. The best way to handle the issue is to be open with your husband and discuss your fears; it is likely that he occasionally masturbates on impulse or when you are not available. If you feel that your relationship with him is good and that you are fulfilling each other's needs for intimacy, you don't think any problem exists.

Iwould like to exchange video tapes with a relative in West Germany. I know that the electrical system over there is different, and I wonder if that will affect the tapes I send.—O. R., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Sorry, but not only is the electrical system different, the TV system is different, too. There are three basic color-TV systems in the world: N.T.S.C. (National Television Standards Committee), PAL (Phase-Alteration Line) and SECAM (Sequential Color and Memory). The U.S. uses the N.T.S.C. system, as do the Bahamas, Canada, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii and the Philippines. All other countries fall into the two other categories—including West Germany, which is under the PAL system. The differences are largely in the way the color is encoded and decoded. There are also minor subdivisions of those categories, such as SECAM V and SECAM H. It is possible to buy triple-standard VCRs and TVs, but they are expensive. It's also possible to modify one TV system to another standard—but, of course, to use it, you'd have to tote your system to that area. Some VCRs can also be modified to replay a different-standard recording, but you'd have to remodify the set to use it for your other recordings. The questions are, How much do you really want to ex-



change the tapes? and How much are you willing to spend in time and money to do it?

Ineed help! A lousy sex life is going to bust up an otherwise near-perfect marriage. My wife and I were married six months ago; it's the second marriage for both of us. We have had a very uneasy truce about sex for the whole six months. (We did not have sex with each other before our marriage.) The problem is, she can't have an orgasm unless I massage her clitoris while we're having intercourse. I find this exceedingly awkward, whether she's on top or I'm on top. (We've tried other positions, but they don't seem to do anything for us.) When she's on top, she doesn't even like to sit up on me; she says it hurts. I suggested that she massage her clit. That went over like a lead balloon. She says she enjoys feeling my penis inside her, but I can pump and pump and it does no good. To top it off, she says that if she has sex and doesn't come to a climax, it gives her a terrific headache. This woman used a diaphragm for nearly 12 years before we were married. Maybe that deadened some nerves. I'm beginning to feel that my most important genital is my finger. That's not the only problem (I tend to come a lot sooner than she—which totally turns her off—and she likes sex seven mornings and seven nights a week, which is more than I want), but if you can help with it, I think we can work the others out.

We are both about 35 years old. Can you teach old dogs new tricks? I'll try anything. Recently, when I finally told her I found sex with her awkward, she blew up and said none of her other partners ever said that. I can't believe most men find it comfortable to have an arm stuck under a

leg to reach upward or to have an arm turned backward to reach downward. Any suggestions?—R. C., Batesville, Arkansas.

It mystifies us why a woman who wants sex so often and is so inflexible in the performance would have married without experimenting first. Be that as it may, however, you might try bringing her to orgasm manually before intercourse. Masters and Johnson speak of a "my turn/your turn" approach that may prove useful. Instead of dreading the contortions imposed on you by your wife, you'd be better off in a relaxed atmosphere in which sometimes she gets off first and sometimes you do. That would eliminate her headaches and, perhaps, yours: How much more would you enjoy your own climax if you weren't panicky about not satisfying her? You should make it clear to her that it isn't only your job to please her but hers to please you. Going through the same scenario twice a day is tiresome, and when monotony settles in, you'll find out what real sexual trouble is.

Since I bought a manual-transmission car, I've heard cautions from friends about "riding the clutch." Apparently, that is the worst thing you can do. I suppose I do it, but I have no idea what it is or what the dangers are. Can you enlighten me?—S. T., Reno, Nevada.

If you've bought more than three clutches in the past year, you're probably riding the clutch. It's the biggest cause of clutch failure. What it means is that you're not taking your foot off the clutch pedal between shifts. The clutch release is very sensitive, usually requiring only an inch, more or less, of travel before disengaging. If you keep your foot on the pedal, the clutch will disengage only partially, causing a rapid heat build-up, and you'll eventually destroy your clutch plate. Drivers generally ride the clutch because it is inconvenient not to, but if you give it a couple of weeks' concentration, lifting that left foot will become second nature and your friends will stop riding you.

My boyfriend is a wonderful lover—in fact, by far the best I've ever had. The only complaint I have is that he likes to suck very hard on my nipples. He says the taste of the fluid from them excites him. Since he seemed to enjoy doing it so much, I hated to spoil his fun, so I went along with it and said nothing, even though it was irritating and uncomfortable for me. I wouldn't have minded a gentler technique, but he seemed interested only in imitating a vacuum pump! After a long time of silent suffering, I finally had to ask him to stop, because it was just too painful. I was nice about asking him to stop and apologized for having tender breasts, but he was a little angry. Now he kids me occasionally about not being able to grab them playfully

or suck on them. I suspect, though, that there's more significance to his kidding and that he thinks I'm making it up or not being fair. Is he right? Am I being overly sensitive? Or do other women have this problem with their breasts?—Miss R. A., San Francisco, California.

It sounds as though your partner needs to be reminded of the fine line between pain and pleasure. There is a point at which certain kinds of stimulation can become annoying and even painful. A loving relationship requires a sharing of respect and understanding by both partners. We're not surprised that your breasts are too sensitive for that kind of rough handling, but if they are sore or tender most of the time, you might want to check with your doctor.

My floppy disks are arranged on my computer desk in a loose pile with the last one I used on top. It has occurred to me that that might not be the best storage method, but I've never heard anything about extraordinary care for disks. Am I risking damage? Some of them are very expensive.—R. M., Portland, Oregon.

Your storage system is common and imprudent but not necessarily dangerous. Disks are fairly hardy and require only minimal care—but more than you are giving them. The diskette itself is usually of magnetic-coated polyester. One major manufacturer gave us a figure of 3,500,000 passes of the read-write head before a disk wears out. Still, you should try not to eat, smoke or drink while handling them, and you should keep them away from magnetic fields such as those in motors and speakers. Naturally, bending or folding the disks is a no-no, as is writing or erasing on them. Your read-write head should not be allowed to rest on the disk after use. Always open your disk-drive gate to raise the head. The disk will survive a wide range of temperatures—40 to 125 degrees—for transportation purposes, but it is recommended that you operate it only in temperatures from 50 to 115 degrees Fahrenheit. And because its coating will contract and expand, always record and read at the same temperature. A few specks of dust will not harm the diskette; a rayon or polyester lining in the cardboard sleeve acts as a dustcloth as the disk spins. But you should avoid large amounts of foreign substances, as they might damage the head. Finally, there are diskette storage cabinets on the market. Check with your local computer outlet. We've a feeling your storage system will need changing as you acquire more and more disks.

I must be a liberated woman, because the other day, I was waiting for a friend in a restaurant, watching people as they walked through the door, and I realized that I was taking a cock inventory. It went like this: Left, right, left, left, right, left, left. . . . I know it sounds absurd, but with so many people wearing jeans, I could see the outline of almost every man's cock. And most of them were on the left. Either I just made statistical history or I wasted

half an hour.—Miss H. R., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We're not going to touch the question of whether or not you wasted half an hour, and we're not going to tell you what we're not going to touch it with. But an inventory has already been taken by Drs. Zev Wanderer and David Radell in "How Big Is Big? The Book of Sexual Measurements." In answer to the question "When a man is fully clothed, where does his penis lie?" they found, "More than 75 percent of all men say their penis hangs on the left side." It seems that 17 percent of American men have the right stuff. The rest let it fall as it may.

As a student at the University of Minnesota, I often find myself trying to squeeze between crowded rows in packed lecture rooms. My question is: When trying to get to a seat in the middle of a row, should you face the seated students (thus putting your crotch in their faces), or turn your back to them (thus putting your butt in their faces)?—M. G., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Turn your back to the people you are passing. While it may seem rude to put "your butt in their faces," you're less likely to lose your balance or fall in that position than if you try to pass them while facing them. Safety takes precedence over apparent courtesy in this instance.

I am in love with my girlfriend of only six months and I have thought of marrying her. But while we were at a party one night, she said she was rather drunk and needed to go outside to get some fresh air. As much as I hate to admit not trusting her, I watched her go outside for "a walk." I discreetly followed her, only to see her get into the passenger side of my best friend's car and drive off with him. About a half hour later, she came back, saying that she felt better and that the walk must have done her good. I said nothing but waited to see whether or not my friend would walk in, which he soon did. I took him outside and very calmly confronted him with what I thought had happened, and he admitted to having had sex with her. Later, as I was taking her home, I told her what he had said; she very nervously denied it and then stumbled through an excuse, which I reluctantly accepted. I have temporarily dropped my marriage plans until I can find out the truth. Since she evades the issue every time I ask her about it, I was wondering if there were some way I could get hold of a sodium pentothal-like substance to give her secretly to find out the truth after all. People use Spanish fly to get what they want, and I feel that my motive is much more justifiable. I hope you don't think I'm sick for wanting to go about it in this way, but all else has failed and I'm going crazy wondering if she would really do something like that.—R. M., Detroit, Michigan.

Under no circumstances should you even think of resorting to any so-called truth serum

in an effort to get your girlfriend to confess to anything. You would be breaking the law by making such an attempt. If you can't get her to communicate with you honestly, you may have to face the fact that your relationship is in very serious trouble. If you can't resolve the matter and you can't bear the thought of her being dishonest with you, there's no point in letting the relationship go any further. Keep in mind, though, for what it's worth, that your male friend's word is all you have to go on. Although circumstances may make your ladyfriend look guilty, you really have no proof that she's been unfaithful. The very fact that you take your friend's word over hers points to the problems in your relationship.

I like to take vitamins regularly, so I usually buy them in large quantities. My problem is that I don't know when they are going bad. Is there any way you can tell whether or not supplements have spoiled?—S. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

Generally, vitamin packages are dated, and by following the date, you can't go too wrong. That is, not if you are storing the vitamins properly. They should be kept in a cool, dark place to prevent loss of potency. Should a bottle of vitamins develop a strange odor, you're better off getting rid of them. But if you happen to take bad vitamins, they won't do you any harm—they just won't do you any good.

My girlfriend uses a diaphragm and spermicidal jelly for contraception. Occasionally, she has found herself short of the jelly but has gone ahead, anyway. Is the diaphragm alone an effective method of birth control?—T. W., Chicago, Illinois.

You are taking your chances. According to Dr. Louise Tyrer, a vice-president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, writing in Human Sexuality magazine, "Using a diaphragm without accompanying spermicidal jelly or cream confers some degree of contraceptive protection, but not enough. Most professionals consider the diaphragm a device whose main purpose is to hold the highly effective spermicide in place against the cervix." Diaphragms are tricky to use—first-year wearers experience about a 13 percent failure rate (due, in some part, to failure to use jelly or cream). Conscientious use of one lowered the failure rate among teenagers to about two percent in one study. You may be interested to know that one study has shown that spermicidal jelly may kill the herpes simplex virus—it may keep you from catching a social disease while it keeps you from becoming a parent.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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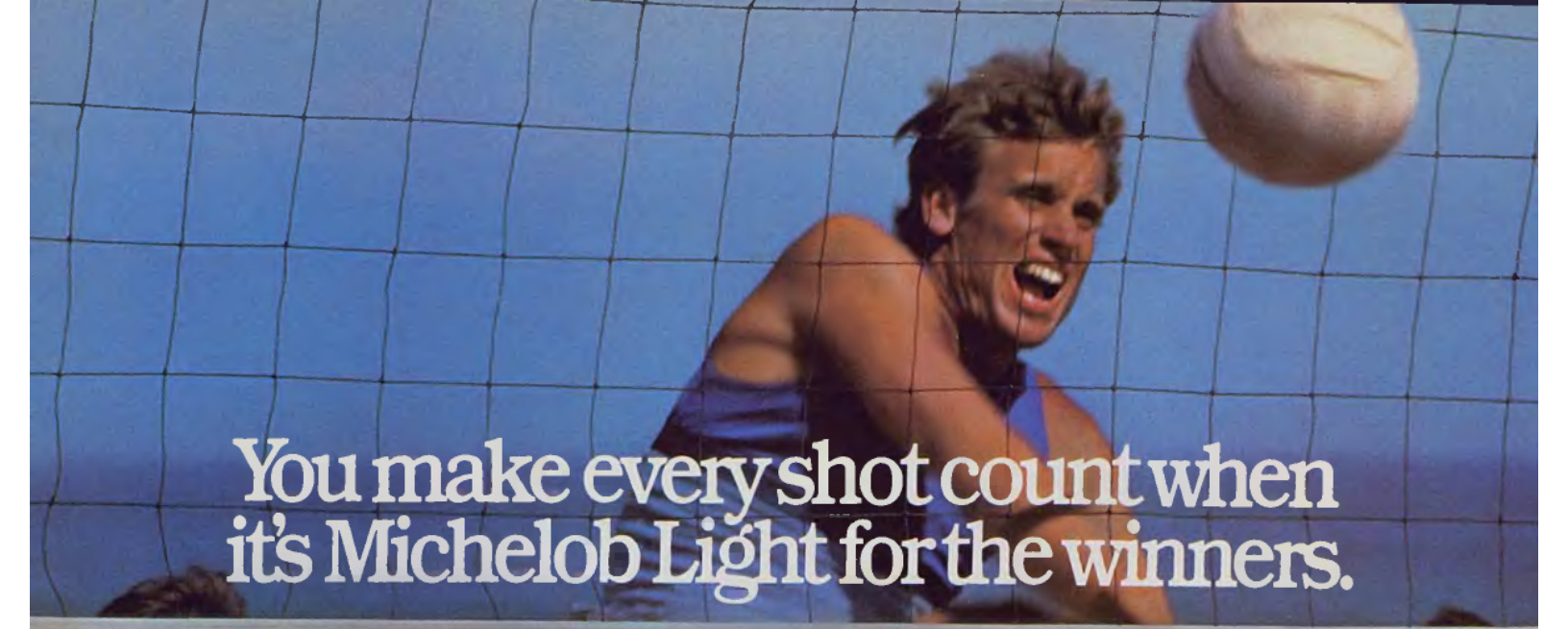
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DEAR PLAYMATES

It's spring. Most of us—even those who don't currently have any hot prospects—are thinking about love. This seems to be the perfect time to ask the Playmates what special qualities they look for in a prospective lover.

The question for the month:

What is the most important quality in a lover?

I can't name just one thing, but I can tell you a lot of qualities I look for in a lover: energy, vibes, feelings, warmth and understanding. When you go to bed with a man, you can tell a lot about him and he can tell a lot about you. But I don't rush into bed. I like to know a man first. It's more interesting that way and, also, I like to establish some kind of relationship. If I feel something special happening, then I can go to bed.



Missy Cleveland

MISSY CLEVELAND
APRIL 1979

A genuine interest in the object of his desire. Which is to say, tenderness and affection and a sense of pacing, instead of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am school of sexual encounter. (Of course, I have only *heard* of that type. I have no actual personal experience with it.)

I'm not expecting love on a first date, but I would expect some interest in me as a human being, instead of a total sex object.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

The most important thing to me about a lover is how he makes me feel when we are making love. And then, I want to make him feel just as good. Those feelings come from only a very emotional and passionate relationship. They don't happen just because of familiarity, though I think sex gets better the tenth time you have it with someone you care for, after you've felt out each other's minds and bodies. Then you know more about what turns both of you on and off. But it can't be too pat, like, "OK, it's nine o'clock, we've got to get into bed now." Both partners need to know how to arouse each other. That's what sex is all about.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I've said it before and I'll say it again: endurance—the physical, mental and romantic kind. I guess another word for it would be energy. If he starts to die out on you, hopefully you've still got enough of a spark in you to get things going again. And if you start dulling out, hopefully he's got a few jokes in his back pocket that can pull you out again. Usually, the flame is real hot in the beginning of a relationship, then it starts to simmer down. That's when it's up to both of you to stimulate the flame in new ways. And to keep the temperature up.



Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

Self-confidence and being totally open-minded and nonjudgmental. I'd like to think that I could be one person by day and another by night and not be misjudged for either. What I mean is a lady by day and not so much of a lady by night. Some men are funny about that dichotomy. They may have hang-ups about how a girlfriend or a wife *should* act. I look for a sensitive, giving man. A man I can talk to about sexual things and not feel dirty or be looked down upon or be judged.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

The most important quality in a good lover is his kiss: if he can kiss really well; if he can kiss delicately; if he can kiss with emotion. Delicacy in general is very important to me. Is he really into *me*—not just sexually but emotionally as well? Can he show it? Is he focused? Is he trying to communicate his interest in me by really talking to me? If the answers to all those questions are yes, then I feel as though I've found a good lover.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

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a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

TEETH IN THE LAW

I applaud you for your concern about prison reform and related injustices. But I don't remember ever reading in *PLAYBOY* about a little thing called presentence investigation (P.S.I.).

Unbeknown to many, including attorneys, this report, prepared by the probation department (in collusion with the U.S. Attorney's office), has more bearing on a prisoner's incarceration than the gravity of his crime. First, it is read by the judge before he passes sentence. It may include anything—truth, fact or fiction—that the prosecutor cares to concoct. Then the Bureau of Prisons, which calls the P.S.I. its Bible, uses it to determine the prisoner's custody-level designation, furloughs and eligibility for a halfway house. Next, the parole board, on the basis of all this, evaluates his guidelines and parole probability. To help the board, its friends in Washington say that prisoners may not have a copy of their own P.S.I., so if they care to fight it, they have to do so from memory. The Federal system has a copy, evaluates prisoners with it and uses it against them—but they cannot get a copy. Is that freedom of information?

Justin Ignizio
Danbury, Connecticut

NICE GUYS STRIKE BACK

I have been following your series of letters from nice guys who finish last, and I agree with many. Building a relationship is like climbing a difficult mountain: It requires two people, but you will get only as high as the point where the first person wants to stop. It seems to me, however, that there are two things that your readers have failed to notice.

First, by now, everyone should realize that when someone loves you, he or she will continue to do so *in spite* of your treatment of him or her, not *because* of it. Similarly, if someone doesn't love you, showering him or her with gifts and affection probably won't change anything.

Second, none of your readers seem to notice that they are behaving in the same way as their girlfriends. They adore those who treat them badly and are indifferent to those who really love them.

Ian Sumner
Lighthouse Point, Florida

NOT JUST A JOB

With concern growing in public and Government sectors about the failure of young men to register for military service, I thought your readers might be interested

in an opinion from the other side.

After serving many years in the U.S. Army as a commissioned officer with line units, training units and such prestigious units as the Rangers and the Special Forces, I decided that it was time to leave. That was an extremely difficult decision to make and was one that tore me apart emotionally.

Our military exists for the purpose of defending our nation and its interests. Ultimately, the lives of our young soldiers

"Hundreds of excellent officers leave the military each year."

are placed in the hands of commissioned officers. That becomes a tremendous responsibility for the officers and should never be taken lightly.

Unfortunately, our military has become an organization in which image has taken priority over all else. For an officer in today's "image Army," survival often means relegating the welfare of his troops to a position second to his career aspirations. Doing good becomes a poor second to looking good. I would estimate that hundreds of excellent officers leave the military each year to escape the politics and the hypocrisy that characterize the upper level of the corps, leaving those who care only for themselves in charge of our nation's youth.



It is easy for politicians and generals to tell us why we should be prepared to lay down our lives in defense of our country, because when it is all over, the politicians and generals will still be around.

To those individuals planning on entering the military or merely debating registration, I can offer only the following counsel: You may be playing a game in which the deck is most definitely stacked against you.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

LET 'EM WALK

As an attorney who handles more than 200 first-offender drunk drivers every year, I would like to offer a few thoughts to the people who scream, "Jail them!"

As long as alcohol and bars are legal and the American public is dependent on the automobile for transportation (try to get a cab or a bus at 12:30 A.M.), there will be people driving while intoxicated. The vast majority of the first offenders never repeat and are left with horrible memories of arrest and court proceedings. The court-ordered drunk-drivers' classes are very effective for most people. I am sick of TV shows that compare the abilities of a racing-car driver before and after drinking. I would like to see included in those tests a harried mother with three kids in the car and an elderly person who seldom drives, just to see if they are as dangerous as a person with a .10 blood-alcohol content. Drunken driving is wrong, but jailing and harassing first offenders is not the answer.

Timothy R. Higgins
St. Louis, Missouri

ALL SYSTEMS GO

It may be an odd thing for me to say, but when I was on death row, I believed in the death penalty. That was due mainly to the fact that I was in close proximity to people who didn't mind telling you that they had killed people in robberies in order not to have any witnesses against them; those death-row prisoners had stabbed, shot and/or beaten to death their victims.

I no longer believe in the death penalty. I'm no longer in close proximity to all those sick and violently disturbed minds, but I can see from all those talks that penalties are so arbitrarily imposed—through violations of due process of law and the abuses of constitutional rights—as to make not only death-penalty cases *but also other criminal prosecutions* a sham. The D.A.s have so many different tricks that

you could say they have the fourth and fifth aces up their sleeves at all times—especially when a defendant is forced to stay in jail, awaiting trial, because excessive bail has been set on him. The defendant is intimidated, harassed, humiliated and degraded every step of the process of awaiting trial. So how can he assist in a meaningful way in his defense? He doesn't know from one moment to the next if he will be acquitted by the honorable officers of the law or remain incarcerated for some trumped-up infraction of the rules. Terrorization and brutalization are the bywords of almost all county jails here in Texas. And as if that were not enough, a D.A. is allowed to make and offer time cuts or completely drop all charges against any inmate in the county jail in exchange for that inmate's fabricating some lie that could be favorable to the state's case in an upcoming murder trial. So the D.A. cuts a deal with one of these hundreds of potential witnesses, gets him on the witness stand to tell some lie about what happened or what the defendant was supposed to have said in some jailhouse conversation. Never mind if the story is a lie—just as long as it's told in such a convincing manner that a jury will believe it. The D.A. has an unlimited source of potential witnesses and the power to train them and polish their stories before they are put on the witness stand to tell their lies.

But, you see, Texas' elite (the well-educated movers and shakers who cut deals in judges' chambers and rule the system) reaches into all facets of social life—even prisons. If there were fewer convictions, there would be less free labor provided by prisoners, fewer prisoners to construct new prisons, less need for all those phony halfway houses, because only the truly guilty would be in prison.

Robert Allen May
Huntsville, Texas

HIGH ON GUNS

In the February *Playboy Forum*, an Omaha letter writer asks who has not tried marijuana. I am less than 30 years old and I have not.

I am a college student majoring in criminal-justice administration, looking toward a future in law enforcement. Not only do I reject marijuana so as not to jeopardize my future career, I have had no desire (believe it or not) to try it.

People nowadays, including your Omaha correspondent, should think just a little before doing anything as controversial as smoking marijuana. It may cost them the chance to obtain a Federal firearms license. You can be assured that rejecting marijuana hasn't jeopardized my chances of obtaining one.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Missouri

THANKS, HEF

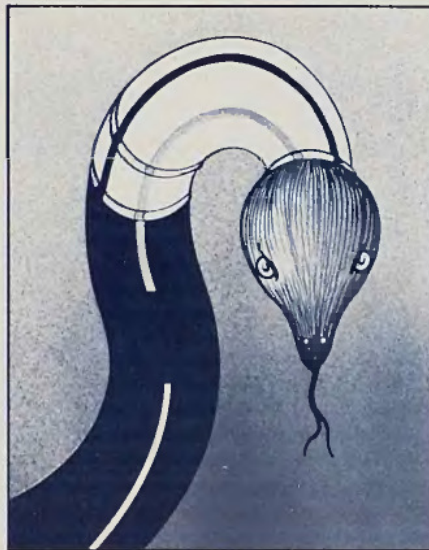
Great things have happened to the *Athens News* since May 1982, when I

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MUGGING ART

NEW YORK CITY—An artist who painted muggers with the faces of two colleagues he thought were destroying art was "obviously allegorical" but not libelous. According to the judges of the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court in Manhattan, "The Mugging of the Muse" was more hyperbole than foul play. "Far worse commentary



is written almost daily by newspaper and magazine critics of every aspect of the arts and is . . . no more than an expression of an opinion." The court overturned a judgment against the painter that had awarded the two colleagues \$30,000 each in damages.

IN THE MEN'S ROOM?

BOCA RATON, FLORIDA—A 61-year-old rabbi has been charged with distributing pornographic photos bearing the name, address and home and work phone numbers of his ex-wife. The rabbi, who is accused of placing the photos in public men's rooms, claims that he was "set up by a woman who's angry and bitter" over their recent divorce. "I am an innocent victim of a woman's wrath," he said. "The pain from this is great. My heart cries." He was seen, though, leaving a washroom with a satchel containing 20 to 30 similar photos.

SPECIAL SAUCE

LOS ANGELES—Detectives are trying to untangle the story of two local bus drivers, one male and one female, who claim they were held up by two gunmen. The woman, who was driving the bus at the time (the male, who was off duty, was the only passenger), was stripped and tied up, had tartar sauce slapped onto her body and was

then ordered to take a white tablet. "If you wake up, you won't be able to identify us afterward," said one of the gunmen. Said one of the cops, "I can safely say it is one of the most bizarre robberies I have ever heard of." The male driver said that he was robbed of \$14 in cash and a railroad watch worth \$500; the woman said she was robbed of a wrist watch worth \$850, two rings and a necklace worth about \$400, a \$40 briefcase and her driver's uniform.

POT-POURRI

ANN ARBOR—Sixteen physicians purchased a newspaper advertisement to show their support for a campaign to repeal the college community's lenient five-dollar fine for simple marijuana possession. The repeal seeks to restore a more severe penalty, considering the "potential danger of this drug" to the community.

UP, UP AND AWAY

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA—After several months of study, the Federal Aviation Administration has notified Larry Walters that he violated several laws when he piloted an aluminum lawn chair by balloon from San Pedro to Long Beach. At least two jetliner pilots had radioed that the chair was floating along at 16,000 feet. The worst offenses were operating a "civil aircraft for which there is not currently in effect an airworthiness certificate" and flying within an airport traffic area "without establishing and maintaining two-way communications with the control tower." Said Walters, "They seem very adamant that I broke all those laws deliberately. It was not my intention to go float around the Long Beach Airport. It was not deliberate. You can't control a balloon."

SHOCKING SUIT

BERKELEY—In response to a suit filed by four psychiatric organizations, a superior-court judge has ordered a preliminary injunction against a new city ordinance banning the use of electroshock therapy. Herrick Hospital & Health Center is the only city facility affected by the law, and doctors there occasionally use the therapy for severely depressed patients.

STAYING CLOSE TO HOME

MIAMI—An innocent 57-year-old man spent two months behind bars because an 11-year-old girl, trying to avoid punishment for wandering away, told her family that she had been raped. "A horrible mistake has been made," said the Dade County assistant state's attorney after the girl admit-

ted to police that she had lied. The man in custody, however, made no attempt to tell his side of the story, reasoning, "If you are innocent, you have nothing to talk about."

BAD WAY OUT

CLINTON, TENNESSEE—A local jail prisoner charged with grand larceny for automobile theft was taken to a hospital after he complained of stomach pains. It turned out that he had eaten a bolt, a metal-spoon handle and the steel shanks from his shoes in order to secure a transfer to a mental hospital from which he thought escape would be easier. He was found guilty of the charges against him and received a four-year sentence to the maximum-security Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary in Morgan County. An assistant district attorney general quipped, "Anderson County can't afford his medical bills."

TOUGHER DRUG LAWS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Reagan, in a change in the Uniform Code of Military Justice, has toughened criminal penalties for drug abuse in the Armed Forces. "The thrust is to go after the person involved in distribution," said a Pentagon official. Under the new code, distribution of many illegal drugs, including marijuana, cocaine, heroin and LSD, can bring 15



years' confinement at hard labor, a dishonorable discharge and forfeiture of all pay and allowances. Previous maximum penalties had ranged from two to ten years, except in the case of marijuana; the penalty for possession of less than 30 grams was confinement of up to two years.

WAR AGAINST HERPES

CHICAGO—A vaccine that prevents herpes could be available for human use within five years. According to University of Chicago researchers, the vaccine, currently being tested on animals, would not produce cures among people who already

have herpes but could reduce the number who stand a good chance of catching it. The U of C team is currently working with scientists at Emory University in Atlanta, the University of Alabama and several international research facilities with a view to creating a herpes strain that provides immunity against the disease without causing the symptoms.

RETURNING \$75,000

CHICAGO—A couple who won \$75,000 in a Juvenile Diabetes Foundation raffle decided that they needed the money less than the children who suffer from the disease. And so the winners gave the money back. "My wife is a diabetic," said the husband. "I'm not wealthy and I didn't come from wealth. This is my opportunity to give society something back. You can't be a taker all your life."

"I don't think there was a dry eye in the place," said the foundation's president.

LEGISLATIVE PROCESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—New Federal Government guidelines say that family-planning and abortion clinics must be absolutely separate and may not share office space, personnel, stationery, publications, medical equipment or supplies. The Planned Parenthood Federation of America and others see the new rules as a form of harassment. For example, a pregnant woman could not even use the telephone in a family-planning clinic to make an appointment for an abortion. In Planned Parenthood's view, abortion is not a method of family planning but, rather, a response to lack of it. The executive director of the Family Planning Council of Southeastern Pennsylvania said that "the hospital physicians who do family planning often also do abortion as part of their practice of medicine. If the guidelines went into effect, an enormous number of patients who now have access to family planning would lose that access," largely because hospitals would lose their Federal grants.

MEXICAN LIBEL

MEXICO CITY—The huge package of "moral renovation" proposals sent by President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado to the congress includes a new libel law that has Mexican journalists in an uproar. According to the new law, a civil libel offense occurs when "an illicit act or omission produces moral damage." The law defines such damage as harm to a person's "feelings, affections, beliefs, decorums, honor, reputation, secrets of his private life and physical integrity or his personal consideration."

HEARSE GIVES CHASE

BRONX, NEW YORK—A funeral-home director driving a loaded hearse to a cemetery said that he spotted a robbery in

progress and chased the thieves' getaway car at speeds of up to 70 mph. After police finally corralled the robbers—complete with loot and pistols—the hearse driver caught up with the grieving family waiting at the cemetery. "They saw what happened, too, and they were more concerned with my safety than with anything else," he said, adding, "Doing 50, 60, 70 miles per hour in a hearse was quite an experience."

FOUND INNOCENT

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA—Despite an official complaint by a female staff sergeant, a Fort Eustis soldier was found innocent of violating a Virginia law prohibiting the display of obscene paintings on private property. The property happened to be a



van decorated with a scantily clad woman titled "Lunch Time Lover," and the soldier said that the artwork came with the vehicle. An attorney prevailed, arguing that the painted woman was no more obscene than women who wore bikinis in the summertime and that it did not violate the community standards of either Fort Eustis or Newport News.

4000 MILES PLUS

CARMAN, ILLINOIS—After nine days and an estimated 4000 miles of driving, an elderly Illinois couple reported missing for several days were found, disoriented but unharmed, at a motel in the town of Aston, about 150 miles south of Carman. The 4000 miles included visits to the outskirts of Chicago and then to Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri. The couple "seemed confused by all the fuss, but they agreed to wait for relatives," according to a state police officer. At one point during the search, family members even enlisted the services of a water dowser to find them. Cross-checking their odyssey on the couple's hand-drawn maps, a nephew said that the dowser "was pretty close to their whereabouts a couple of times."

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Melody Sands, Editor
Athens News
Athens, Ohio

THIS BUD'S FOR YOUTH

I do not think it is fair that 18-year-olds have to bear all the burdens and responsibilities of legal adults but are not allowed to enjoy all of the privileges. I have felt that way since I was 18; I am now 27.

What I am specifically referring to is the fact that 18-year-olds are old enough to die for their country, are old enough to be tried as adults for any crime—including driving under the influence of alcohol—and have to support themselves if their parents choose not to support them. Yet they are *not* old enough to drink in most states, including my state, California. I do not think that that is fair. The laws defining 18-year-olds as minors when gambling and drinking are concerned must be changed.

One possible rationale for those laws is strong public sentiment against drunk driving. While I can understand that reasoning, I think it is taking the wrong direction. Until very recently, slap-on-the-wrist penalties—small fines and a week or two of traffic school—were given to drunk drivers in California. Now there are harsher fines and even possible prison sentences. Drunk driving has decreased. But in the past, the states having a high legal drinking age did nothing to stop drunk driving.

It is time for the Federal Government to intervene when individual states violate civil liberties. I propose a constitutional amendment saying that 18-year-olds are adults and that no state can pass a law denying them their civil liberties and privileges.

Jonathan Mitchell
Los Angeles, California

SCRATCHING CHICKENS

The item in February's *Forum News-front* about the demise of that blue-painted chicken in Ottumwa, Iowa, has me very perturbed. Why, in this day and age, would an institution of education allow such cruel and inhuman punishment to be inflicted on an animal? It is bad enough to suspend the coach for a week, but without pay—that's too much! Here is a man who is disciplining, training and developing the backbone of our country, our youth! Now the youth of Ottumwa must do without him for an entire week. This coach has proved his ability to teach; one of his students caught the fowl escapee and brought

it back alive to have its neck wrung.

When will people learn where flagrant cruelty to animals eventually leads? There is a very fine line that separates the senseless killing of animals and the senseless killing of humans. Let us hope the youth of Ottumwa do not cross it.

Steven T. Wall, Sr.
Old Bridge, New Jersey

GIMME SHELTER

It is ironic that Clyde A. Wilkes mentions "misstatements of fact" in his letter

on nuclear power (*The Playboy Forum*, February)—ironic because his letter is a complete misstatement of fact.

The storage of nuclear wastes has been marked by incompetent inspection procedures, clumsy handling and shoddy containment practices. Large amounts of high- and low-level wastes—in addition to plutonium, a by-product of both conventional and breeder reactors and one of the most poisonous elements known—have already been leaked (sometimes intentionally) into the soil and the water. The

LOSERS IN THE EYES OF THE LAW

Generally speaking, lawsuits turn out as many losers as they do winners. Here are three of the former, courtesy of Amherst, Massachusetts, attorney Steven J. J. Weisman:

- Who protects the poor working girl? Apparently not the Appeals Court of Indiana, which recently upheld the prostitution conviction of Audrey. Audrey's crime involved merely offering an undercover police officer a massage, including a "breast release," which, sadly, was not defined. Audrey argued in her defense that the Indiana law that made it a crime to fondle a person's genitals for pay was unconstitutionally vague and, worse, violated her constitutional rights of freedom of expression, privacy, association and her right to earn a living. Unfortunately for her, the court disagreed and came down against such an exercise in personal liberty, saying that the meaning of the word fondle is clear and that her constitutional rights were still intact. So, even in these days of supply-side Reaganomics, the courts are still penalizing enterprising young businesswomen who service the public.

- What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Perhaps. But Audra had started her life made of snips and snails and puppy-dog tails, and her fellow female workers threatened to quit en masse if Audra were allowed to use the ladies' room. For Audra, also known as Timothy C., was a transsexual. Two days later, Audra was fired and promptly brought suit in a Federal district court in Iowa, charging sex discrimination in violation of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Alas, she lost not only in the



Federal court but also in the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, which ruled that in defining sex for discrimination purposes, the traditional rather than the expansive definition could apply.

- From time immemorial, small children have pleaded with one another for a piece of candy or another treat by saying, "If you give me some, I'll be your best friend."

Apparently, that practice does not end with childhood. Not long ago, the Supreme Court of New York had to decide whether or not a 67-year-old man who had given up his job to become the companion and the best friend of a wealthy widow should receive, when their relationship broke up, what the court called "companionimony."

For five years, the gentleman had been supported by his wealthy friend. She had bought him cars, paid his rent and, altogether, spent more than \$300,000 on him. When their relationship ended, the gentleman sued his benefactor for \$1,500,000 to enable him to maintain the lifestyle to which he had become accustomed. Money, as the court recognized, "is a poor substitute for love, affection or attention, but for many, its satisfactions are longer lasting." Sort of like the candy bar in the schoolyard. In its decision, the court held that an obligation to pay for things arises only for those things in society for which we normally pay. An obligation to pay for friendship, for the pleasure of dining together and for accepting tokens of friendship was, in the court's words, "too crass." In other words, said the court, friendship, like virtue, should be its own reward.

result: irreversible damage to both the environment and public health.

Those who feel that the Three Mile Island incident was not disastrous should read the section on T.M.I. in *Secret Fallout*, by Dr. Ernest Sternglass. A research team led by Dr. Sternglass found that the mortality rate for infants under two years of age rose substantially in areas to which the wind blew radioactive effluence following the accident. A research committee later lowered that rate by including in its estimates the entire surrounding area and children older than two years of age.

Wilkes should investigate the unprecedented dangers of nuclear power rather than have blind faith in the propaganda of corporate giants.

Edward Darton
Ventura, California

PSALM LIKE IT HOT

For years, I have believed that unfulfilled sexual desires, which Jesus called lust, cause hate, anger, greed and envy; that those sins then cause crime, violence, war, unhappiness and disease; but that sex can destroy evil.

Careful reading of the Gospels, prayer and meditation have convinced me that my creed was taught by Jesus. He never condemned sexual activity. The sex-is-sin dogma is something the churches got from pagan cults. Sexual frustration, or lust, is a heinous sin. Sexual *desire* is not sinful; nature endowed all creatures with it. The sin is in not fulfilling one's desires by having sex whenever and with whomever you want.

Not only the theological arguments but, especially, the evidence in history and in the behavioral and the social sciences suggest that permissive societies are peaceful and sexually repressive periods and cultures are violent, warlike and crime-ridden.

If lust is the cause of war, we must destroy it with sex, or the war will destroy us.

Reverend Donald Jackson
San Francisco, California

YES

Chicago, October 1976. Returning to her apartment, Miss W. found a man who had entered by battering down a wall and who had then raped her roommate and thrown her out the 15th-story window. When Miss W. drew a gun, the attacker fled.

Could even the most avid supporter of restrictive firearms legislation be pleased that Miss W. was arrested for unauthorized possession of a handgun? Or fail to feel relief when the charges against her were dropped "in the interest of justice"?

The fundamental question in banning handguns is "Do we really want to put Miss W. and others like her in jail for keeping handguns?" Could such a law be fairly or effectively enforced against the perhaps 30,000,000 honest and responsible citizens

who could be expected to defy such a ban? Can any government that wants to maintain a claim of legitimacy afford to alienate a large proportion of its otherwise law-abiding citizens who believe (rightly or wrongly) that they have both an urgent need for, and a constitutional right to own, guns to protect their families?

W. S. Wolf
Missoula, Montana

FRIENDLY FIRE

As a Vietnam veteran, I marvel over the United States' condemnation of the Russians' reported use of "yellow rain" in Afghanistan. The Government and the U.S. press are quick to condemn the Soviets for practicing chemical warfare while ignoring the rattling skeletons in their own closets.

From 1962 to 1970, the U.S. military sprayed more than 44,000,000 pounds of chemicals, primarily Agent Orange, over Vietnam. Designed to defoliate the countryside and facilitate the spotting of enemy troops, Agent Orange contained dioxin, the most deadly poison known to man.

Since signs of the toxicity of dioxin were evident as early as 1949, the Government's plea of ignorance of its dire effects is hollow. It did, in fact, ignore its own studies, choosing, instead, to take the word of Dow Chemical, the main producer of Agent Orange, that the substance was not harmful to people or the environment.

Among the victims of this aerial spraying (which covered more than 1,200,000 acres in 1968), of course, were our own troops, as well as our allies in South Vietnam. The plethora of concrete evidence that dioxin exposure causes birth defects, liver damage, cancer and chromosome alteration has only moved our Government to snafu Vietnam veterans' attempts to receive treatment and to bury the issue under a mountain of red tape and self-serving legal double talk.

It was not bad enough for the U.S. to wage chemical warfare on its own troops and allies in Vietnam. Agent Orange is now in use on more than 2,000,000 acres of Western range land, rice fields in Arkansas, forests in Maine and utility lines and railroad tracks all over the United States. The toothless Environmental Protection Agency has attempted to stop the use of dioxin, but Dow Chemical has a strong ally: the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

So, before we condemn the Soviets' use of chemical warfare on insurgents in Afghanistan, I suggest we take a long look in our own back yard. At least the Russians have the sense not to spray yellow rain on their own people.

Andy J. McClure
Waterbury, Connecticut

BRIBING AN OFFICER

About two years ago, I was pulled over by the Michigan State Police for speeding and was justly ticketed. A girlfriend who

happened to be with me at the time half-teasingly asked the officer if he would disregard the matter if she promised to purchase a ticket to a policemen's ball. He replied, "State troopers don't have balls, miss." As we both laughed hysterically, he turned red in the face, realizing what he had said, stomped off to his patrol car and made the tires squeal as he left.

I am now serving a 30-day sentence in jail for neglecting to pay that ticket, but I can't help feeling that I got the last laugh.

Gregory K. Pitts
Bay City, Michigan

DRUG STRATEGY

A television report on the epidemic of heroin addiction in West Germany inspired me to do some thinking on the subject. It seems apparent that harsh criminal penalties are not the solution to the drug problem and may even exaggerate it by making illegal drugs highly profitable for the criminal dealer and psychologically attractive to a maladjusted element of society. The glamor and the profit of drugs might have been avoided through a British-style medical approach (the government can take the fun out of anything!), but it's probably too late for that; once a drug culture is established, a few heroin-maintenance clinics only become another source of supply. I'm wondering if the only remedy left isn't some fairly drastic form of civil commitment that supplies free heroin under medical supervision. I'm not sure how such a system would or could be administered, but I'm convinced that the only solution to addiction is eliminating the enormous criminal profits involved in supplying drugs and replacing the "underground" lifestyle connected with buying and using them.

Richard F. Adams
London, England

POOR DICK'S ALMANAC

As you know, over the years, various observations have been made to prognosticate the severity of the winter, ranging from the density of the corn silk in August to the heaviness of the fur on caterpillars in September.

As a urologist of many years' experience, I have noticed that if we are going to have a very cold winter, in the fall, the foreskins are very thick and heavy. If a mild winter is in order, the foreskins change little, if at all, from their summer condition.

I hope that this will help many of your readers prepare for the coming months.

Michael Greenfield, M.D.
Danbury, Connecticut

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANSEL ADAMS

a candid conversation with america's "photographer laureate" and environmentalist about art, natural beauty and the unnatural acts of interior secretary james watt

The Citation of the Presidential Medal of Freedom awarded him by President Jimmy Carter in 1980 probably says it best:

At one with the power of the American landscape and renowned for the patient skill and timeless beauty of his work, photographer Ansel Adams has been visionary in his efforts to preserve this country's wild and scenic areas, both on film and on earth. Drawn to the beauty of nature's movement, he is regarded by environmentalists as a monument himself and by photographers as a national institution. It is through his foresight and fortitude that so much of America has been saved for future Americans.

As America's photographer laureate, Ansel Adams has made contributions to a relatively young art form that are hard to measure. Since he took his first snapshot in Yosemite National Park with a Kodak Brownie box camera in 1916, he has worked with the rapidly changing medium, developing his ability to create stunning images with light, film and creative vision.

When he began, photography was mostly a hobbyist's novelty; on a climbing expedition, he snapped photos of his companions and the place at which they set up camp for the night.

But he soon realized that photographs could be more: They could capture his emotion, a greater vision, rather than simply record a scene. As he learned the craft necessary to accomplish that creative photography, his hobby became a fine art. Since then, many of his images, particularly those of California's Sierra Nevada range and the U.S. Southwest, are among the best known in photography. More than 1,000,000 copies of his books, including portfolios and a technical series, have been sold, and more than 5000 students have attended his workshops. In addition, his revolutionary Zone System of exposure calculation is now virtually a prerequisite to any serious study of photography.

But the proof, of course, is in the prints, and Adams' are remarkable for the variety of emotions they can convey to a wide public: His "Aspens, Northern New Mexico" evokes serenity; "Clearing Winter Storm, Yosemite Valley" suggests rebirth; "Frozen Lake and Cliffs, Sequoia National Park" suggests a kind of mysticism; "Monolith, the Face of Half Dome" reveals, beyond the power of the granite mass, both passion and a sense of purpose; and his most famous photograph, "Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico," is still ominous and chilling nearly half a century after it was taken.

Adams' frequent trips to photograph the mountains and the coast line, rocks in a stream or the sunlight on an oak stump were part of his passionate love for the natural world. But over the years, he saw the wilderness threatened and the natural resources depleted, so became increasingly supportive of—then vociferously active in—the movement to protect America's land, air and water.

He served on the board of the Sierra Club for 37 years. "It's hard to tell which has shaped the other more, Ansel Adams or the Sierra Club," David Brower, first executive director of the club, has said. Although Adams quit the club in the early Seventies, his environmentally related activity has been increasingly vigorous.

The current Administration in Washington has incited his considerable anger; in President Reagan's policies, he perceives "the greatest threat to our environment ever." He writes letters of protest on his word processor, telephones politicians and fires up others to work in the environmental movement. His attacks on Reagan's Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, have received so much attention that Watt was asked about the "thunderous denunciations of his policies by Ansel Adams." Watt replied with a shrug, "Ansel Adams never took a picture with a human



"The external world has nothing but shapes, but we see form, weight, balance and values. We also see and feel more esoteric and intangible things. I want to take photographs that have all that in them."



"The Administration has the same concept of land use that the Russians have: that national parks and forests and the enjoyment of nature are bourgeois indulgences. There is no Sierra Club in Russia."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"I don't think many bodies are really very attractive when they're photographed. I'd rather keep my eyes shut. You try to make them look better in PLAYBOY, but they're probably all greased up and touched up."

being in it in his life." Adams' friend photographer James Alinder responded, "James Watt is no better historian of photography than Secretary of the Interior. Ansel Adams has not only made pictures of people, but his portraits form a major part of his photographic production." In fact, the Carter Administration broke with tradition by having the Presidential portrait done not by a painter but by a photographer—Adams. Although the break with tradition was highly criticized, the Polavoid photo now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington.

Born in San Francisco in 1902, Adams lives with a reminder of his first encounter with the power of nature: a crooked nose he has refused to fix, the result of the great earthquake of 1906, which threw four-year-old Ansel into a brick wall. "The doctor told me to wait until I matured to have it fixed. Since I never matured, the nose remains," he laughs. That and his now-white beard have become trademarks. Of the beard, he says, "The last time I was clean-shaven was in 1930 or so. I had come back from a month-long trip in the high country of Yosemite and there were god-awful things growing in there, so I decided to cut it off. But when my friends saw me, they said, 'Please grow it back.' So I did."

In his youth, Adams was primarily interested in music, and he had become an accomplished pianist by the time he decided to experiment with photography. Now, although Beethoven is often heard on his elaborate stereo system, Adams can no longer be persuaded to sit down at his baby grand; arthritis has made playing too painful.

When he decided to take photography seriously, he soon learned that it was impossible to earn a living doing the creative work he enjoyed most. For years, he supported his wife and two children by photographing everything from china and baked goods to women's corsets. "I learned more from the bread-and-butter photography than from any other source," he says. The financial picture has changed, of course. When a print of his "Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico" sold for \$71,500—the most ever paid for a photograph—Adams cracked, "Don't they know I'm not dead yet?"

At 81, he's still feisty; we thought it was time to take stock of his life and contributions. **Victoria and David Sheff**, whose last interview assignment for *PLAYBOY* was with Billy Joel in May 1982 (David also interviewed John Lennon and Yoko Ono memorably in January 1981), were tapped for the assignment. Their report:

"When we read that Adams had had some sort of heart failure and a Pacemaker had been installed, we were concerned that he might not be up to the rigors of a long interview. We called him at his house in Carmel, California, and inquired solicitously about his health. Impatiently, he cut us off: 'So when do you want to start the interview?'

"It was only two weeks after the Pacemaker operation and he was already on a formidable schedule. He was spending his mornings in

the darkroom, preparing prints for two books in progress: his autobiography and a technical book on prints. After the darkroom sessions, he sat down at his word processor to write until lunchtime. He was supposed to rest after lunch, but he inevitably sneaked back to the word processor over the protests of Virginia, his wife of 55 years. After that, it was time for the interview sessions, which somehow always managed to stretch into the cocktail hour in the evening.

"Cocktail hour is a tradition at the Adams home. It's an informal, salonlike gathering that has, Adams explains, gone on for as long as he can remember. In the early days, house guests such as Georgia O'Keeffe and Diego Rivera and friends such as Edward Weston, Imogen Cunningham, Paul Strand, John Marin, Dorothea Lange, Maynard Dixon, Robinson Jeffers and Mary Austin would join Ansel and Virginia for conversation. More recently, guests have included Gerald Ford, Alan Cranston, Garry Trudeau, Jane Pauley, Alistair Cooke and Arthur Ashe.

"Some of the best moments of the 'Playboy Interview' occurred over Virginia's dry martinis and hors d'oeuvres. But each evening, weather permitting, conversation stopped for

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pictures."*

a moment as the sun dipped into the Pacific. We all gathered around the huge picture window with a westerly exposure to witness the elusive 'green flash,' a spectacle only the trained eye can see. When it came, Adams broke into a wide grin and turned to us. 'Well?' he asked. But we shook our heads; we'd missed it once again.

"One more point: If it sounds as if Adams is so wrapped up in his art and in the environment that he has no time for a bit of fun and games, we feel obliged to point out that his old Cadillac, with license plates that read, ZONE V, is equipped with a horn that blasts out 'La Marseillaise' and dozens of other selections. It's quite an experience to see Adams nearly invisible behind the wheel of his huge car, with the French national anthem blaring cheerily as he pulls into his driveway.

"On the other hand, his eyes took on a dangerous glitter when we asked him about Secretary of the Interior Watt. As the discussion turned from photography to the environment, he warned, 'Now the sparks will fly.' And, indeed, they did. We began the interview, however, with a discussion of his art,

and were not surprised that some sparks flew there as well."

PLAYBOY: There are cameras in more than 93 percent of American homes, and most of us probably think we can take a decent picture. What's the difference between what we do and what you do?

ADAMS: People have always had the urge to keep a diary. We used to write reminiscences and letters. Now we take pictures. On Thanksgiving with Grandmother, on vacation in the mountains, the baby's first steps. The pictures are a visual diary. They are reminders of the experience. That is how most people use their cameras. But when you are trying to make a statement that goes beyond the subject, it is another domain.

PLAYBOY: And that constitutes the difference between a snapshot and art?

ADAMS: That's right. I don't condemn a snapshot for what it is. I do, however, object to people's making a snapshot and then imposing an aesthetic value on it. It is not immoral or unethical, it's just rather unreasonable. The same thing goes for many photographs from the 1860s, 1870s and 1880s that people insist on calling art. Those photographs are mostly just records of events and landscapes—which are, of course, important in themselves. That does not make them art or imply aesthetic intentions, however. There are a few examples of their work that have another kind of vision in it—or you think you see it. That is a distinction between capturing an inspired moment on film and the shallow qualities of mere scenery.

PLAYBOY: How do you define scenery?

ADAMS: Scenery just means the concentration on subject as is, without creative imagination or visualization of the final image. When someone goes to a national park and stands at a "picture place" and points his camera and clicks the shutter, he is photographing scenery. It's a fairly subtle distinction, difficult to describe. You can talk around it, as you can talk around music—technically, scientifically, historically, as gossip—but only the music can actually tell you what the music is.

I'll explain it this way: Both William Henry Jackson and Edward Weston photographed the American West extensively. But in my opinion, only Weston's photographs qualify as art. Jackson, for all his devotion to the subject, was recording the scene. Weston, on the other hand, was actually creating something new. In his work, subject is of secondary importance to the total photograph. Similarly, while the landscapes that I have photographed in Yosemite are recognized by most people and, of course, the subject is an important part of the pictures, they are not "realistic." Instead, they are an imprint of my visualization. All of my pictures are optically very accurate—I use pretty good lenses—but they are quite unrealistic in terms of values. A more realistic simple snapshot captures the image but misses

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everything else. I want a picture to reflect not only the forms but what I had seen and felt at the moment of exposure.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

ADAMS: My *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico* has the emotion and the feeling that the experience of seeing the actual moonrise created in me, but it is not at all realistic. Merely clicking the camera and making a simple print from the negative would have created a wholly different—and ordinary—photograph. People have asked me why the sky is so dark, thinking exactly in terms of the literal. But the dark sky is how it *felt*.

When photographer Alfred Stieglitz was asked by some skeptic, rather scornfully, "How do you make a *creative* photograph?" he answered, "I go out into the world with my camera and come across something that excites me emotionally, spiritually or aesthetically. I see the image in my mind's eye. I make the photograph and print it as the equivalent of what I saw and felt." That describes it well. What he called seeing in the mind's eye, I call visualization. In my mind's eye, I am visualizing how a particular revelation of sight and feeling will appear on a print. If I am looking at you, I can continue to see you as a person, but I am also in the habit of shifting from that consciously dimensional presence to a photograph, relating you in your surroundings to an image in my mind. If what I see in my mind excites me, there is a good chance it will make a good photograph. It is an intuitive sense and also an ability that comes from a lot of practice. Some people never can get it.

PLAYBOY: Was photography always more than just picture taking to you?

ADAMS: When I started out as a kid—14 years old—I had a box Brownie and I just took snaps. On my first trips into the mountains, I was taking snapshots, records of the visits, which I would pore over in the winter, just waiting for the next summer to come. As time went on, however, I saw things better, more intensely. In my first photographs, from 1919 and 1920 or so, I photographed the ground near where I had laid out my sleeping bag, my companions and the mountains I had climbed; that's all. Two years later, I was obviously beginning to see more of a relationship between the subject and the environment. In those pictures, there are the bag, the rock and the people but also the sense of space. Several years later, I began to see that maybe the rock and the tree and the tree shadows—each object—had certain relationships and values. I wasn't using words to describe it; it was more of a *feeling*. Finally, after really going into photography deeply, I became very sensitive to relative shapes in terms of relative forms. I might have the same place, the same rock, the tree with its dead branches and a shadow of the same kind of branch on the ground. This time, the whole thing began to move. I was actually making pictures with a certain vision in them. The ex-

ternal world has nothing but shapes, but we see form, weight, balance and values. We also see and feel more esoteric and intangible things. I want to take photographs that have all that in them. Knowing it and accomplishing it, though, are two quite different things.

PLAYBOY: When did you know you could accomplish it?

ADAMS: I had my first visualization while photographing Half Dome in Yosemite in 1927. It was a remarkable experience. After a long day with my camera, I had only two photographic plates left. I found myself staring at Half Dome, facing the monolith, seeing and feeling things that only the photograph itself can tell you. I took the first exposure and, somehow, I knew it was inadequate. It did not capture what I was feeling. It was not going to reflect the tremendous experience. Then, to use Stieglitz' expression, I saw in my mind's eye what the picture should look like and I realized how I must get it. I put on a red filter and figured out the exposure correctly, and I succeeded! When I made the prints, it proved my concept was correct. The first exposure came out just all right. It was a good photograph, but it in no way had the spirit and excitement I had felt. The second was *Monolith, the Face of Half Dome*, which speaks for itself.

PLAYBOY: As you became more adept at seeing, composing and making better images, were you also becoming interested in photography as an art form?

ADAMS: Yes, but it wasn't until I saw Paul Strand's work in 1930 that I knew photography would be more than a hobby for me. Reproductions in those days were pretty awful. Worse, at the time, the popular photography was the horrible "pictorial" stuff, which I deeply resented. Until I saw Strand's photographs, I was primarily interested in music. His convinced me. I *felt* those works. As Stieglitz once said, "Art is the affirmation of life." The Strand photographs were life-affirming and inspiring.

PLAYBOY: Besides Strand, who were your early influences?

ADAMS: It's hard to say, because you don't know or recall what your subconscious absorbs. The pervasive pictorial photography was a negative influence. I knew what I did *not* want to do. The influences on my standards came more from music and literature than from photography. As Ouspensky said, "All art is an expression of the same thing." So I did have certain standards, standards of taste. . . . If I see a lousy lamp shade, it revolts me. When I have to describe why it is lousy, that's another thing. It's simply lousy in terms of my own experience.

PLAYBOY: Don't you believe there are standards that can apply to all photography?

ADAMS: I think there are, but it's very tricky. One photographer I know is almost diabolically concerned with making poor images. The prints are terrible and the compositions are dreadful—the horizons aren't straight and all is very casual and

haphazard. However, his subjects have a very definite human interest—street scenes, families, bars. If they were presented simply as slices of human experience, that would be fine. But when they are mounted and put on a wall behind glass, they immediately take on the appearance of being more than they are. The photographer becomes the "in" thing, critics applaud, prices shoot up and books are bound. To me, the emperor still has no clothes. And I particularly resent the intentional lack of craft. The painter Arp is often misquoted as having said, "If I say it's art, it's art." In fact, I am told, he said, "If I say it's art, it's art *to me*." The first is a very arrogant, belligerent statement. The second simply states that art is personal and subjective. Well, you may say a photograph that is very carelessly composed and executed is art, but to me it is bad craft and little more than that. On the other hand, art, to me, is what strikes me in some very special way.

When we look at old art, we are seeing with a contemporary eye. We have no idea how it looked when it was made, what the maker intended. We look at the old Indian rugs and pots and consider them as art. Well, they were originally ceremonial and religious. We don't know whether or not the Indians had any so-called aesthetic sense. We may be reading something into them, something that relates to our particular awareness and sensibilities. Sometimes, there's undue praise given to things just because they are old and unique and rare. Rembrandt is one example. I've never been happy with his work, at least not with the paintings. Some of the etchings are marvelous, but I just feel that there's something in most of the paintings that is very repetitive. *Aristotle with a Bust of Homer*, the one the Metropolitan bought for \$2,000,000—I think that's a terrible painting. But it's Rembrandt, so it's almost sacrilegious to say that. On the other hand, I think Norman Rockwell, after 100 years, will be viewed as a historical painter. He was a very fine craftsman and, at the moment, we may think his tastes corny and impossible, but we don't know what will happen in 100 years. They'll say his work represented his time and an aesthetic will be built up around it.

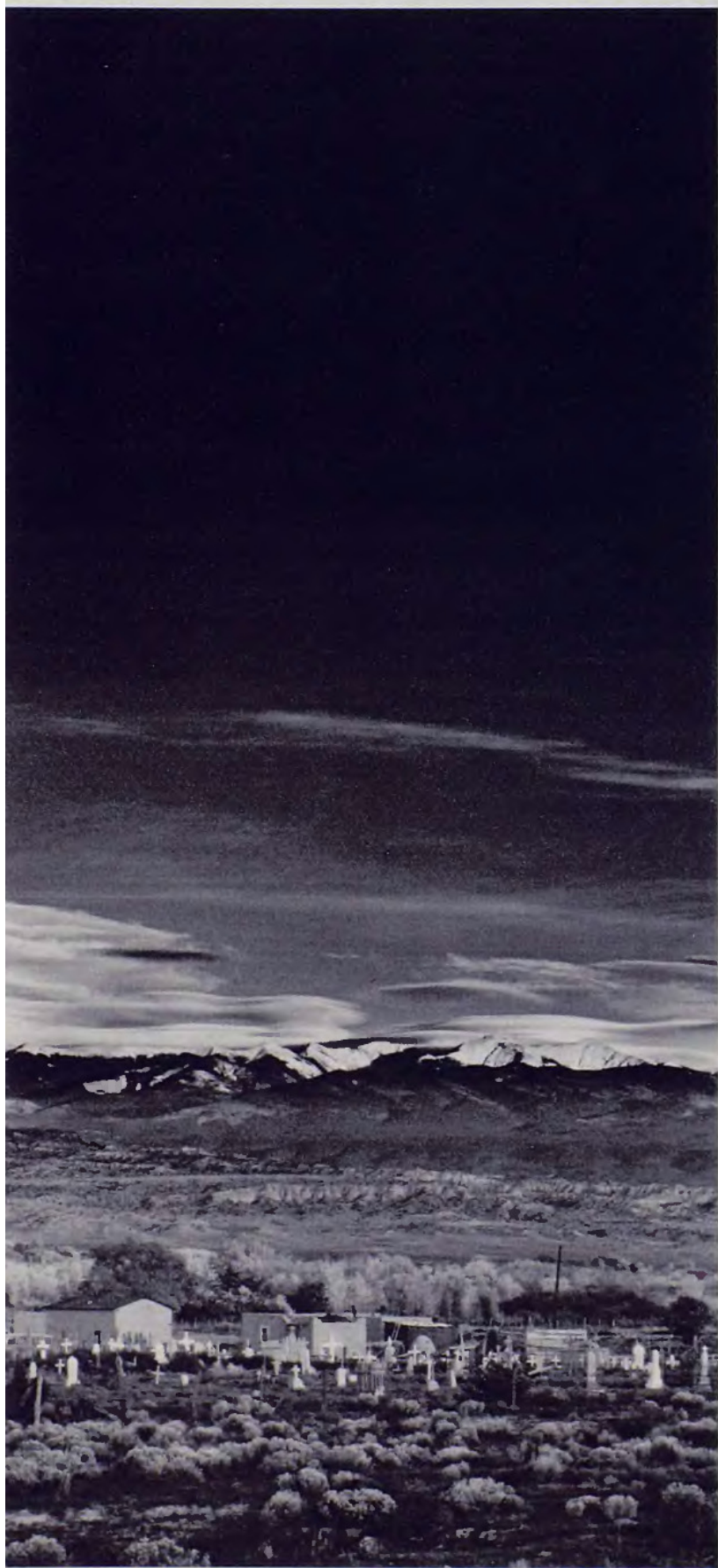
PLAYBOY: You mentioned being influenced by literature. Naturalist John Muir wrote about the same parts of the West that you photographed. Was he an inspiration?

ADAMS: I read his works, but I wasn't affected. Muir's ideals please me, but little of his text does. I mean, it is not great literature. People have seen Thoreau in my pictures, too, but he's always bothered me. He was a little positive and didactic, somewhat like Emerson. The poetry I like best is the poetry that *sounds* the best. I don't react to Shakespeare; to me, it's all rather bombastic and very contrived. To be honest, my reaction is, Why spend so much time with such a dismal bunch of people? Besides, it's glib. I admit that some of his

THE ART OF ANSEL ADAMS



Four of Ansel Adams' best-loved photos: Below, *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico*, 1941; top right, *Monolith, the Face of Half Dome*, 1927, taken in Yosemite National Park; center right, *Mt. McKinley and Wonder Lake*, 1947, a view of Alaska's Mt. McKinley National Park; bottom right, *Aspens*, New Mexico, 1958.



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sonnets are beautiful, but I just get bored. For me, nothing happens. Now, I may be a complete ass for saying this, but I have to be honest with you. If you say it happens for you when it doesn't, you're a damn liar. That's the terrible thing that happens in art. You're *supposed* to enjoy Rembrandt, you're *supposed* to enjoy Shakespeare. Unfortunately, many people enjoy them because they're supposed to. Now, I love Milton. I don't believe in anything he writes about, but his works have such beautiful construction. Same with Robinson Jeffers. Beautiful structure and sound.

PLAYBOY: What place does craft have in the discussion of the art of photography?

ADAMS: Being a musician, I have to know my notes. If I gave a concert and didn't know them, I'd be tomatoed off the stage. Even the free-form music, if it's any good, is based on craft, repeatable craft. The other stuff—well, it is here today, gone tomorrow. Most people who are painting, photographing, performing are not artists. They are doing something else.

Take the many photographers of the dust-bowl period of the Thirties and the photographers who worked in the farm-resettlement project—what most people consider documentarists. There are quite a lot of good images from that period, but Dorothea Lange's are outstanding among them. The difference is a magical thing, something poetic, the difference in perception, a more acute transfer of emotions.

PLAYBOY: After you saw Strand's prints and decided to become a photographer, were you successful right away?

ADAMS: I had previously met a man named Albert Bender, a San Francisco art patron, at a party. He said he liked my pictures and wanted to see my portfolio. Well, I didn't have a portfolio, so I put together some of my mountain pictures and I showed them to him the next morning. He enthusiastically went to work and raised \$6000 from friends, which was enough money to make all the prints and produce a portfolio in those days. Before that, I had sold very few prints. I gave them away to my friends. I'd maybe sold some fuzzy-wuzzies of juniper trees in Yosemite for ten dollars around 1920. That was it. I sold a few things to the Sierra Club people later in the Twenties, but Bender's support allowed me to develop my craft. With that money, I completed *Taos Pueblo*, my book of photographs of that subject in New Mexico, with a monograph by Mary Austin. It received a great deal of attention.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

ADAMS: By 1930 and 1931, the importance of straight photography hit me. I worked on my technique and, eventually, I met others who were similarly interested in that kind of photography, including Willard van Dyke and Imogen Cunningham. We kept yakking it up and decided we should do something about it. We were all fired up with the new aesthetic. Willard and I were particularly eager to do something about it and, with Weston, Imogen,

Henry Swift, Sonia Noskowiak and John Paul Edwards, we formed a group called f/64, which turned out to be a very important movement in photography. We felt we ought to get together and issue a visual manifesto—that was a big term. It was a whole new vision, a whole new aesthetic of photography. It was the crest of a wave.

PLAYBOY: What was the philosophy of Group f/64?

ADAMS: It was devotion to the straight print, paper surfaces without textures that would conflict with the image texture. It was a belief in sharpness throughout the photograph. Good craft, in other words. F/64 is a small stop on the camera that gives great depth of field and sharpness. It was the concentration on images that were not sentimental or allegorical. It was a reaction, a strong reaction against the pictorialists, who were working their heads off to make a photograph look like anything but a photograph. In an attempt to be creative, they were retouching and diffusing the images. Hideous stuff! They were the ones Weston called the fuzzy-wuzzies. They would go out into the street and find some old bum with a matted beard, and they'd get a tablet of Braille and make the old man put his fingers on the Braille. They would place him in an old chair, looking up through a cloud of cigarette smoke that was illuminated by a spotlight. The title would be *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory*. That must have been done a thousand times. There were also slimy nudes. Those photographs were horribly contrived, shallow works, terrible moods—just terrible stuff that completely lacked creative intensity, the very thing we were so excited about.

PLAYBOY: So f/64 was a reaction against that. What did the group accomplish?

ADAMS: Well, it led to my first one-man show, in 1932, at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco. People reacted strangely. They didn't understand that kind of photography. The criticisms were actually very funny, since my work was completely new for most people, who had seen only the pictorialists' photographs. The average person had not seen any photograph that had a sharp, precise image with a glossy surface. People scratched their heads and said, "This doesn't seem to have any art quality—or does it?" And there were more letters to the museum director, saying, "What is photography doing in an art museum?" The same thing happened when I got the photography department going at the California School of Fine Arts, now the San Francisco Art Institute. The painters were moaning, "They're taking space away from artists."

PLAYBOY: You've referred to Stieglitz. How did you meet him?

ADAMS: In 1933, a year after we started f/64, I traveled to New York specifically to meet him. When I arrived, he joked, "I've heard about that Group f/64 you've got out there. Well, I'm f/128." In fact, he was

very sympathetic to what f/64 was trying to do. We got along very well, and after that first meeting, we kept in touch. Every time I went to New York, I took him my newest prints. Finally, he said, "We have to show these." At the time, Stieglitz was one of the most important movers and shakers in the art world. He was one of the few real taste makers. Among many other accomplishments, he introduced Rodin and Matisse to America and promoted such American artists as John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur Dove. He was unique in that he didn't differentiate between painting and photography—it was all art.

PLAYBOY: How did New York react to Ansel Adams' art?

ADAMS: It was very gratifying. With Stieglitz' support, the show was a great success.

PLAYBOY: You were instrumental in getting photography accepted as an art at museums and universities. Almost half a century later, do you think it is accepted as legitimate art?

ADAMS: For the most part, but there are still people who are hard to convince, I'm afraid. There is a peculiar animosity between painters and photographers. University budgets are being cut, so painters in an art department will argue that they deserve more than the photography department, on the grounds that photography is a lesser art. It's crazy. Well, that's a typical result of all the budget cuts. [*Lifts his martini*] Thank you, Mr. Reagan. [*Under his breath*] I'd like to drown him in here! [*Laughs*] Oh, my! That went on tape. To the FBI, if you're listening: That was only a figure of speech. He wouldn't fit into my martini.

PLAYBOY: With all the automation we have now, it's easy to forget what a primitive medium you worked in.

ADAMS: Yes. It was all trial and error and experience. People worked like dogs until they got what they wanted. Unless they knew what the desired values were and really knew what the film would do, they were helpless. In the early days, I remember, I'd take maybe four, five pictures of a subject. I'd take one that I hoped was right, but I wasn't sure, so I'd go up and down the exposure scale a couple of half stops and take a few more and then pick the best one. The meters gave only average readings. Not until the S.E.I. photometer came out did you have specific spot-area readings, and not until you could understand a curve could you figure out the exposure-density relationship, all necessary to have real control.

PLAYBOY: It's been acknowledged that your Zone System revolutionized photography. How did people react to it?

ADAMS: A lot of people were confused. They thought I was crazy. Edward Weston believed in his empirical approach. His son, Brett, said, "I can't understand it. I trust my eye." Well, there was many a time that his pictures, had he known what he was doing, might have been better.

Basically, people didn't want to go to the trouble of learning the technique.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the Zone System in terms that aren't too technical and explain why it was important?

ADAMS: As I've said, I felt there was too much left to chance in picture taking and there was obviously a need for a proved, efficient, repeatable system that could be taught to people with individual styles. Simplified, the Zone System enables a photographer to anticipate and control the tonal range of a print. The zones are essentially shades of gray ranging from black, which is zero, to white, which is ten. They correspond to exposure settings on the camera and can be used to identify the relative brightness of separate parts of the subject being photographed as they will appear on the print. In effect, the Zone System is a more accurate extension of the visualization I described earlier.

PLAYBOY: Is it universally applicable?

ADAMS: Yes; even to color.

PLAYBOY: Let's switch to the present for a moment. Are you still photographing?

ADAMS: Yes, after a long hiatus. The problem was that over the years, I had collected a great number of negatives—thousands of them—that I had never gotten around to printing, due to the pressures of my professional work. As I slow down physically, I've been getting back to the old negatives. I really have to catch up with them. Still, I always intend to go out and do new work. Now I've made up my mind that on every possible occasion, I'm going to go out into the field and try to make new photographs.

PLAYBOY: Do you see things differently now when you look through a view finder? Do you look for different things?

ADAMS: Well, I just go along in the world and suddenly see something that I can visualize in a print. Then I work. As Edward Weston used to say, if I wait any length of time at a certain location, I'm probably losing something somewhere else. When I know that certain conditions are going to change within a very short time, I may wait. But to sit and wait for something to happen is a waste of time. Neither the moments of the vast aspects of nature nor the tiny aspects, equally important, will wait or occur more than once.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the photographs themselves. Do you consider the negative and the print as separate entities?

ADAMS: Yes, in the sense that the negative is like the composer's score. Then, using that musical analogy, the print is the performance. Taking the negative first, remember that the eye has an amazing ability to see details that film cannot capture. Film has a very limited range, particularly in color. I am working within the limits of the materials. Within those limitations, I have many controls besides the initial composition. Visualizing the print, I know what values I feel. I may want to use a filter to change a value in a part of the scene in relation to another. I determine

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the appropriate camera settings and timing. All these things go through the mind automatically, very fast, like a computer. When I know what is required to capture the visualization on the negative, I also know what I will do to the print in the darkroom, though in the darkroom, I can experiment, enhance, embellish. First, however, you must get all the information you need in the negative. When you have it, you can print.

Now the performance. Just as I have great freedom when I perform a Chopin scherzo from a printed page, I have great freedom making the print. I can't go against the basic music, but I can, as I said, enhance it. That is why the pictures I make of the same subject over the years will be very different. Each one is a felt expression that is tied in to the original score, the original visualization. A lot of people don't believe that; they feel that photography is rigid, that you capture an image on a negative and merely repeat it in the print. Well, that is physically impossible and, certainly, aesthetically undesirable. Each performance is a creation, the creation of something new.

PLAYBOY: When you make a print of an image you printed 20 or 30 years ago, do you intentionally make it different?

ADAMS: Not intentionally, *inevitably*. I have new ideas, I perceive something new in the negative, I discover values. I realize, Oh, my, I missed something. I might have missed something rather subtle, since I have a tendency to print too heavy in order to get things really rich and resonant tonally. Six months later, I may want to say something different.

PLAYBOY: What are the differences between an early Adams print and a later one of the same image?

ADAMS: The more recent prints are less timid. The early ones are softer, some think more subtle. I have a sharply different vision now. The results are, perhaps, more dramatic. It's a growth in vision or—who knows?—maybe a regression. [Chuckles] Anyway, it is different, just as a concert artist performs the same piece differently over the years. Quite a number of years ago, I heard the New York Chamber Music Society orchestra play a Haydn piano concerto with Rudolf Serkin as soloist. The last movement was particularly marvelous, and everyone was ecstatic. The entire orchestra was called back and the last movement was repeated. Serkin played it differently; he added a little magic to his interpretation, and the audience went bonkers. The orchestra came back for a second encore, and Serkin played the last movement again. And he gave it another twist. The rhythm was the same, the notes, the phrasing—just certain subtleties, a little emphasis here and there. Three subtle variations in one evening! It was wonderful. Such variations are the artist's privilege. If my newer prints appear more bold and dramatic, it is because I became more confident and I

was better at getting what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever change the notes—eliminate a part of the negative intentionally, thereby "improving" on nature?

ADAMS: Well, you don't improve on nature; you reveal your impression of nature or nature's impact on you. There is a three-dimensional object and some natural color in front of you and you're creating a two-dimensional object in black and white, which in itself is quite an abstraction of what you saw. Part of the interpretation simply has to do with the sensitivity of the film. *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico* wouldn't have been possible 100 years ago. The film wasn't sensitive enough to capture it. *Moonrise* is a good example of controlling the image on the negative to create the visualization. There were light clouds in the sky over the church that I felt were not attractive; they took away from the dramatic feeling of the scene. From the first visualization, I knew I could darken them, almost eliminate them. I had no chance to wait for anything to change, so I took the photograph, then printed the sky very deep, so that the high clouds are only about one percent visible.

PLAYBOY: *Moonrise* is one of your best-known images. Do you recall taking it?

ADAMS: I was driving through the Chama Valley back to Santa Fe after a fruitless day trying to photograph a stump. I finally gave up and I was driving south, occasionally looking out of the window. Then I saw it: the church, the cemetery, the moon. I thought, Ditch the car! I started yelling to my friends to get out the tripod. I got my camera ready. I had to change the front lens component to the back and find the filter. I knew I had something wonderful, but I couldn't find the exposure meter. Values are very difficult to judge, but I knew that the moon has a luminance value of 250 candles per square foot, so I calculated from there.

I was so excited with it that I wanted to make a duplicate—just to be sure. I turned the film holder over and, by the time I was ready to release the shutter, the light went off the crosses. The crosses in the cemetery had been illuminated by a very late sun trailing along the edge of the clouds behind me. With the sun gone, the magic disappeared.

Only now can I tell you the exact date and time I took the picture. I never was very good at keeping track of the dates when I made my photographs. I always wrote down the exposure, but it has infuriated the historians that I never kept track of the dates. In one book, I dated my *Pine-Cone and Eucalyptus Leaves* 1936 and got a letter from historian Beaumont Newhall, who said he had a magazine with the photograph in it that was reproduced in 1934. I was never quite sure about *Moonrise* until two years ago, when an astronomer computed that there was only one time when the moon could have been positioned exactly as it is in the image: 4:05 P.M., October 31, 1941.

PLAYBOY: Did you know at the time that you had taken a memorable photograph?

ADAMS: I knew it was an important image. I visualized this wonderful image and I just hoped I had captured it. When I started to develop it, I began to worry. First, I was going to give it a little less than normal-minus development. But I figured that if I did, it wouldn't hold the shadows' contrast in the foreground. I gave it water-bath development. I had worried that I had seriously underexposed the negative. I nearly panicked until I found that I hadn't; I'd gotten it! The first print showed some scattered clouds in the sky that weren't very favorable to the over-all scene. They weakened the feeling. So I kept printing the sky darker until I had it, the image I had seen in my mind's eye.

PLAYBOY: Is *Moonrise* an accurate representation of your body of work?

ADAMS: Well, it is a very intense visualization. It is an example of the best of my work. But if *Moonrise* hadn't existed, something would have taken its place. I've got a stack of proof prints. Any one of many, given certain exposure to the public, might attract considerable attention. People love *Aspens, New Mexico*, which is a totally unreal picture. I think part of the impact of the photograph is its scale. There are values in my photographs from total black to total white, which gives a brilliant, dramatic contrast. *Clearing Winter Storm* is very popular. *Monolith, the Face of Half Dome*, of course. A few others.

PLAYBOY: In 1976, you announced that you were going to stop taking orders for prints. It was suggested that you were trying to inflate the value of your work. How do you answer that charge?

ADAMS: It's nonsense. The reason I stopped making prints was that, as I became more and more widely known, print orders were stacking up, both from private parties and from galleries. I found I was spending a good part of my time in the darkroom making five of this, two of that, seven of the other. Each time new orders came in, I had to make new tests for the particular emulsion of the paper I was using and, finally, I found I was so involved in the print making that I wasn't doing anything else. I got advice from friends suggesting that I ought to work on the creative end of photography and not become a printing factory. We announced that we would take in a last batch of orders and that would be it; there wouldn't be any more for sale after that. Since then, I can sell prints only to people who are going to donate them to colleges, libraries or museums. The prints sold for about \$800 apiece. I expected orders for about 1000 prints. Instead, 3400 came in. It took two years to print those.

PLAYBOY: Your commercial photography had always been profitable for you, but was your fine-print photography also profitable?

ADAMS: Oh, no. There was no market for photography as art until fairly recently. In



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the Thirties, Edward Weston sold his most beautiful prints for \$15. At the time, he was selling more than anybody. That was expensive for a photographic print. Mine were selling for ten dollars, maybe \$15. A couple of times, I got \$25. Before 1970, there were very few prints worth any real money. Artists such as Frederick Sommer would make two or three prints from a negative and get \$1000 or \$1500 for each. Stieglitz made very few prints. He might occasionally sell one for \$1000. Strand might have gotten nearly that much. That was when most of us were getting ten dollars. It wasn't until about 1970 that prices shot up.

PLAYBOY: What caused that to happen?

ADAMS: Photographs had caught on as valuable collectibles. People found they could afford original photographic prints for a generally reasonable price, while most of the original lithographs or etchings from the artists of the same period, including Picasso, were, comparatively, high. It was the beginning of the so-called photo boom that continued for almost a decade.

When we sold the prints in the portfolio for \$800 apiece, it was high for the time but not out of line. It is a little embarrassing to have such high prices attached to your work—prices you never dreamed of—but it was good in that it encouraged the rise in price of *all* photography. A lot of good photographers could finally make a living from creative photography.

PLAYBOY: Since then, of course, the market has shot up well beyond that to the point that in 1978, photographs were appreciating faster than any other works of art.

ADAMS: Yes. Photographs became the new "in" thing, and prices reflected that.

PLAYBOY: To the point at which a large print of your *Moonrise* set a record as the most expensive photographic print ever sold: \$71,500.

ADAMS: It is rather absurd. I've joked, "Don't they know I'm not dead yet?" I mean, it is perfectly ridiculous. People thought I was competing with the Arabs when they heard about those prices. I immediately went on a dozen mailing lists of people asking me for money. But I have nothing to do with those high prices. It's like the stock market. Investors and speculators influence the art market. For the *Moonrise* that went for \$71,500, I received something like \$200 15 years ago.

PLAYBOY: It has also been charged that you were involved in price manipulation of your prints at auctions. Were you?

ADAMS: Never. That's not to say it doesn't happen. Suppose a dealer has three prints of *Monolith* and he wants to sell them for at least \$15,000. At the auction, he sees that one is going for \$12,000. He'll bid up and hold the price, even buying it back himself. He might even go higher—\$16,000, \$17,000—because that establishes the price. Suddenly, Adams' *Monolith* is worth \$17,000. That happens at all auctions, but I have nothing to do with it.

PLAYBOY: When prices shoot up so high, can that hurt an art form? Can the artists be affected adversely?

ADAMS: When prices are overinflated, it just means that the high prices aren't going to last. In general, however, higher prices mean that photographers can support themselves doing fine-art photography; they don't necessarily need "real" jobs to support their art. I agree that the artist shouldn't be extravagant, but he shouldn't starve, either. I am not suffering. I live in a very creative environment. I'm comfortable financially, but the money has come in only fairly recently. For all the years I was struggling, however, it wasn't out of principle. I find devotion to poverty a very strange thing. It is, I imagine, primarily a justification for the fact that some people can't do anything else.

There's a more important point to make here. I believe that the artist is entitled to a good life, at least a secure life. It is the obligation of a society to encourage art by supporting fine artists in all fields. It's a crime that budgets to support the arts are among the first things to be cut.

PLAYBOY: It's also true that your signature enhances the value of both your books and your posters, isn't it?

ADAMS: Booksellers should not charge more for a book because it has my signature. At auctions, however, where the money is going to charity, the signed *Yosemite* book has gone for \$1200. A signed poster that costs \$15 can raise \$650. It is odd that the signature means so much. I've been asked to sign cards, pieces of toilet paper and even someone's arm. At book signings, people have stood in line for hours for an autograph.

PLAYBOY: You don't mind doing it?

ADAMS: People depend on me to do it; I can't say no. One thing I have done that makes people very angry is that I won't personalize the signatures anymore. I just can't. People come up and want one for their dear, great friend whoever and their mother's aunt Laura on her birthday. Most people understand, but there are some who get all upset. I tell them to find me when I'm alone in some dark alley and there aren't another thousand people waiting for my signature.

PLAYBOY: To ensure that your prints remain limited editions, do you destroy the negatives?

ADAMS: No. Brett Weston says he is going to do that. O'Keeffe scratched a little X in the corner of each of Stieglitz' negatives. They are to go to museums, but the little X won't make them too easy to work with. My negatives are all going to the Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona, but I have specifically stated that I *want* them to be printed by advanced students, not just locked up in a case. When new printing techniques come along, it will be fascinating to see the results with those negatives. It links them, again, to musical scores, which can be used and reused and interpreted and rein-

terpreted. Consider that Bach and Mozart and even Beethoven had no concept of a modern grand-piano sound. We now have a chance to enhance the old music. Just as electronics has come into music, it is coming into photography. There is tremendous expressive potential. In ten years, I'm sure, they will come out with images from my negatives that I never dreamed of. Already, the technology is improving the final product. Already, I can't make a print with the quality of laser-scan printing, and who knows what is going to come?

PLAYBOY: You have had generally favorable reviews from critics, but in the later years, they have seemed less enthusiastic. Do you agree?

ADAMS: Critics are never comfortable with anything that catches on. Some people have said that I'm just a postcard photographer. I don't even bother replying to them. Others have gone overboard the other way and have given all sorts of mystical interpretations to my work. There are very few critics who have understood my work or considered it fairly. As a rule, critics don't get to the bottom of anything; they are superficial. It doesn't really matter. Art critics are a sort of ridiculous bunch, for the most part. In general, I suppose I'm respected by critics and other photographers, but I also annoy a lot of young people. It's perfectly natural that they oppose what they consider my conservative ideas about photography.

PLAYBOY: Almost as quickly as photography has developed as an art form, the technology at your disposal has changed. How has it changed the art of photography?

ADAMS: One of the negative effects today is the tendency to fall back on the automatic features of the camera. When you rely on the camera's automatic devices, you're always going to get an image, but the camera can't compose for you and it can't change the values for you. It just works on the basis of averaging. On the other hand, with newer cameras, meters and film, one is much more in control of the exposure. The technology is greater, but the tendency is for people to think less. All you have to do now is aim and push a button. That's fine if all you're interested in doing is recording things.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been frustrated because you weren't able to capture your visualization due to the limitations of the film or the camera?

ADAMS: That has happened, but mostly, the frustration came because I wasn't able to see anything. A part of your mind tells you there is a picture out there, but you just can't see it.

PLAYBOY: Have you missed any images and kicked yourself for it?

ADAMS: Oh, yes. Driving, especially traveling, I see something, a possible picture, and a half mile down the road, I begin to worry. There have been times I've gone back. In the late Thirties, I was driving to a show in Santa Barbara with Edward Weston and I looked out the window and,

across a field, I saw boards nailed around a desolate pigpen. We went on about half a mile and I turned to Edward and said, "I saw something back there. I have to go back for it." He said, "So did I. What did you see?" We had seen the same thing. We went back, got out of the car, climbed over a fence and we both made the picture. I just came across a proof of that picture: They are different.

PLAYBOY: There has been a great deal written about the Adams-Weston rivalry.

ADAMS: People have made that up, assuming we must have been competitive. On the contrary, we had a very warm friendship. In fact, Edward was intolerant of himself but quite tolerant of other people. If he felt you were really trying to express something and you weren't an impostor or a dilettante or careless, he was very encouraging.

PLAYBOY: Did you criticize each other's work?

ADAMS: He didn't react to many of my things; I didn't react to his. We understood we were going in different directions. Each of us considered the other sincere and devoted. I did sometimes question his nudes, which he didn't appreciate.

PLAYBOY: What did you say?

ADAMS: I felt some were rather silly. I thought they looked weak. Edward had a pretty considerable interest in sex, but I don't think his nudes were really erotic or effective, with a few exceptions.

PLAYBOY: Have you photographed nudes?

ADAMS: No. I just never got into the model business. It isn't out of any sense of propriety. I guess it's having great respect for certain things that I believe are better expressed more abstractly in painting. Take a Picasso sketch of a nude. To me, that's much nuder than any nude in a photograph. There's a beautiful, stylized line. In a photograph, you get a literal image and—for me—it doesn't have the same effect. With nudes, stark reality isn't as effective as an artist's interpretation.

PLAYBOY: But you choose to portray nature relatively realistically. Why not the human body?

ADAMS: Frankly, because I don't think many bodies are really very attractive when they're photographed. I'd rather keep my eyes shut. You try to make them look better in *PLAYBOY*, but, in fact, they're probably all greased up and touched up.

PLAYBOY: That's not an accurate statement, but go on with your thoughts on nudes.

ADAMS: Some of Weston's nudes, unfortunately, look like dead bodies. What bothers me also are those torturous positions that many photographers insist on for the women, which seem to be very contrived. I'd also suggest that the poses in *PLAYBOY* are contrived, but that's your business. Don't get me wrong. There are some simply wonderful nudes of O'Keeffe by Stieglitz. Some of Edward's earlier ones are very good. Some of his photographs of

Tina Modatti are magnificent, full of life.

PLAYBOY: If that's how you feel about women in unusual positions, you can't be much of a fan of Helmut Newton.

ADAMS: Terrible. Don't ask.

PLAYBOY: What about Diane Arbus' work?

ADAMS: I think she was very sick. Her work bothers me terribly. She was a very good technician, but she seemed to take illth—you know the difference between health and illth?—and make it worse. She made an effort to take an unpleasant vision and make it *more* unpleasant. It all just leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

PLAYBOY: So you're diminishing whatever social statement Arbus made because of its unpleasantness?

ADAMS: Well, I don't know if we need that. There's a subtle line there and a lot of people will think I'm a Puritan goody-goody, but I believe you can better depict the social condition with a little more idealism.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your commercial work. What kinds did you do?

ADAMS: You name it. I did table settings, copies of paintings, clothing catalogs, architecture, an automobile, a horse, a dog, people, reports, businesses, wineries. It's a very good discipline for any photographer to get top results under those tight deadlines. Photographing nuts and bolts is a challenge. Some people say that all professional work is a form of prostitution. . . . Well, Michelangelo was a professional. Professional work helps develop the craft for artistic work. The idea that an artist cannot work on assignments has nothing to do with reality, yet many photographers hold that idea. There is a romantic delusion that professional work hurts art. Well, I am not romantic in *that* sense. I made a living for most of my life doing commercial work. Even during the Depression, I was fortunate; I had something to do. I remember nearly killing myself for a magazine assignment—I was shooting begonias, of all things. It took me two weeks just to figure out the exposure and color filtration. Finally, I got some beautiful pictures and the story was scheduled, and some prominent figure was assassinated or mugged or something. They ended up using two of the eight pages that had been planned. I'll never forgive that person for getting himself shot that month.

Another time, I was photographing a group of people for *Fortune*, powerful business leaders and politicians—the mayor, a Supreme Court Justice, the head of Southern Pacific and several others—who met at a sort of round table at San Francisco's Sheraton Palace Hotel. They were very busy and they were pressuring me to rush. Finally, I had the shot set up and the electronic switch on the shutter broke. It was impossible to operate it manually, so I had an assistant run off to find a replacement. I was there with all these big shots who were in a terrible hurry to begin with. So I said, "Gentlemen, first of all, I have to get individual shots of you for the magazine." I

had them pose one by one until I got them all. Finally, my assistant got back with my switch, so I could do the shot I had been assigned to do. The men never knew it, but when I was doing the elaborate individual head shots, I had no film in my camera.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever refuse an assignment?

ADAMS: In the early days, I would never refuse an assignment unless it completely repelled me. [*His eyes light up*] In 1980, a national magazine asked me to go to Santa Barbara to photograph the President at his ranch. Well, I hate Santa Barbara and, far worse, I hate Reagan. I can't ignore my feelings and just make a pretty picture.

PLAYBOY: But you agreed to photograph President Carter.

ADAMS: That *was* a pleasure and a great honor. It was the first time in history that the official Presidential portrait was a photograph instead of a painting.

PLAYBOY: What was it like photographing him?

ADAMS: It was about six months before the end of his term. It was a rather tense experience. I used large-format Polaroid—20" x 24"—which meant each exposure was a completed color print: no duplicating, no fooling around in the darkroom.

One of the first things Carter said was, "I have a very difficult smile. It's always exaggerated in pictures." I said, "I know. I don't want to do that." I told him he had to relax. I asked him to contemplate something pleasant, and he got a very nice expression. I was ready to shoot, but his arm was wrong; he had moved. I tried to explain what he should do, but he couldn't get it. I went up to position him, and just as I placed my hand on his shoulder, I was grabbed by two Secret Service men. You do not touch the President.

Eventually, we did it. The whole thing took about 45 minutes. The portrait gallery in Washington has the best, Carter has the second best and I have the third best. We threw away about eight.

PLAYBOY: Was there criticism of the Carter Administration for the decision to have the portrait done by a photographer?

ADAMS: Quite a bit. The painters, of course, were very mad. It was a break in nearly 200 years of tradition.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy that kind of photography?

ADAMS: It's not my preference, but that was, at least, fun.

PLAYBOY: Was that your last commission?

ADAMS: Yes, and the first one in many years. I hadn't done anything commercially since 1968, when I did a book for the University of California centennial.

PLAYBOY: In 1980, Carter awarded you the Presidential Medal of Freedom for your environmental work and photography.

ADAMS: It was something. I was very surprised when they told me. The ceremony itself was quite an event. Tennessee Williams got the award at the same time. Also,

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PLAYBOY: Despite the fact that you've taken a good number of portraits, there's an impression that you photograph only nature. In fact, photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson once said, "The world is falling to pieces and Weston and Adams are doing pictures of rocks."

ADAMS: It's too bad we have to be swamped with dogma. But I would never apologize for photographing rocks. Rocks can be very beautiful. But, yes, people have asked why I don't put people into my pictures of the natural scene. I respond, "There are always two people in every picture: the photographer and the viewer." That usually doesn't go over at all.

PLAYBOY: Especially because you've criticized photographers who work in their own world, particularly studio photographers?

ADAMS: It's a different point. I am bothered by what I call the cavern mood of studio work. You find it especially in big cities, where people may never get out of the studio. They work with contrived objects and with strange, almost continuous qualities of light. I'm very sensitive to artificial-light effects. In some examples, I see the light more than I see the subjects.

PLAYBOY: What about color versus black and white? The majority of your work is in black and white. Why?

ADAMS: They are entirely different concepts. I did an awful lot of color when I was a professional. Most of them have faded. Kodachrome lasts, but Ektachrome doesn't. In general, I never liked color prints. I think the only really beautiful color comes off the printing press, though Polaroid can achieve very good color. There is, of course, a lot of beautiful work that has been done in color, but I always prefer black and white as an expression. I don't think I have a very good eye, or sympathy, for color. It is the difference between Stravinsky and some contemporary electronic music. The electronic music can be very beautiful if it's handled well. To put it simply, I prefer black and white because I'm not obsessed with the dominating reality of color. I have a wide range of control and it is an abstract medium to begin with.

PLAYBOY: Now, let's run down a list of some well-known photographers who represent certain styles. We've talked about Lange, Cunningham, Edward Weston and Arbus. How about Walker Evans?

ADAMS: For me, he's a strange person and he did what I would consider very important work, but I never cared for it.

PLAYBOY: How about Weston's son, Brett?

ADAMS: Oh, I know him very well. Brett is an extraordinary photographer, but his is very empirical work, not my style. He prints very dynamically, very black and white as a rule, very strong. And he has enormous productivity.

PLAYBOY: Andy Warhol?

ADAMS: Oh, terrible. Ghastly. To me, he's

just an ass. His work means nothing to me. In short, repulsive.

PLAYBOY: Are you reacting to the aesthetics or the social implications of the work?

ADAMS: Are there social implications? I think it's just a put-on. If you have a hamburger and it's slightly spoiled, the sensation is one of revulsion. Well, that is what I feel when I look at a Warhol.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the big-name fashion photographers—Francesco Scavullo, Richard Avedon?

ADAMS: Not much. I don't know how creative fashion photography can be, anyway, because it's done for a client. I think of their work as very contrived. It's not to condemn them, but I don't react.

PLAYBOY: What about Antony Armstrong-Jones, Lord Snowdon?

ADAMS: He's a very likable fellow and a good journalistic photographer. That's all.

PLAYBOY: Do you like any of the modern photographers?

ADAMS: When I started in photography, maybe five percent of all photographers were really serious and fewer than that were really good. Now it's about the same, though there are hundreds of times more of them. Still, there is some wonderful work being done. Of the very contemporary photographers, I like Ernst Haas. Well, he must be 60. More contemporary is Joel Meyerowitz. In my mind, he is better than any of the other color photographers. George Tice has done some very subtle things. Jim Alinder is just wonderful. Olivia Parker. Jean Dieuzeaide.

Many fine photographers are emerging. Chris Rainier. John Sexton. Don Worth is extraordinary. So is Paul Caponigro. Jerry Uelsmann is one of the top people. The late Wynn Bullock did many fine things. Minor White is one of the most important. Bill Brandt is one of my favorites. From Europe, there are André Kertész, Josef Sudek, Lucien Clergue, Brassai. Eugene Smith was quite somebody. Eliot Porter. Philip Hyde made quite a contribution to photography of the American West. He and Ed Cooper have been doing landscapes, but they are a little derivative.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone specifically carrying on your tradition?

ADAMS: There are many people who are doing serious photography, which, I suppose, is my tradition. I don't like it when they imitate me, which they do. They go to Yosemite and put the tripod down, sometimes in the same holes. I'll grant that it is very hard to go to Point Lobos and see something that Edward Weston *hadn't* seen, but there's no point in doing what Weston has already done. There's no point in doing what Adams has already done. Do something new.

PLAYBOY: Yet you wouldn't feel that way about locations you've photographed; you'd claim to find new things in them, right?

ADAMS: There are new pictures *anywhere*. If I were kept in this house the rest of my

life, I could find enough to photograph here to fill my whole life. One of Strand's best portfolios was *On My Doorstep*, just pictures of his garden in France. Some of them were very beautiful.

PLAYBOY: You've spoken admiringly of Polaroid a couple of times, and you've been its consultant for a number of years. What do you do for Polaroid?

ADAMS: Polaroid is the only photographic corporation in this country that really supports creative photography. It has the Kennedy Gallery in Cambridge, a print-acquisition program that is very good. Kodak is just a big corporation whose interest is mass production. It does have high-quality film—there's no question that its mechanical production is superb—but only Polaroid is actively concerned with photography as an art.

I became a consultant in 1949, after I met Edwin Land. We became fast friends. When he asked me to consult for him, I said, "I'm no scientist," but he was interested in the problems a photographer has with the technology available. He paid me \$100 a month to do whatever I wanted. The criticism of his cameras that I would give him would be very different from the kinds of criticism he got from his labs. I remember first trying a new Polaroid film in 1953. It was a beautiful prototype that never got on the market. Eventually, I did a portfolio for U.S. Camera using his camera. I felt it represented another side of development of the art form. Land felt that the real concept of his camera was for the average person who wanted to make instant pictures. I argued that the professional photographer and artist could do wonderful things with his technology.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ADAMS: There are certain things for which Polaroid is perfect. Although it has its limits, Polaroid color is superior to any other. The values are so beautiful that they're the closest thing to pigment.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt held back by the technology available at the time?

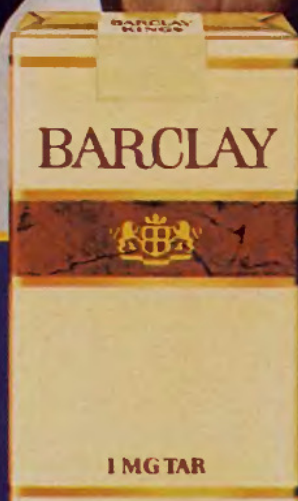
ADAMS: Yes. I have ideas many times that just won't translate into film. I have an inspiration and can visualize my print, but then, when I take the photometer and measure it, I realize I can't control the values and the film won't hold them. Film cannot come close to capturing what the eye can capture.

PLAYBOY: Will that change with new technologies?

ADAMS: I don't think you'll ever get that; the human eye is incredible. But in electronics, the technology we have now can do far more than film. As the world's silver resources are depleted, these new technologies are particularly important. They're coming already. I've seen a Kodak electronic disc that can be seen instantly after exposure on your television screen. The color is better than in a print. Sony has something similar, perhaps more

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sophisticated. The electronic image can be transferred to tape and then can be seen on a screen. From that, you can make a hard copy. It's a major revolution. You could put the image on a large screen and have exhibits that showed an image as close to the original as possible.

PLAYBOY: What else do you see coming in photography?

ADAMS: There's no end in sight. Electronic photography will soon be superior to anything we have now. The first advance will be the exploration of existing negatives. I believe the electronic processes will enhance them. I could get superior prints from my negatives using electronics. Then the time will come when you will be able to make the entire photograph electronically. With the extremely high resolution and the enormous control you can get from electronics, the results will be fantastic. I wish I were young again!

PLAYBOY: Something that's kept you young is your passionate advocacy of environmentalism. Let's start on that subject by asking you if your photography and your politics are related.

ADAMS: I never did a photograph of any importance for an environmental purpose. I just can't go out and take a picture of a place because somebody needs it for a promotion of some political campaign. All the pictures I've done were done because I was there and I loved the mountains and I visualized a picture. However, I do feel very good about the fact that my photographs have been used in environmental campaigns a lot. I'm glad I can go to some places that have been protected that otherwise wouldn't be there, but that is a separate interest from making a picture. There is, I suppose, an unconscious abiding desire to work in the natural scene. But the pictures of Kings Canyon Sierra, for example, were done well before I became involved in the fight to establish Kings Canyon as a national park. Same thing later with the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

PLAYBOY: How were your photographs used in those fights?

ADAMS: When the Army released its control over the spectacular and vast land above the Golden Gate Bridge, the real-estate developers were ecstatic. They had plans to destroy the area as soon as they could get their hands on it. There were plans for condominiums, shopping centers and high-rises. Coincidentally, I had once photographed a great deal of that area in its natural state. I made some 40" x 60" enlargements of a very spectacular picture of the Marin hills and had an architect work from the plans that developers had submitted to the county for some ghastly high-rises in those hills. He drew those high-rises over my picture and we placed copies in several store windows. That started trouble. It was startling—and effective—to see the damage we were talking about. That played a part in the preservation of that area, which is now the

Golden Gate Recreation Area.

Much earlier, in 1936, we were fighting to make Kings Canyon a national park. The very powerful grazing and timber lobbies were fighting us and had stirred up strong opposition throughout the state. Well, we sent copies of my book *Sierra Nevada: The John Muir Trail*, which included a great many images of the Kings Canyon area, to President Roosevelt, Interior Secretary Ickes, the governor of California and key legislators. Then I went to Washington and did some lobbying with a portfolio of prints of the area, saying, essentially, "This is what is at stake." The images had a very strong effect. They helped swing the opinion in our favor. It was hard to argue against those images. The opposition claimed there was enough mountain land preserved in Sequoia, which is nearby, but it was perfectly obvious then, as it is now, that we must keep adding to the protected land as the population grows or end up with far less preserved land in proportion to the population. Secretary of the Interior James Watt's decision *not* to add any park or wilderness area is terrible for the same reason. Had his logic prevailed back then, Kings Canyon would now look like part of the outskirts of Las Vegas.

Anyway, we won that one and we got a lot of feedback saying that the pictures were a part of it. In both cases, I took the photographs independently and, thank God, they were used constructively.

PLAYBOY: There are, of course, countless specific environmental battles under way around the country, but is there an over-all issue that you feel is most important?

ADAMS: There is an over-all issue: If you have the proper definition of environmentalism and understand that, then all of the problems can be related to that. We must acknowledge that the environment is deteriorating. If we do not preserve it now, it will be too late. We must understand that this is not merely an aesthetic question but one that will effect our lives and the lives of our children.

PLAYBOY: What is the most critical fight now?

ADAMS: To save the *entire* environment: wilderness protection, proper use of parks, breakdown of Federal operation of the parks in favor of private interests, acquiring new park and wilderness land, unrestrained oil drilling and mining on land and offshore, etc. First on the list now is that *all* the wilderness areas must be protected. It is very important. With the current Administration, they are gravely threatened. It means that the small inroads this country has made in protecting some areas, both for scenic beauty and for invaluable resources, are threatened.

Here is an important point: Only two and a half percent of the land in this country is protected. Not only are we being fought in trying to extend that two and a half percent to include other important or fragile areas but we are having to fight to

protect that small two and a half percent. It is horrifying that we have to fight our own Government to save our environment. Our worst enemy is the person the President designated with the responsibility of managing the country's environment: James Watt. No wonder it is a monumental battle.

There was a point at which it seemed we were getting somewhere. Watt agreed that he would stop trying to open up the wilderness areas, which former Administrations had seen fit to protect from any exploitation. But we read the fine print of his position. He said he would agree with the wilderness standards until 1990 or 2000, when the entire wilderness legislation would be nullified. He's an incredibly slimy character. He wants to get rid of the wilderness concept. I'm convinced the entire Administration is dedicated to destroying the integrity of those areas. Those people have the same concept of land use that the Russians have: that national parks and forests and the enjoyment of nature are bourgeois indulgences. In Russia, they have parks they call rest-and-recreation areas that apparently can be used for any purpose the government dictates. They are looking at the very short term. Thank God, we have people fighting to protect our future. There is nothing like the Sierra Club in Russia.

PLAYBOY: But with more than ten percent unemployment, are environmental issues that pressing, or is Watt correct when he suggests that you're dealing with indulgent issues?

ADAMS: Luckily, there are many people who feel there are some values other than making a fast buck. I admit, however, that the people who are affected most by the economic problems are the ones who would be the hardest to convince that saving the environment should still be one of our highest priorities. But they have to be convinced to look beyond the obvious crisis. I admit it is easier for me to talk about these issues because I've never had that sense of real fear of having a family to support and losing a job not because of some local problem where you can go out and get another job but because of a depression that has eliminated many thousands of jobs. Still, people need to see how important these concerns are *to them*.

PLAYBOY: How would you convince them?

ADAMS: We are not just talking about saving scenery. We are talking about the immediate future of our world. It could be a few short years before something drastic happens. Experts are predicting a catastrophic water shortage in the Southwest in the Nineties, because the water tables are going down so rapidly through uncontrolled use. Los Angeles could be in the midst of a disaster. The supply from the Colorado River could drop to a danger point, as it is being claimed by the states that it runs through and by Mexico. The water from the Sierra is just enough to handle the core of Los Angeles. But there

are 10,000,000 other people. The picture is graphic. You can see the curve getting steeper. In relation to time, the increment of exploitation and destruction is bigger and bigger and bigger within a shorter and shorter period.

In the East, acid rain is a very serious problem. There are forests in Vermont and Massachusetts that are dying. There is no reason those forests should die, except for the acid rain caused by industrial pollution. In lakes, fish are dying. Canada is getting very mad at us, because our pollution is causing acid rain in its forests. The trees more than 10,000 feet above Bakersfield are dying from the pollution. The industry does provide jobs, but perhaps people would be better employed in jobs that didn't threaten their existence.

The acid rain comes from power plants. Emissions collect in the clouds and eventually fall in rain wherever the clouds have blown. What right does the power plant in Ohio or Pennsylvania have to dump poison on the Adirondacks? Copper smelters in the East devastated hundreds of square miles with their acid wastes. They harmed people. Towns had to be abandoned. So what is the limit of rights? You may have the *right* to drill an oil well in the Mojave Desert or to build a power plant in the Midwest, but those big power plants produce fumes that put pollution over hundreds of thousands of square miles. Who has a right to do that? Who has a right to drill an oil well in the sea that may blow out, causing a spill that destroys so much life and coast line that the value of the damage can't even be assessed? Still, they put wells right on fault lines, which means that the potential for more spills is tremendous. When we list those things, they sound overwhelming. A big revolution may be the only saving thing. Either we go to hell or we have a revolution. It may take a major disaster to wake people up—if it's not too late.

When Watt and the Reagan Administration try to convince the people that environmental issues are bourgeois and play the environmental issues against the economic ones, they're consciously deceiving the American people. It would be merely pathetic if the consequences weren't so disastrous. Since they are, the Administration's actions border on being criminal.

PLAYBOY: If this Administration is so bad environmentally, why not concentrate on the next one? The election is not even two years off.

ADAMS: That could be too late. Too much damage could be done. The present Administration is basically concerned with those devoted to profitable exploitation without any regard for the future. We call them the rape-ruin-and-run boys—and it's a very good and accurate term. Watt has said some incredible things about his specific *lack* of concern for the future. He's

(continued on page 222)

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*how do you deal with an enemy you
don't know, won't see and can't
predict? first, you have to be willing
to face the problem*

THE TARGETING OF AMERICA

A SPECIAL REPORT ON TERRORISM



article **By LAURENCE GONZALES**

IF TERRORISTS had been watching when Lebanese president Amin Gemayel arrived at the Madison Hotel in Washington last October, the sight would have warmed their hearts. The front of the building was swarming with police. Up and down 15th and across M Street, Secret Service agents stood guard, nervously watching the tops of surrounding buildings. Each man wore a single earphone with a wire that disappeared into his clothing. Inside the hotel, Lebanese secret police stood watch in the corridors while Secret Service agents searched floor to floor. Simultaneously, a private security firm staked out the building and coordinated communications. The hotel was strung with wires and antennas. The lobby was jammed with security personnel waiting, listening, anticipating. In short, Gemayel's mere presence caused an almost palpable level of anxiety not only within the hotel but throughout the neighborhood just north of the White House.

More precisely, it was not Gemayel but an unseen

A TERRORISTS' GUIDE TO THE 1984 OLYMPICS



article **By JAMES P. WOHL**

While the 1984 Olympic Games are being touted as Disneyland with sweat by the public-relations staff at the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, it is a safe bet that plans to shatter that showcase of democracy have already been set in motion. The world has come to expect the death of innocents in the pursuit of the principal terrorist goal: publicity. Given the complexities of guarding the 1984 summer games, those plans have an awesome chance of success.

Security for the games is the responsibility of an umbrella group called the Olympic Law Enforcement Coordinating Council. The organizing committee is represented on the council by Edgar Best, a talented, tough ex-special agent in charge of the Los Angeles office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who has been meeting for nearly two years with local, state and Federal law-enforcement agencies, as well as with political figures—including the President of the United States. But the logistics are tremendously complex. At the Montreal games, only five agencies needed coordination; in Moscow, only two. For the 1984 Olympics, Best and other top personnel are attempting the task of coordinating 60 law-enforcement agencies. Sources within the Los Angeles Police Department indicate that the task is overwhelming.

The Law Enforcement Coordinating Council has set up 27 subcommittees in charge of intelligence, transportation, SWAT, air support, communications, traffic, crowd control and the like. Although Best downplays the dangers of internal dissension, it is a fact that rivalries, jealousies and the idiosyn-

crasies of individual law-enforcement bureaucracies have crippled police work many times in the past. Those problems could be especially troublesome at the Olympics, where neither Best's council nor the L.A.P.D. has the legal means to force meetings and cooperation with autonomous local agencies—much less with the FBI, the CIA or the Secret Service. "Autonomy is a major problem," a source in the L.A.P.D. told me. "If we can't force cooperation, how are we going to guard Marcos or Castro or Mitterrand or Reagan?"

Cooperation aside, Best doesn't share the feeling—expressed by some front-line cops—that foreign battles will be fought in Los Angeles by terrorists seeking publicity. It is his opinion that the Munich massacre of Israeli athletes caused a backlash that would discredit similar terrorist action now.

"Black September no longer exists because of that," he said.

Over at the L.A.P.D., the spokesman—and the chief of Olympics security for the police department—is Commander Bill Rathburn, whose background in antiterrorist work is nil. He isn't sure what qualified him for the job of Olympics planning. He is sure, however, that no one can guarantee a safe Olympics. He, too, attempts to downplay the coordination problems.

"I was originally uncomfortable with the lack of legislative direction to coordinate security," he said. "Many people in responsible positions were and still are. But I feel now that the recognition of local autonomy is the cornerstone of our effort."

The good news is that there is a reputable (continued on page 182)

if terrorists have plans to make los angeles another munich, the only way to outmaneuver them is to see the games through their eyes

presence that caused the anxiety. What electrified the place was the uncertainty. Would it be the man entering the elevator carrying flowers? Would it be the unoccupied taxicab parked by the side of the building? It might be a gun, a rocket, a poisoned apple or the Armenian double-bomb trick, in which the first bomb goes off, a crowd gathers to see what has happened, and then the second bomb goes off. Terrorism: Guess. Guess again.

Just one month earlier, Gemayel's brother, Bashir—himself the newly elected president of Lebanon—had been killed when a 400-pound bomb destroyed the Christian Phalangist headquarters in east Beirut. When Amin Gemayel left the Madison Hotel after a two-day visit, one could see the relief in the faces of the doormen, the concierge and the assistant managers: The place had not been blown up. No one had even phoned in a bomb threat. Gemayel was now someone else's problem.

We hear about terrorism almost daily, yet few of us have a precise notion of what it is. Fewer yet could say what sort of people we would find behind the ski masks. The experts aren't really sure of what most terrorists want. They haven't even been able to agree on a definition of terrorism. But however we choose to define it, terrorism has become a fact of life. Between 1970 and 1980, according to a 1981 conference at Los Alamos National Laboratories, nearly three terrorist operations per day were reported world-wide. The total number of people killed by terrorism in that ten-year period has been estimated at around 10,000. The cost in property destroyed was about \$200,000 per day. At least \$150,000,000 in reported kidnaping ransom was collected by terrorists between January 1, 1971, and late 1982. The security necessitated by terrorism costs billions. But terrorism is not only a major economic influence in the world today, it's a psychological and a political one as well.

It has permanently altered Western Europe, Japan, South America, Central America, the Middle East, Africa—most of the world, in other words. And now, some experts say, the U.S. may be the next big target.

There are people paid to worry about just that possibility, and in the International Club of Washington, where some of them gather to eat lunch, the tension is sometimes as thick as the cigarette smoke. Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies (C.S.I.S.) is located in the same building. C.S.I.S. is a private think tank, and a lot of the thinking that goes on there these days concerns terrorism.

I sat in the club one day last summer listening to two of the world's top experts on terrorism, Yacov Heichal, former head



"Look—why don't you forget all you've read about how to make love to a woman and be just a sexual animal?!"

of planning for the Israeli military, and Robert Kupperman, executive director of science and technology for C.S.I.S. They were making the small talk of their profession—discussing the prospect of being on various hit lists and the security precautions each takes.

"We're not on them so far as we know," says Kupperman, "but it's always a concern. It's something you watch for."

"They don't like me to walk around in Old Jerusalem," Heichal says of the Israeli security guards. "But I do anyway. I keep my eyes open. You have to keep your eyes open. I like Old Jerusalem. It's my home."

How do you know when you're on a hit list?

"People tell us," Heichal says.

And then what happens?

He shrugs. "Maybe it goes away. Or maybe you're still on it. Maybe they get interested in someone else."

It was August 1982 and Israel had virtually leveled Beirut in an attempt to drive out the P.L.O. In the process, it had destroyed or captured nearly all the conventional military equipment the P.L.O. had acquired during the previous decade. While the P.L.O. had been founded as a terrorist group and achieved its status largely through terrorist actions, it had begun to show signs of becoming a more conventional nation, lacking only a place to call home. According to Heichal and others, Israel's actions have forced the P.L.O. into a corner where terrorism is now its only option. The question was when it would begin. Kupperman estimated that it would take another few months for the P.L.O. to get organized again. But the day after terrorists machine-gunned a Jewish restaurant in Paris, killing two Americans, Heichal was pacing back and forth in Kupperman's office, chain-smoking cigarettes and saying, "It's begun. It's begun." He turned to Kupperman. "Do you think it's begun?" It was a time of high anxiety. But in the business of counterterrorism, most times are.

"A two-star general in the field with 16,000 soldiers at his disposal," Kupperman says, "would laugh at the mere suggestion that a dozen well-prepared men could render him utterly powerless. Jimmy Carter might also have laughed once at the suggestion that a small group of ill-prepared Iranian students could render the entire U.S. powerless. But it did."

Across the street, I visited with Yonah Alexander, director of the State University of New York's Institute for Studies in International Terrorism. He is editor of the scholarly journal *Terrorism* (yes, terrorism even has its own magazine now). He shares the concern about the P.L.O. "It has to show it is alive and kicking," he says. "And the P.L.O. is very much alive. As a military force, it is no longer viable. It has lost the military option. But as a ter-

rorist force, it certainly is viable. It has an eight-country network. I predict that it will intensify its activities. And Americans today are target number one throughout the world."

Why the United States? And why now?

In the view of academic spooks, as high-level intelligence types are often called, terrorist warfare—like warfare in general—is in a period of evolution. For a long time, terrorists were content to toss bombs, to stage some derring-do with airplanes now and then, to kidnap a few key political figures. But they are becoming more sophisticated, according to intelligence sources, not only in their methods but in their choice of targets. And they are beginning to understand that the U.S. is a perfect terrorist target. It is the largest free nation in the world—a target of tremendous symbolic value. Since terrorism is largely a symbolic act, that is decisive. Second, the U.S. is a democracy. Most experts agree that a key element in the success of terrorism is good press coverage. It balloons the event and gives it a dimension it otherwise might not have. The U.S. is ideal because it has an uncontrolled and voracious press—essential for democracy, good for terrorism. And, finally, it's a highly mechanized society, dependent on fragile technologies that are subject to attack.

It may come from the P.L.O. It may come from the F.A.L.N., the Puerto Rican national-liberation movement, one of the most active on U.S. soil. Or it may come, as the kidnaping of General James Dozier did, as the Iranian hostage crisis did, well away from the U.S. mainland itself. Terrorists can attack the U.S. from anywhere in the world. The sun never sets on their targets of opportunity, except, perhaps, during the winter months in Alaska.

But some experts feel that the P.L.O. is the most immediate threat. Backed into a corner, it could turn to the U.S. as the last remaining pressure point, a last push for continued national existence. Among major concerns are that it could use blackmail (nuclear blackmail, biological-warfare blackmail) to shift U.S. foreign policy toward its own ends. Some say that the U.S. is the Hiroshima of terrorism, pristine if not untouched, being saved for something ultimate.

As usual, however, there is disagreement among the experts. Former director of the CIA William Colby says, "The P.L.O. does have a political option. Because of the way Israel handled itself with respect to the mass killings in Lebanon, the P.L.O. has a new recognition. It is being dealt with. It has Arab political support. The mass murders in Lebanon are the Israelis' downfall as far as the P.L.O. goes. The P.L.O. will continue to fight and will undoubtedly go over the edge, and to the extent that it goes over the edge, it will lose rather than gain. Your real problem is

that you have an intractable difference between peoples, and they're going to fight each other. You've got to get a negotiated solution." He believes that the prospect of terrorism's sweeping the United States is overblown.

"The reason the U.S. has never had a major terrorist problem," says Colby, "is that you can't rally public support of terrorism, because the channels are open to legitimate protest. It's surprising that the blacks didn't resort to terrorism, but they didn't—probably because of the fine leadership they had from religious leaders, Martin Luther King, Jr., and others."

Even if we were able to rule out home-grown terrorism (and many people do not rule it out), that doesn't preclude the imported variety. In a world that hardly blinks anymore when someone snatches a jet in Poland or Spain or Africa, there are a lot of groups out there for whom the United States is a target with an extremely high payoff potential. The Tupamaros, the F.A.L.N., the P.L.O., the Japanese Red Army, S.W.A.P.O., the I.R.A., the P.F.L.P., the Baader-Meinhof Gang, Black June, the Basque Separatists, the Christian Phalangists—there are more than 140 terrorist organizations currently in operation. Some, such as the P.L.O., have fairly clear motivations (a homeland—and erasing Israel from the map). Others, such as the Japanese Red Army, appear to be purely nihilistic—they seem to be saying that society, civilization, life itself are all worthless and should be destroyed. It may be difficult for us to grasp such a motivation, but it's just as real when the bombs go off.

Whether or not one chooses to believe that a terrorist-precipitated Armageddon is about to take place here, the notion has gained some currency in the Reagan Administration. The problem is that the Administration has responded to the terrorist threat as a convenient public-relations tool instead of a problem in need of solutions.

Kupperman gives the background: "In part, it was terrorism that cost Carter the Presidency. When the Iranians took over the U.S. Embassy, he failed to act. After one week, it was already too late. Then it went on for a year. The final ignominy took place in the desert where a rescue attempt failed before it even got under way. All that was left then was the rug bazaar: negotiating the price for the release of the hostages. For the terrorists, it was complete victory."

In the wake of that political debacle, the Reagan Administration needed a new public-relations tool—a banner, as it were. Human rights wouldn't do, primarily because it was old and was associated with the Carter Administration. And anything associated with the Carter Administration seemed to carry with it the lingering smell

(continued on page 171)



*two marilyns, both titleholders in mrs. america competitions,
are winning wives in our book, too*

MEET THE MRS.

THE TWO WOMEN atop this page are married. Between them, they've cooked more than 8000 meals, changed more than 3000 diapers and washed several tons of clothes. And aren't they lovely? Look at their eyes. See the shyness. And the experience. In many ways, they are the best of American womanhood. The Mrs. America Pageant annually celebrates the beauty of women such as these, and both Marilyn Griffin (above left) and Marilyn Parver (above right) were sent to the finals in Las Vegas by (text continued on page 96)

Marilyn Griffin (above left) and Marilyn Parver (above right) were Mrs. Oklahoma and Mrs. Georgia in 1980 and 1981, respectively. Both went to the Mrs. America Pageant in Las Vegas (below), and though neither took first place, both win with us.



MRS. OKLAHOMA

In Las Vegas for the annual Mrs. America Pageant, Marilyn Griffin met and became friends (Platonic, of course) with singer Wayne Newton, pictured with her at left. Below, Marilyn shares her Mrs. Oklahoma laurels with (from left to right) son Matthew, 13, husband Bobby, daughter Mendy, seven, and son Michael, 11.



Below left, Marilyn does a mean cotton-eyed Joe with her husband at Willie's in Tulsa, where she won a Tight-Fitting Jeans contest several months ago. At bottom left, she cheers on her football hero, Matt, who plays for Tulso's Nimitz Junior High School. When she was crowned Mrs. Oklahoma back in 1980 (bottom right), she was all smiles.



MRS. GEORGIA

In the photo below, Marilyn Porver is a newly crowned Mrs. Georgia. If you think her make-up looks great, it's no surprise, since she's a professional make-up artist, shown working (at right) in her popular Atlanta salon, Indulgence. (Note the photos of two of her celebrity clients, Gerald Ford and Linda Evans.)



After a day's work, Marilyn still has the energy to horse around with her daughters, Shana, six, and Kelly McHale, four (right), and go for a romantic walk with her advertising-and-public-relations-executive husband, Michael (below right).



Marilyn, named Mrs. Congeniality in the national pageant, no doubt deserved it. She did most of the other women's make-up. Above, she boogies at Atlanta's Limelight Disco: "I used to be real straight, but I've gotten wilder with age."



MRS. OKLAHOMA

their respective home states. So meet Mrs. Oklahoma 1980 and Mrs. Georgia 1981. And have a little respect. These are mothers. And working mothers at that. Marilyn Griffin, 36, is the current director of the Mrs. Oklahoma Pageant and is a model. You've probably seen two national television commercials she appeared in during the past year—for American Airlines (she's the lady who steps out of a cab and greets the sky cap) and Coca-Cola (she gives the rodeo winner his trophy and a smile). Marilyn Parver, 30, is a make-up artist who, besides owning and operating (with a partner) Indulgence, a popular Atlanta beauty salon, has also been a make-up consultant for Warner Bros. Pictures, Paramount Pictures and television's Emmy-award show. The list of celebrities whose faces her hands have known intimately is too long to print here, but it includes Jack Lemmon, John Wayne, Sidney Poitier, David Cassidy, Gary Coleman, Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Paul Newman, Warren Beatty, Bette Davis, Lucille Ball, Dudley Moore and Muhammad Ali. Oh, yes—and Rosalynn Carter, who drives



all the way from Plains to indulge herself at Indulgence. Mrs. Parver is well traveled, bilingual (she lived in South America for most of her childhood) and shares with Marilyn Griffin an apparently boundless enthusiasm for each of her roles as wife, mother and businesswoman—and, of course, the official state Mrs. "It's fun to go around Georgia in my miniskirt and high heels," she says, "and

"It's hard to stay in shape. I'm always on a diet and I work out every day. When you're—shall we say—mature, it's harder to fight the sags and the bags. After all, gravity begins to take over." In the pictures on this page and at right, shapely Marilyn proves that gravity hasn't taken her over.





MRS. GEORGIA

have people say, incredulously, 'You're Mrs. Georgia?'—to which I reply, 'Yep. And I'm a great cook and I scrub a mean bathroom, too.'"

As representatives of our most cherished and maligned institution, both Marilyn's are ideal—first of all, because they're deeply enamored of their husbands and, second, because they make being a mother sound more fun than headache. "I promised my husband I would give him a child before he was 40," says Marilyn Parver, whose spouse is 15 and a half years older than she, "and I did. It was so much fun, I decided to do it again. I was the proudest pregnant woman in the world."

And Marilyn Griffin sounds like one of those wonderful mothers you may think live only in television sitcoms when she says, "I enjoy going to every baseball, football or soccer game my boys play in. They're wonderful athletes, like their father."

Both women express (concluded on page 210)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR / DAVID MCEY



"I have to be honest about why I'm doing this. I don't need the money. I have a good career. I already know famous people and I don't want a movie career. Obviously, I'm not looking for a husband. No, the main reason I'm doing this is pure ego. I want to get the best possible photographic record of how I looked before my body fell apart. Nice to remember when you're 65, right?" Right, Marilyn.



ANCIENT EVENINGS

fiction by
**NORMAN
MAILER**

*i delighted in the pharaoh's
foolish decision to
leave me alone with his queen*

part two

SYNOPSIS: *In part one, Menenhetet, the Governor of the royal harem, and Honey-Ball, a little queen, successfully conspired to harm the Pharaoh.*

LATER THAT NIGHT, after Usermare had mounted the bodies of each of the eight little queens, He became at last as calm as the waters of a pond and dressed with me, and we walked together in the gardens hand in hand. He had not been so calm in a long time. "I have lived in much indecision for many months," He said, "but tonight it has come to an end. Tomorrow, you will begin to serve as Companion of the Right Hand of Nefertiri, for you belong in My First Queen's Palace. You have the wisdom to serve Her well, and serve Me ever better." He nodded, as if the greatest wisdom was His own. "You will stay close to Nefertiri. You will not leave Her. If word should come that I am dead, you must slay Her where She stands."

Now He kissed me. "Kill Her," He said, "even if Her guards make certain that you are dead in the next instant."

I bowed. The dawn was as lovely to me as the thought of my own life. "That is the best death for you," He said. "You will be able to accompany Me in the Golden Boat."

He was my King. So I did not dare to say that I might wander in the Land of the Dead and not be welcomed by Him on any boat. I merely bowed again.

I cannot be certain now if the face I see before me when I think of Nefertiri is indeed the one I used to love when I knew what it was to desire a woman so com-





pletely that there was longing for Her even in the ends of my toes, as if like a tree I could draw strength from the earth. I know Her face, yes, and yet as I remember Her now, She is not unlike Honey-Ball. She was not fat, of course, yet, all the same, She was a voluptuous woman, at least in the season I knew Her, and the face of Nefertiri, like the face of Honey-Ball, had the fine short nose, the same wondrous curved lips whose warmth was like a fruit and tender in expression or merry or cruel as the whim would take Her. Of course, Nefertiri's hair was dark and lustrous like no other woman's, and Her eyes belonged to a goddess. They were deep in color, purple as the royal dye that comes from the shores of Tyre and they spoke of the wealth of royalty itself, as if one were forever staring into the late evening sky. That is how I remember Her, and yet I cannot be certain it is Her fine face I see, or only what I recollect.

I remember on the morning when I first entered the Throne Room of Nefertiri in Her Palace of the Royal Wife and there was introduced to Her Court as Companion of the Right Hand, that the sunlight was entering from the open pillars behind Her, and dazzled my eyes as it glittered over every carved lion and cobra of the carvings of Her golden throne.

Let me say that I had been passed quickly by Her sentries into Her Presence itself. My new rank, of obvious and considerable worth in Her Court, opened gate for me after gate, and I went through a great pair of double doors into the gold and splendor of Her great room. I was prepared to be blinded by the light from the throne—the little queens who could inform you of everything they never saw, had told me much about the splendor of the light in the morning when She sat by the Eastern bank of columns, but I was not prepared to grow faint. I had spent so many hours with Usermare that I thought my feet would be steady before Her Presence. It was not so. I threw myself on my belly and kissed the marble, which was the accepted ceremony then, as now, for that first occasion when you are presented in court to the Great Two-House or His Consort but on that first meeting, my teeth rattled against the stone. I was in the presence of a being near to the Hidden One. I can only say that as I threw myself down, a cloud came over, and my sight failed, the river of my sweat came forth, and my heart—then I understood what

they meant by the expression—was no longer in my bosom; no, it flew out.

"Rise up, noble Menenhetet," were the first gracious words of the Queen Nefertiri to me, but my limbs were like water when there is no force of a wave, only the weight, and yet, as if I must learn to climb the steepest cliffs, so did I raise my head and our looks met in the silence.

That gave me much strength. I had heard from the little queens of the remarkable color of Her eyes and was prepared, except that there is no way to be ready to look into the last of the royal evening light. The beauty of the color gave me strength even as a dying man knows happiness when offered the petals of a rose. So our eyes met, and I lived with Her in all that perturbation of the Nile when it is divided by an island, just so great a change did Her eyes of indigo make in me, but then we did not merely greet one another, and step back into ourselves, but met like two clouds of different hue traveling on different winds and there was much dancing in the air between. Her face and body were in this first instant like a mosaic of sparkling stones—I could not even see Her whole, but I knew I loved Her, and would serve Her, and be Her true Companion of the Right Hand. A happiness came into Her eyes, and She laughed with a sweet peal of rollicking laughter, as if, behold, it would be a better day than all the signs had foretold.

We did not speak much more on that occasion. I made my presentations in a low voice full of respect, and, in such a situation, with what is better than respect, offered by my voice a not-all-controlled quiver of admiration for Her beauty, so spoke my tones. Then, I stood up and gave what was, for a charioteer who had risen from the ranks, a noble bow so full of the grace and manner of—I was to learn it just then—of a particular nome, that the Queen asked, "Are you, dear new friend Menenhetet, from Sais?"

"No, Great Consort of the King, but I have lived among the people of Sais."

"And it is said that some of the little queens are from Sais."

I bowed. I had no answer. I was too confused. Indeed, I cannot tell you how many courtiers were in the room, whether five or fifteen, I saw only Her and myself. Later that day when the House of a Royal Companion was assigned to me and I saw the gold of my chairs and tables and wardrobe chests, my new clothes of linen, and gold bracelets, and the faience of my new chest-plate, each piece of the thousand and one pieces of blue stone limned with an edge of gold, and when I smelled the choice perfumes delivered to me by the bounty of the King—or was it from Nefertiri Herself?—when I surveyed my new servants—all five—and passed through the gracious rooms of my new house, seven rooms in full, my kitchen, my dining room,

my receiving room for guests, my own room for meditation and ablutions, my bedroom, and the two small rooms at the end to hold my five servants, my cook, my keeper of the keys, my groom, a gardener, and last, my major-domo, I knew I was now blessed with more rank than General or Governor, and no longer lived in a small house but a large one.

Yet by the conclusion of my first few days, I was as vexed as a sail when the wind blows by both sides. If the palace of Nefertiri lived in all the brilliance of sunlight upon gold, I could not say the same for Her people. Her Officers were inferior men, Generals you would not trust with a command, Governors who governed no longer (like myself!) and a former Vizier who now reeked of *kolobi* and told long stories of his provident decisions in the early reign of Usermare. Her Maids, once beautiful, were no younger than Herself. Their minds, as I came to know them, were narrow and connected only to the fortune of their Queen, their own families, and their entertainments. Yet they knew less of arts and refinements than the little queens—it is obvious to me even as I speak that I lose the passage of the days for one does not learn that much about a court so quickly, yet I believe my years in the army were of use. When I was General it took no more than an hour's visit to a new command before I could form one indispensable opinion: The troops were ready, or too weak for my purpose. I saw much luxury in my first hours in Her court, and the subtle manners of many aristocrats were displayed, but I also knew that Usermare need not fear Her people—ambition was twisted here upon itself, and honor was sour. These courtiers would worry more about what they might lose than ever they would dream of the rewards that boldness might gain. No plot could come forth here. In truth, they did nothing but gossip, and I heard again every story I had heard among the little queens, although in Her Court, these stories were told with those little details that can be more dear than ornaments themselves, and are presented to one another like gifts. So in the Palace of Nefertiri, I heard more of Rama-Nefru than of the First Queen, and if I was told on the first visit to my house by the former Vizier who drank *kolobi*, that Nefertiri made much mockery of Rama-Nefru because She wore nothing but blond wigs, I also learned that Nefertiri had been forced to discover by the boasts of Usermare Himself—and on the night the soup was spilled!—that Rama-Nefru's own hair was also blond between Her thighs. No man had ever seen a sight like that. On hearing this truth, Nefertiri had burned every blond wig in Her wardrobe. Here the Vizier did not continue, but only closed one wise, sad, much-dimmed eye and opened it with a wink. "The head of

Rama-Nefru will yet be as bald as mine," he murmured.

That was the first visit paid to me, and others followed. Where the decorum in the Gardens of the Secluded was so great that I never touched a little queen's hand, but for the one I did, here I could have had five men's wives in as many days, and they had arts for seduction. It is the only sport left to those who grow no more beautiful. Needless to say, they were adept at finding the poisonous point of their gossip. So, Nefertiri was always hearing of the youth and beauty of Rama-Nefru, or how He Who used to speak of Nefertiri as She-Who-Sees-Horus-and-Set was using the same words now for Rama-Nefru. The lady who told me this, gave a low wail at the horror of living with Nefertiri afterward.

Now, my duty as Companion of the Right Hand was to be near the Queen. It was understood that I must accompany Her whenever She left the Palace, which was not every day, although often enough, for She delighted to search out rare sanctuaries throughout Thebes. Unlike Usermare, She was not only dedicated to Amon, but to gods revered in other cities, as Ptah in Memphi, or Thoth in Khnum, not to speak of the great worship of Osiris in Adydos, but these gods also had their little temples here with their loyal priests, often in the meanest places—at the back of a muddy lane with the children so ignorant they did not bow their heads nor express any sign of awe, but merely goggled their eyes. If the lane was too narrow for Her palanquin, She still promenaded on Her fine feet and golden sandals to the very bottom of the alley, there to have Her toes washed by the priests of this shabby little temple of—be it—Hathor or Bestet or Khonsu, or in finer quarters down broad avenues, past the gates of mansions with their own pillars, sentries, and privately commissioned small stone sphinxes, we might pass through the slender marble columns of a "divine little temple," as She expressed it, to pay homage to Mut, Consort to Amon, or to the temple of Sais-in-Thebes, which revered the strange goddess Neit. I found it hard to follow, all these temples of Ombos-in-Thebes, and Edfu-in-Thebes, Dedu-of-the-Delta-in-Thebes, or the temple of Ptah-in-Apis, which worshiped the god as He appeared in the body of the bull Apis. I had much to keep me busy with these temples.

Afterward, She would shop. We would travel with Her guard behind us, and stop to visit a jeweler or a dressmaker, but these visits to fine quarters of the market interested Her less than the dirty little shrines, and I thought I understood how She wished to seduce the allegiance of every god. All the same, I suffered on these trips. As Her Companion, I was Her protector, and if in the true privacy of my

(continued on page 188)



BARTENDERS' SECRETS

the inside tips on how to create tasty concoctions just like the pros do

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

BY AND LARGE, civilian bartenders handle the cocktail shaker deftly, whipping up creditable cocktails and coolers for themselves and friends. But homemade potables occasionally lack the elusive nuances that savvy pros impart to their offerings. Understandable. Your typical weekend golfer doesn't knock his tee shot 300 yards down the middle of the fairway à la Jack Nicklaus, either. Fortunately for the entertaining host, it's a lot easier to raise one's hospitality

quotient than to lower one's golf score. So what you have on these pages is a cram course in bartender smarts. It starts with an introduction to such exotic drink ingredients as passion-fruit nectar, Falernum, orgeat and Bermuda-sherry peppers—which are a part of a serious barkeep's arsenal. This is supplemented by a searching study of insiders' wiles: the arcane lore that canny barmen acquire with years of experience and guard zealously. Luckily, a number of the more gifted stick men have *(concluded on page 160)*

PALMER vs. PALMER

*as this matchless pitcher
of baseballs and briefs
begins his 18th major-league
season, the toughest rival
he faces is himself*



personality By TOM BOSWELL

IN THE Jockey ad, half of Jim Palmer's princely, brooding face is fully lighted, the other half is masked in shadow. This chiaroscuro portrait, intended only to sell underwear, comes alarmingly close to capturing the man. Or, rather, it hints at how elusive a clear view of the dichotomous Palmer can be.

Ever since he pitched a shutout in the world series 17 years ago at the age of 20, beating Sandy Koufax in Koufax' final game, Palmer has been as glamorous, as bright, as gifted and as public a figure as baseball has had to offer. Yet today, he forlornly describes himself as so "completely misunderstood" that he has given up hope of ever being appreciated fully. His teammates go further, doubting whether anybody fathoms the consistently contradictory Palmer—least of all Palmer. In one breath, his fellow Baltimore Orioles call him a true Hall of Famer; in the next, they denigrate him as a hypochondriac, a borderline paranoiac, a prima donna and even a quitter.

Outside the clubhouse, the inner circle of baseball, Palmer is regarded as one of the dozen greatest hurlers the sport has ever seen. Even his remarkable baseball resurrection last season—a 15-5 record, 11 victories in a row, runner-up in the American League's Cy Young voting—seems, in retrospect, just another step in his inevitable stroll to Cooperstown. After all, this man is fifth in *history* in 20-win seasons (eight) and earned-run average (2.79); he owns three Cy Young awards and the best winning percentage (.645) of any active pitcher.

To the public eye, a glance at Palmer is a glimpse of the all-American ideal made manifest: a certified major-league master who is, as well, a sensationally handsome ABC sportscaster, male model and national sex symbol. This Palmer stands

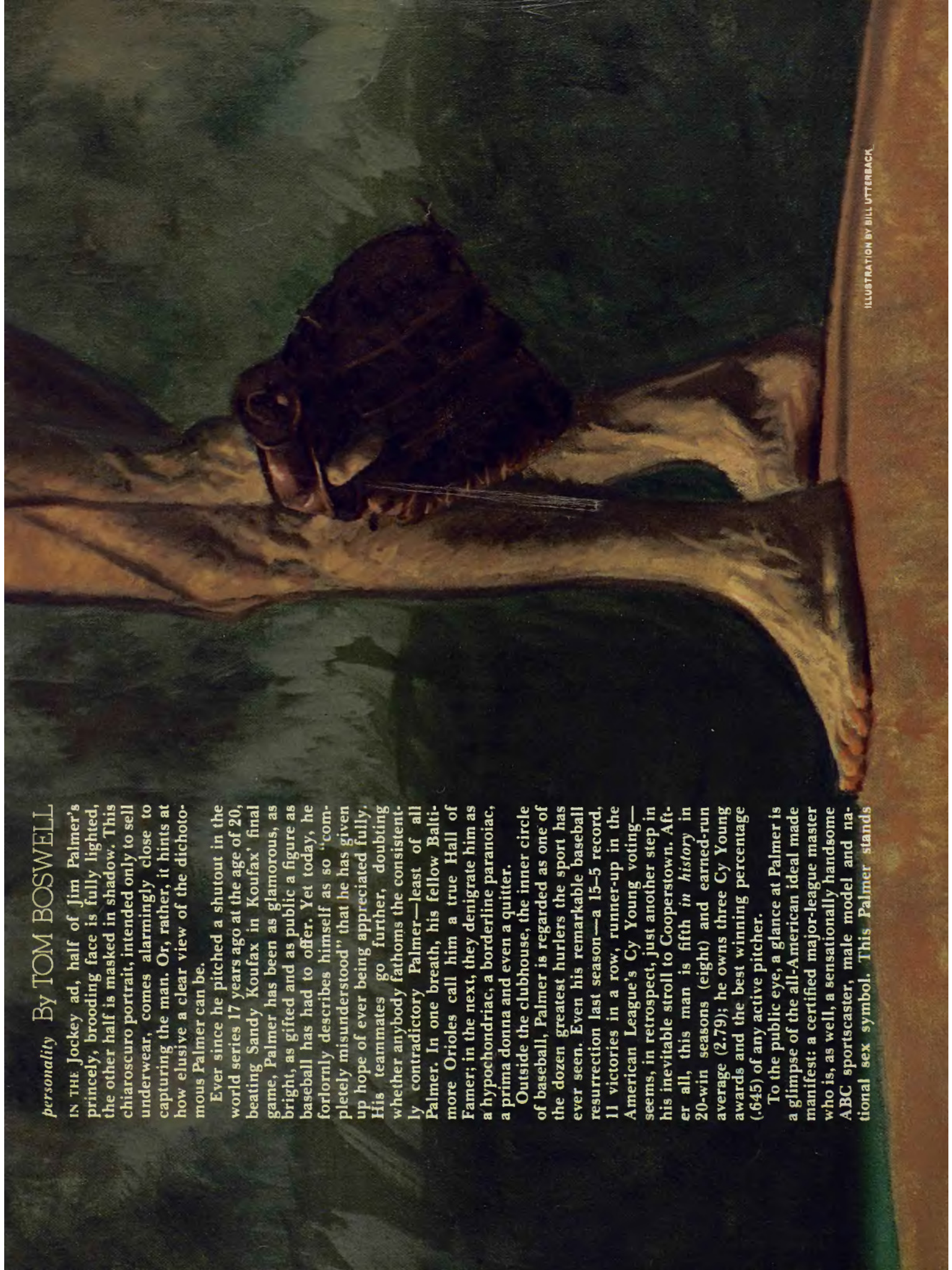


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

for elegance and sophistication: the embodiment of natural gifts, both athletic and personal. He stands, in short, for perfection.

Strange as it may seem in an age of manufactured images and cynical opportunists, all the buttery praise for Palmer is basically true. His courtesy and common touch are rare and, as such things go, genuine. He gives his time—some would say squanders it—to charities both famous and obscure. As though that weren't enough, he is a doting father to his two teenaged daughters and a man of principles so lofty as to seem almost anachronistic. He has never gone free agent and, consequently, plays for a salary that is half that of players who've had half his career. He's scrupulously clean-living: Some ballplayers snort coke; Palmer won't even drink one. Unpretentious in his clothes, car and home, honest to a fault, fanatically punctual and responsible, he is old-fashioned and moral.

At 37, Palmer should be basking in the glow of a brilliant career, taking the bows that feel best to an athlete as he faces the curtain of age. But always, for Palmer, with the spotlight have come the shadows. Instead of savoring those final bows, he says, "I'm tired of opening letters that say, 'Go to hell, Palmer.'" Every day, he faces fans and teammates who feel deeply ambivalent toward him. To some Orioles, he's an acquired distaste. In the past six years, there has been more backbiting of Palmer than of all other Orioles combined. The recurrent criticism, from such players as Rick Dempsey, Doug DeCinces, Mark Belanger and Ken Singleton, is that Palmer has great gifts but has often been *hors de combat* at the first sign of pain or pique. "Palmer has earned the right to be a hero here," Orioles general manager Hank Peters once said. "It's a shame he isn't one. He's badly damaged his reputation in this community." In Memorial Stadium, where catcalls are rare, the players most often booed are Reggie Jackson, who defected to New York, and Palmer, who has won 263 games for Bal'mer.

The sudden shifting of light and shadow in Palmer's life was never more apparent than on the morning of the last regular-season game of 1982. Baltimore—the town that booed him and the team that doubted him—needed Palmer more than at any other time in the club's history. The Orioles had won 33 of 43 games to tie Milwaukee for first place on the season's next-to-last day. Before the final game, the Orioles suggested that Palmer take a cortisone shot in his shoulder, which, that week, had become sore. With a pennant, a season at stake, many pitchers would have taken the shot without hesitation. Palmer balked. "I'd never taken a shot *the day of a game*," he explained reasonably, "though I'd taken them the day before. I didn't want to take that chance."

The Orioles didn't press, partly because they've come to believe that pregame excuses are essential to Palmer. As teammate Al Bumbry puts it, "When Jimmy's got his alibis all lined up, he's tough to beat."

This time, Palmer lost.

He was stunned not only by the 10-2 defeat but also by a 15-minute standing ovation after the game, which left him and many others in tears. That same night, just hours after the most disheartening loss of his career—and the most precious ovation—Palmer flew 3000 miles to Los Angeles so that he could see his orthopedic specialist the next morning.

As is so often the case when orthopedists examine sore joints, the doctor would find nothing wrong.

Was this coast-to-coast medical trek the neurotic act of a hypochondriac or the kind of farsighted wisdom that allows a pitcher to win 300 major-league games?

If, upon considering the Palmer conundrum, the answer comes clear to you, call the Baltimore Orioles. They've wanted to know for 19 years.

•

Jim Palmer, as it happens, is one great, unresolved dialectic in which every thesis is coupled with an antithesis—and not a synthesis in sight. Any list of his conspicuous qualities turns out to be a recitation of opposites. Palmer's inability to reach a synthesis in almost any area of his life is what makes him so baffling to his colleagues. This is a guy who has gotten on a few nerves. Within the baseball world, the glossy view of Palmer—his public image—is seen as a sort of strange joke. To his peers, he's an all-star eccentric who is pitied or clucked over protectively as often as he is envied. Yet, in the long run, it is his determined complexity, his refusal to embrace shabby compromises and blunted principles, that gives him dimension.

Glimpse him in transit and he seems megamellow. During the season, he regularly takes a dugout seat where he can work on his tan. In warm-ups, he lopez where others run. In or out of uniform, his motion is languid, his voice relaxed, his movements deliberate, confident.

"I'm easygoing," he says, sitting in the spotless, stylish living room of his suburban Baltimore home. If *Gentlemen's Quarterly* comes by for a photo spread, he won't have to put a single sock in a hamper. The house, like every obvious manifestation of the man, is ready for a full-dress inspection. Asked to describe how Palmer played golf, his longtime manager and nemesis, Earl Weaver, said, "How do you think? Like he does everything else—perfectly." If Palmer seems easygoing, it may be because that's how a "perfect" person should appear. In fact, he's completely manic, known, among other things, for mowing his lawn at six A.M. "I'm really hyper," the "easygoing"

Palmer says sheepishly.

Spending a lazy off-season afternoon in his house is like being trapped in a Rube Goldberg cartoon that's gone haywire. In three hours, the phone rings nearly 20 times. Each time, Palmer answers it before the second ring so his message machine can't take control. Every call delights him. He's polite and amusing, inventing comic voices to deceive friends. He confirms appointments, makes appointments, critiques past appointments ("It was *supposed* to be terrific. You wouldn't have had me if you didn't think it would be terrific"). The front door stays unlocked, because Palmer is in heaven when, while talking on the phone to one person and being interviewed by another, he can lean around the corner and welcome somebody else into the house.

First, Paula, his girlfriend of long standing, drops by. She's a businesswoman, smart and not particularly deferential toward him.

"How'd you like the Mozart I left?" she asks.

"Not much," says Palmer.

"Great taste," she says.

She's slim, blonde and healthy-beautiful but makes no attempt to be flashy. She wears jeans and knee boots—the rubber kind you wear to work in the yard.

"Just write good stuff about my pal," she says.

"That'll be the day," says Palmer.

Next to appear are his daughters, whom he calls the apples of his eye. Kelly, 13, plops herself onto his lap, and Jamie, 16, makes a split-second decision to join her father on his trip to California the following week. The girls will be back later for dinner, which Palmer can't wait to cook. That, like gardening, is among his ardently pursued diversions from baseball.

Although he is a believer in the close-knit, old-fashioned family, Palmer got married at 18 and, in what is surely the most easily comprehensible of broken marriages, has found that he and his wife have grown apart. Talk of a divorce has gone on for years, but nothing has ever been settled. So, wanting to give his daughters love while allowing both himself and his wife some freedom, he has bought a house on the other side of the hill from theirs. An unusual arrangement, but decent.

"My wife and I have been married for 19 years," says Palmer, mulling over the stress fracture in his family life. "It got to a point where neither of us could be our own person. But many of those 19 years were very happy ones. I don't really see my marriage as a failure.

"The kids know that they're loved; my wife did an excellent job of preparing them so they'd look at me as their father and not as a celebrity, the way other people do. They know there isn't anything in the
(continued on page 166)



"All right! I'll make brunch."



SUSIE SCOTT SUGGESTED THAT WE MEET for dinner at La Caille at Quail Run, a cross between a restaurant and a country estate that lies at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, outside Salt Lake City. She had posed for some of the pictures here (the ones with the swans) on the grounds and felt at home. We were shown to a table next to a huge fireplace. Susie introduced us to Stephen Wayda, the Utah-based photographer who had discovered her, as well as our Miss March, Alana Soares. We talked shop for a while. Susie was gracious and enthusiastic. "I can't believe the caliber of people I've met at PLAYBOY. The experience has been great. In fact, I'm thinking of doing it again. I'm going to cut my hair short, dye it black, change my name, lose my accent and try out for Playmate all over again. Think it will

108 *"What would you like to know about me? I'm very independent. I love to run, read and travel. I'm a vegetarian. I love people, horseback riding, cross-country skiing; I like attention; and I like to be busy all the time. I like modeling. Enough?"*



Love at First Byte

introducing susie scott, software specialist



work?" It's a novel idea, but we told Susie that our readers never forget a face. And we would hate to see her lose her delightful Southern accent. Susie, who was raised in Alabama, moved to Salt Lake City only three years ago, but already she has made an impression. "Months before the magazine was due to come out, the local TV stations had already called me for interviews. One TV reporter asked me what my family thought about my becoming a Playmate. I told him that at the beginning, I didn't tell my parents. Steve and I did the shootings on my lunch hour. When I had to go away on location for a weekend, I told my parents I was going camping. Once it was official, I broke the news. They are now quite proud. And the attitude of the Utah people has been fantastic." Initially, there *was* some conflict: "My parents are very religious. I come from

Above, Susie gives us a shot of her personal best. "I don't think that men are intimidated by a competitive woman. They know that I take care of my body." Below, Susie warms up for a ten-kilometer race in Liberty Park: "It's hard to win when you're trying to be photogenic."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



Alabama, the second most religious state in the country. I live in Utah, which is the most religious state in the country. My parents belong to the Church of Christ, which is a fundamentalist church, akin to Southern Baptist. I am religious. All of my life I was dictated to—dos and don'ts. But I've met people who do the things I was told not to do—people who are nice, who are worthy of respect. It was a revelation. I've changed my attitude. If you feel something is wrong and do it anyway, that's hypocritical. If you were against nudity and posed for *PLAYBOY*, that would be wrong. But to someone else, it's not a question of right or wrong. Is that clear? I don't feel that this is inconsistent." Susie is thoughtful, reasonable. She is one of our few Utah Playmates, but she is our first Playmate to be a computer whiz—perhaps an even greater distinction. "I started work for Libra Programming when I was 16. I do some data entry, but, for the most part, I deal with operating



At work (above) and at play (left and top). "Steve and I were out on a shoot when we saw these rock-climbers. It was the first time I'd ever done rappelling. I did it five times. It was great."

"I'm kind of partial to these photographs because I had so much fun doing them. They're supposed to show me the way I might have been in Alabama. Au naturel. Relaxed, for sure. No inhibitions. It's a bit of a contrast to the rock-climbing shots, don't you think? At least I'm not out there risking my life."









"What are my fantasies? Most of my fantasies are very sensuous. I love being in love. I love loving. My goal is to have someday a monogamous marriage, with bright, beautiful children."

support contracts that help clients figure out their machines. Libra has been a great place to work. They've given me the time off to pursue the PLAYBOY thing, to see what it holds. I am free to fly off for a shooting without fear of losing my job." Susie is not your typical computer person—she made us rethink our attitude about people in the profession. "One of the guys, who works for IBM, brought his 13-year-old son around to meet me—his first Playmate. The son even wrote me a letter. I was flattered." As dinner progressed, she told us more about her background. "My father is a quality-assurance manager for General Telephone & Electronics. When we lived in Alabama, he built a house on 27 acres. It was a perfect childhood. We boarded horses, had a kennel, cows, a large pond for fishing. I was raised in the backwoods. I thought I would never learn to drive. Moving to Salt Lake, to my first big city, was a big change. Utah is a physical state. There are mountains, lakes, deserts—there's always something to do. In Alabama, you had to make your own fun." Like what? "What do you think? No, wait a minute, that doesn't sound right. I went fishing. I played in the woods, I became interested in men. I just love men to death,



"I'm not shy to the point that anyone could tell. But the more of a challenge a man is, the more inhibited I feel. I don't want someone wrapped around my finger. It's nice to feel that you have to try to keep him. It keeps you on your toes."



probably even more so now that I'm older and can appreciate them. I pick my friends rather carefully. I'd rather have five close friends than 50." Nowadays, Susie makes most of her friends through sports. She is a serious runner. Her typical day: "Six A.M., wake up. A half hour of stretching exercises. Run four to five miles, then breakfast. Eight to five, work. Six to 6:30, rest. Six-thirty to ten, visit friends or read." Her definition of free time may include a five-mile jog up Emigration Canyon or around one of the parks in downtown Salt Lake City.

Dinner at La Caille is winding down. Susie picks up the dessert menu—two dozen items that have a caloric content equal to the gross national debt. She has tasted every one and has her favorites. You look again, do a double take: There are benefits to burning 600 calories an hour, every day. All that roadwork allows true indulgence—or, rather, guilt-free satisfaction—in other areas. Health precedes hedonism. Keeping fit for the feast. Susie expresses some disappointment that when she visited Playboy Mansion West she witnessed the first Playmate Play-offs but could not participate because she was not yet officially a Playmate. "I have never been around so many women in such fine shape." Look for her in next year's play-offs, and place your money accordingly.



MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

References pgs.

118, 119, 120



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Susie Scott

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-63 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego

AMBITIONS: to be rich, famous and beautiful when I grow up

TURN-ONS: diamonds & furs; vintage champagne; faster horses; traveling & going home

TURN-OFFS: heartache

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind; Arthur; E.T. and Raiders of the Lost Ark

FAVORITE FOODS: flying-fish roe with raw quail eggs; peanut butter & jelly sandwiches

FAVORITE PLACE: Utah; wherever my heart is

IDEAL EVENING: cooking dinner at home, snuggling by the fire & someone else cleaning

BIGGEST JOY: being in love; winning; and children

1 1/2 yrs old



my 1st set of wheels



Third Grade

16 yrs. old.



I'm gonna be a Playmate someday!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It's generally agreed that it was the youth vote that swung the election in your favor," said the interviewer. "Tell me, how did you manage to get so many young people to go to the polls?"

"It was simple," replied the crafty politician. "I got the word out that voting booths were a brand-new video game."

Underground literary footnote: The little boy whose nuts grew every time he told a lie was, of course, named Pistachio.



After providing rather mediocre service to the wealthy widow, the handsome stud was distressed when she tried to pay him with a check. He grudgingly accepted the payment, then exclaimed, "Hey, this isn't a check. It's only the stub!"

"That makes us even," the woman replied.

*Nympho Venus, who hailed from Salinas,
Had a thing for a medical penis.*

*When M.D.s gave her shots,
It would heighten her hots,
And a doc might then shoot intra-Venus.*

You know, Max," the New York dress manufacturer remarked to his business partner, "that zaftig, brassy new receptionist, Miss Feuer, certainly throws herself at men."

"Like it says, Julius," responded Max, "where there's schmuck, there's Feuer."

I have some quite bad news for you," the grade school principal advised the woman. "I personally overheard your sexually precocious daughter offering to . . . to . . . well, offering to do an F word with a boy in her class!"

"An F word? But we've told Mary Ruth never, never to use any four-letter words!" the girl's mother protested.

"That means I have some worse news for you," the principal continued. "The four-letter word she used has eight letters!"

There's only one thing hard in our life together," the aging tycoon's 22-year-old wife confided to her best friend, "and that's his hearing."

While I'm away on the Crusade, that horny, crafty jester will no doubt be up to something," the king told the royal armorer, "so I want you to make a chastity belt for the queen that's fool-proof."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fired fairy* as a canned fruit.

As a matter of fact," the woman in the bathrobe told the door-to-door salesman, "the man of the house was in until you began leaning on the bell!"

*Since my nieces are darlings," said Sid,
"I oblige them—I do what I'm bid."*

*As he tucked them in bed,
He asked, "What's to be read?"
"Uncle Remus!" they cried—so he did.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wet dream* as the winner of a damp-T-shirt contest.

The female roommates had distinctly different interests: One was an avid softball player; the other preferred sexual sports. On a certain evening, the former returned to their apartment from the park diamond just as the latter's current beau was leaving.

"How did your team do this time?" inquired the one with hot pants.

"Not too well," answered her roommate, the athlete. "We took a terrible pounding. How did you make out?"

"Much better," was the smiled reply. "My pounding was terrific."

Why did you divorce the marquis?" the ex-Marquise de Sade was asked.

"Beats me," she replied.

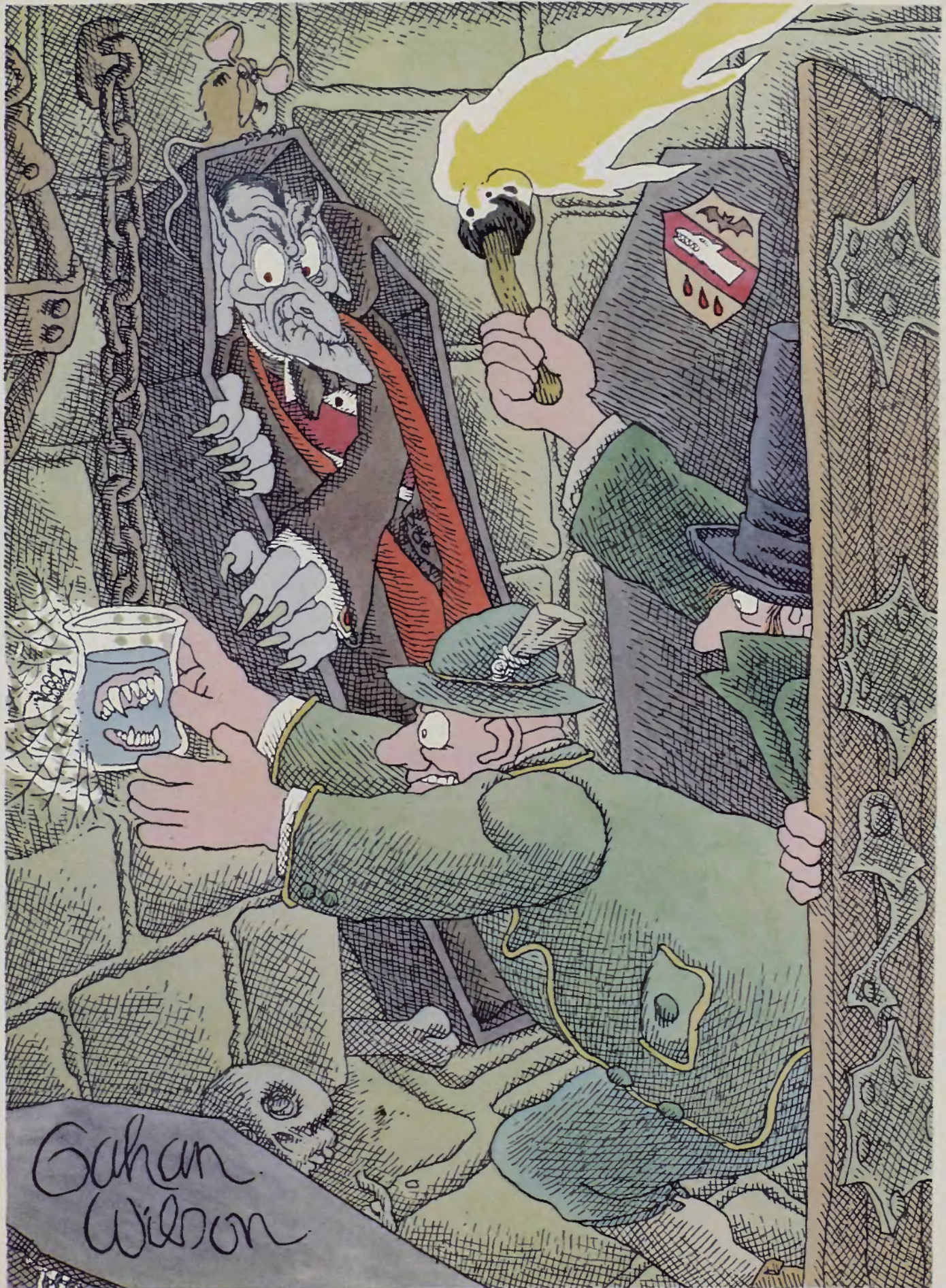


What good does it do to hear you claim that you have an open mind about intercourse," the frustrated husband snapped at his wife, "when the rest of you is closed to it?"

Y' know, sonny," cackled the raunchy old man to the adolescent, "many's the time I made out in the back of a Stutz Bearcat."

"Please, Great-grandpa!" said the youth. "I think kinky stuff with animals is gross!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



attire

By DAVID PLATT

YOUR WARDROBE is not all that dissimilar to your record collection: Through the years, you pass over the fads and come back to those things that touch the deepest chords of satisfaction. In music, The Modern Jazz Quartet qualifies as a contemporary classic. It has staying power—as evidenced by its recent regrouping. (The quartet broke up in 1974 after 22 years of great gigs.) The clothes the members model here also have staying power. Each outfit is a cornerstone upon which to build a wardrobe. Sure, these clothes are safe, but if you were a mountain climber, wouldn't you opt for a rigorous testing record in selecting ropes to get you to the top?

Near right: John Lewis, The Modern Jazz Quartet's pianist, wears a classic wool blazer, \$450, with an Argyle sweater vest, \$115, gabardine slacks, \$125, buttondown shirt, \$75, and a wool/silk tie, \$36, all by Maurice Einat. Drummer Connie Kay, next to Lewis, likes a tropical wool suit, by Ermenegildo Zegna for Barneys New York, \$695; a cotton/polyester shirt, by Hathaway for Barneys, \$28.50; and a silk tie, by Fendi for Barneys, \$42.50. Vibraphonist Milt Jackson's dinner jacket, by Kilgour, French and Stanbury for Barneys, \$525, also has good vibes, as do his formal shirt, about \$57, and silk/satin tie, \$15, both by After Six. Bass player Percy Heath's timeless threads include a linen sports jacket, about \$175, linen slacks, about \$80, both from Basco Sportswear by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh; a striped shirt, by Hathaway, about \$31.50; and a knit tie, by Henry Grethel, \$13.50.

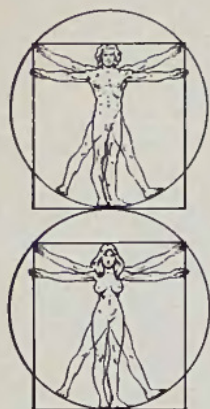


STAYING POWER

*fashion classics featuring the reunited
modern jazz quartet*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH



a continuing report on the state of the sexual union

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

part three

do bisexuals really double their chances of getting a date on saturday night? as with most questions brought up in this chapter, the answer is yes and no

In January 1982, PLAYBOY published a 133-item questionnaire that asked its readers to report on their sexual habits, attitudes and identities. More than 100,000 readers responded. We tabulated the results and ran an introductory article about them in our January 1983 issue.

We followed that in our March issue with an article that explored the effects of marital status on sexuality. We discovered significant differences in the sex lives of various groups: Single people differ from marrieds; marrieds differ from unmarried couples; people who live together differ from steady couples who haven't set up housekeeping. In that article, we reported that many social stereotypes about sex have been exploded by the sexual revolution, while some time-honored clichés still hold sway—with allowances for recent change.

This month, we turn to the world of sexual identity—possibly the most important factor in determining the differences in our changing sexual styles.

IN THE FIRST TWO articles in this series, we reported that the men and women we surveyed are surprisingly similar in their sexual behaviors and attitudes. But in

addition to setting up male-female comparisons, we asked each respondent to tell us his or her sexual identity. That question brought forth some fascinating information. It also led to some fervent discussions at PLAYBOY regarding heterosexuals, homosexuals and bisexuals. We're about to bring you into those discussions.

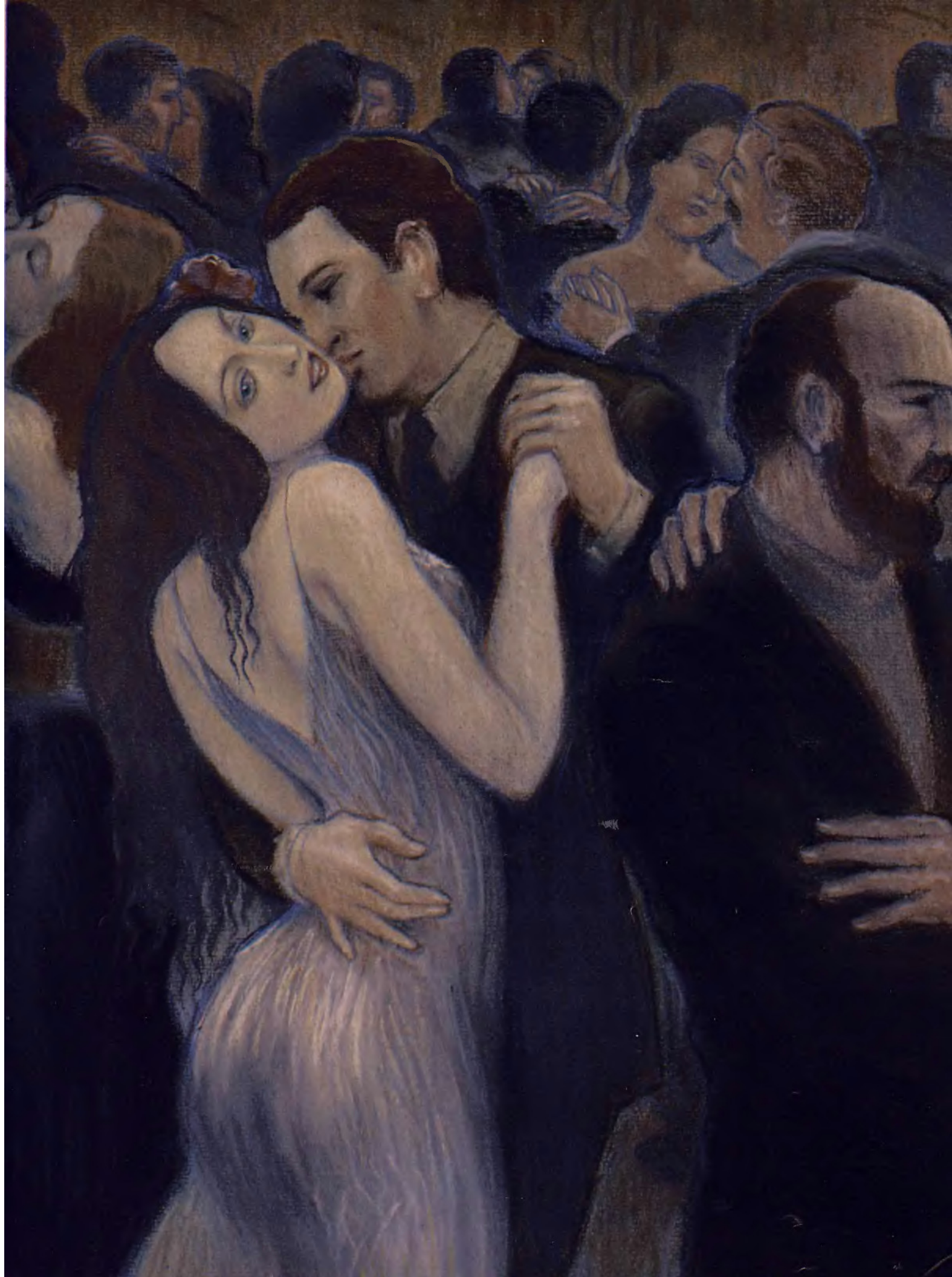
Are gay men more promiscuous than straights? Should homosexual men and women be lumped together, as they have been for so long? Is it true, to paraphrase Woody Allen, that being bisexual doubles your chances of getting a date on Saturday night?

We'll be talking in detail about sexual identities, secret and otherwise—about sexual supermen and sexual Clark Kents. We'll compare the heterosexuals we surveyed with the rest as we go along. You can make your own decisions.

Homosexuals and bisexuals make up a small part of our sample, but they are better represented here than in any other recent study. There are 1179 homosexuals—932 gay men and 247 lesbians—in our sample. There are 2786 bisexual men and 948 bisexual women. Compare those numbers with previous studies: For their

report *Homosexuality in Perspective*, Masters and Johnson studied 176 homosexual men and women, as well as six men and six women they called ambisexual. Shere Hite based her research on homosexuality on some 800 gay men and 144 lesbians. Bell, Weinberg and Hammersmith's fine 1981 report, *Sexual Preference*, was based on 979 gay men and lesbians and 477 straights in the San Francisco Bay Area. PLAYBOY's respondents come from all parts of the country. They represent every political, occupational and sexual persuasion. In addition, since their numbers are significant, we can use percentages to compare the gays and the bi's in our survey with the straights. Then we can draw relevant conclusions from what they've told us.

It's worth noting that the terms heterosexual, homosexual and bisexual ought to be used as adjectives, not as labels. There's a whole spectrum to sexuality; contemporary sex is too colorful to be thought of as a three-position game. At the conclusion of this article, we'll take a close look at what's called the Kinsey scale. It's the best representation we have of that sexual spectrum. For now, let's just say that when you call someone a homosexual it's like calling him



a left-hander. It's only part of what he is. We will occasionally bow to popular usage by using the terms as nouns. But we're referring to behavior, not to people. We've learned from this project that how people describe themselves is more important than how the world labels them.

Many sociologists believe that sexual behavior depends more on gender (whether you're a man or a woman) than on sexual identity (whether you're straight, gay or bi). That makes a kind of sense. You don't have to be Alex Comfort to know that a gay man's equipment is a lot more like a straight man's than like any woman's. But some take the idea even beyond behavior.

In 1981, in an article titled "What Homosexuals Want in Relationships," Letitia Anne Peplau wrote, "Whether one is a man or a woman has more to do with attitudes toward intimacy than sexual orientation does." There's some support for that in our study. We've certainly found it true for *some* attitudes people have about relationships. The women in our survey, for instance, generally feel that they communicate with their partners effectively. Fewer men think they do. Men of all orientations value good looks in a potential partner more than women do. Women—whether straight, bi or lesbian—are more likely than men to think sex outside a steady relationship will have dire consequences on the relationship. The women who answered our questionnaire value sexual fidelity more than the men do.

However, our results indicate a somewhat different over-all conclusion from the one at which Peplau arrived. There are striking differences between the behaviors and attitudes of gay men and lesbians. There are striking differences between those of bisexual men and bisexual women. But we found that *straights*—male and female alike—tend to congregate near the middle of the road. They're more traditional, more conservative, less likely to be sexual adventurers. They're in surprising agreement about sexual matters. So much so, in fact, as to throw suspicion on the theory that *gender* is what determines sexual attitudes and practices. Our conclusion is that sexual identity may be as important as any factor in understanding people's sexual lives.

We're going to examine those differences in behaviors and attitudes and see how sexual identity influences the lives of our respondents. We'll discuss gay men and lesbians later. First, let's go directly to the thick of things—where there may be more action than anywhere else.

BISEXUALS: BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER?

Bisexuality, as a concept, is as clear and useful as Jimmy Carter's foreign policy was. What does it mean? Is a person who has slept with at least one man and one woman a bisexual? If so, most of the gays out there are really bi's. Does a bisexual have to sleep with equal numbers of men and women? Then hardly anyone qualifies.

It is a strange and cloudy term. It overlaps other categories. A great many social scientists would just as soon do without it.

So what do we make of the 2786 men and the 948 women in our survey who call themselves bisexuals? Are they sexual half-breeds or just people who like to keep their options open?

In the first place, pure half-and-half bisexuality is very rare. The bisexuals tell us that they usually have sex with members of the opposite sex. Only occasionally do they have homosexual encounters. In fact, more than a third of them are married. Maybe the best way to characterize them is to say that there's a lot of fluidity in their behavior.

However infrequently they have it, most want gay sex to be an ongoing part of their lives. Only 16 percent of the bisexual men say their current experience is primarily gay. But 63 percent say they sometimes, or at least rarely, engage in gay sex. Twelve percent of the bi women say that their current experience is primarily lesbian. But 61 percent sometimes, or at least rarely, have lesbian sex. So not only do bisexuals *want* to keep their options open, most of them do so.

Does that mean Woody Allen had the right idea? Our answer must be a ringing "Sort of." Bi women do seem to double their chances. Bi men don't. More on that later.

The bisexual males we surveyed average 32 years of age. The bi females average 26. As we noted, there are more bi's than homosexuals among our respondents. There are many fewer bi's than straights.

Most of the bisexuals, like the rest of the PLAYBOY respondents, are a little better educated and a little more affluent than the norm.

Like all our other groups, they think love is life's main ingredient. We asked each respondent to list the things that are most crucial to his or her personal happiness. Fifty-one percent of the bi women and 31 percent of the bi men put love first. It's the top response overall among bisexuals, but it's not as strong a first choice for bi's as for our straight respondents. Bi men and women tend to value sex a little more highly than the other groups. They're close to straights in considering family life extremely important. Twenty-three percent of the bi men say that family life is their top priority, compared with 26 percent of the heterosexual men. Twenty-one percent of the bi women put family life at the top of the list, compared with 22 percent of the heterosexual women. (A smaller percentage of gay men and lesbians value family life so highly.)

Most of the bisexuals are active in both straight and gay sex. At the same time, 19 percent of the males and 18 percent of the females report *no* homosexual experience as adults. So why don't they say they're straight? Sometimes, such people are called *ideological bisexuals*: They believe that they are inherently bisexual but haven't had the chance to prove it yet.

In some ways, bisexuals seem to have staked out a middle ground between straights and homosexuals. That's the territory most people set aside for them. There's some support in our data for such a view. We'll look at the statistics shortly, but here are some generalities:

The bi's we surveyed have more adolescent homosexual experience than the straights. They have less, overall, than the gay men and the lesbians.

Bi women fake orgasms more than straight women but less than lesbians. Bi men fake more than straight ones but less than gay ones.

In these and other areas, the bisexuals reflect a combination of straight and gay experiences. Sometimes, behaviors average out in survey results and bi's wind up in the middle. But a bisexual is not just an amalgam of a straight person and a gay person. In fact, it's a mistake to think of all bisexuals as a (continued on page 136)



THE YEAR IN MOVIES

OBVIOUSLY, the year in movies belongs to Steven Spielberg, the head of that video/film conglomerate known as E.T. & T. *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* cost \$10,500,000 to make and roughly half that to sell. It opened June 15th and made \$11,900,000 the first weekend. *Show Business, the Insider's Newsletter* said, "Looks good, but it's no *Star Trek II*." Right. As an aside, we should point out that for most of Hollywood, movies that come quick are good news. Over the summer, we were treated to headlines in *Variety* that claimed that *Rocky III* had set a weekend record, selling more than \$16,000,000 worth of tickets in the first four days at 939 theaters. (In Hollywood, four days equal one weekend.) Other ads proclaimed *Star Trek II* the winner, with \$14,300,000 in three days. Who cares? According to *Show Business*, summer ticket sales were 1.4 billion



dollars, of which 25 percent was accounted for by *E.T.* and *Rocky III*. The top eight films of the summer did about half of the year's gross. For most of you, the summer in movies consisted of *E.T.*, *Rocky III*, *Star Trek II*, *Poltergeist*, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, *Annie*, *Firefox* and *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Christmas added 48 HRS., *Tootsie*, *Sophie's Choice* and *Gandhi*, a three-hour movie about the world's most famous vegetarian. If, by any chance, you still had some discretionary income, you could have treated yourself to some minor but magic pictures. Barbarians made a comeback in 1982. We liked

The Beastmaster, *The Sword and the Sorcerer* and *Conan the Barbarian*, which offers one magic moment when the witch has an orgasm, turns into a fireball and ricochets around the room. On second thought, that is not magic. Happens in

HEROES AND VILLAINS

We don't usually compete with the Oscars, but we can't resist giving Best Actress laurels to Dustin Hoffman for *Tootsie* (right). We look forward to the sequel, *Tootsie's Choice*. Another prize goes to the unknown actress in *Diner* (above right): The whole movie went by without our seeing the bride, who had to pass a premarital football quiz. Peter O'Toole (tabled, middle right) gets our Guess Who's Coming to Dinner? Award for *My Favorite Year*. Susan Sarandon, in *Tempest*, wins the Jackie Bisset Wet T-Shirt Award. We liked the other girl, Molly Ringwald, too. Bob Hoskins (bottom far right) gets our Godfather Award for *The Long Good Friday*. Finally, the Comeback Award to Richard "If God Had Wanted to Punish My Ass, He Would Have Burnt My Dick" Pryor (far right) for his terrific *Live on the Sunset Strip*.



here we go again with the good, the bad and the gory: unforgettable moments from the cinematic output of the past 12 months

our apartment every weekend. Sure. Then there is a scene in *I, the Jury* that will go down with the shower scene in *Psycho* for the Our Worst Fears Confirmed Award: The chef at a Tokyo-style restaurant stops chopping steak and slashes the throat of a woman diner. Neat. There was an increasing alliance between Hollywood and business in 1982. Merchandising was the big word. We're surprised someone didn't start a line of *I, the Jury* Japanese *sushi* bars. Or a line of make-up products based on the morning-after face in *Poltergeist* (right). It was bad enough

their premier product, *The Fatty Arbuckle Story*. Moving right along: It was a great year for foreign films, especially from Australia. Mel Gibson gets our award for Best Hero of the Year (only Sandahl Bergman and Arnold Schwarzenegger came close). The Feral Kid should have a sequel of his own; if they market his razor-edged boomerang, there are a couple of kids in the neighborhood who deserve one. Even the French managed to make a movie that didn't sound like a first-year lecture in psychology. *Diva* was

HOLLYWOOD HERPES

Atomic Café is a documentary about Government propaganda films of the Fifties. One shot shows then-Senator Richard Nixon on the steps of the Capitol, a huge cold sore on his upper lip. Audiences gasped, "Herpes!" Was that the cause of the epidemic—all those Republican babies Nixon kissed during Presidential campaigns? Was that the secret behind the pardon? The producers of *Atomic Café* refused to give *PLAYBOY* a still from that scene. They said *Atomic Café* was not about herpes but about atomic warfare, the only known cure for herpes.

seeing E.T.'s face in every store window at Christmas. When the folks at Coca-Cola bought Columbia Pictures, there was a rumor that they planned a film that would feature

wonderfully weird; it could even play at a drive-in, which is the ultimate test of quality film making. Finally, we'd like to thank A. T. & T. for not using E.T. in its ads. We guess when you're a monopoly, you don't have to have fun.

MAGIC MOMENT

We've developed survival skills: Never go to movies with subtitles. Never go to movies with Paul Williams sound tracks. Never go to movies starring *Saturday Night Live* stars. Eddie Murphy has changed all that. His performance as Reggie Hammond in *48 HRS.* is stunning, particularly in the showdown in the redneck bar (below). Lines like "I've been in prison for three years. My dick gets hard if the wind blows" and "Lack of pussy makes you brave, man" also helped.





REAL MEN DON'T

It was a year of confused sexuality. John Lithgow played a transsexual in *The World According to Garp*; Alex Karras, a gay bodyguard in *Victor, Victoria*. Paul Newman came out with a salad dressing (right) and plans to market an industrial-strength spaghetti sauce. Only Harrison Ford stayed true to his school, drinking blood in *Blade Runner* (left). Hang in there, kid.



THE TEN BEST

BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

THE TEN WORST

Das Boot: Life and death aboard a German submarine. Claustrophobia has seldom been so exciting.

Diner: A bunch of the boys whooping it up in Barry Levinson's eloquent ode to his misspent youth in Baltimore.

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial: And possibly the eighth wonder.

Gandhi: Ben Kingsley's matchless as the mahatma.

Mephisto: Shattering stuff, splendidly acted by Klaus Maria Brandauer as a German stage star clicking his heels to Hitler.

Missing: Jack Lemman and Sissy Spocsek in Costa-Gavras' powerful, unforgettable political drama about Americans in Chile.

My Favorite Year: Vintage farce, with the spotlight on Peter O'Toole, live and wild as a drunken star in TV's golden Fifties.

The Road Warrior (above): Aussie director George Miller's cinematic know-how is breath-taking in a futuristic action movie.

Tootsie: Glorious fun in grand company, tapped by Dustin Hoffman in drag as a soap-opera queen for a while.

The Verdict: Maybe Paul Newman's best.

Author! Author!: Al Pacina all wrong for romantic comedy.

Cannery Row: John Steinbeck never had it so bad. Cinematic botulism, despite Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

Hanky Panky: Zilch comic chemistry between Gilda Radner and Gene Wilder (they reportedly mixed better offscreen).

I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can: Jill Clayburgh losing her mind, her credibility and her audience. From the book, sort of.

Inchon: Brainwash breeds hogwash. Someone spent tans at the Reverend Moon's money on this turkey.

Kiss Me Goodbye: Eunuchs may relish Sally Field (with James Caan and Jeff Bridges) in a desexed remake of *Dona Flor*.

One from the Heart: A multimillion-dollar B movie.

Partners: Homocidal is the best word to describe an unfunny farce about an odder couple of cops.

Six Weeks: Mary Tyler and Dudley—Moore's the pity—fulfill a dying child's fondest dreams. Reach for your boof bags.

The Toy: Clumsy, profitable comedy, guilty of Pryor restraint.

SUBMIT IT AGAIN, SAM

YOU MUST
REMEMBER THIS

A SCRIPT IS STILL A SCRIPT

Chuck Ross took the screenplay for *Casablanca* and submitted it, under its original title (*Everybody Comes to Rick's*), to 217 Hollywood agencies. Ninety did not read the screenplay. Thirty-three agencies recognized the script (with such comments as "Have some excellent ideas on casting this wonderful script, but most of the actors are dead"). Eight agencies noticed a similarity to *Casablanca*. Some thought the script (which won an Oscar) needed rewriting. Three agencies agreed to submit the work to movie studios; a fourth wanted to turn it into a novel.

BEST LINES

Our favorite lines came from the strange movie *Eating Raoul* (below). Most memorable: "You're gonna need some lubricant with that vibrator. We've got K-Y and Lay Orgy gel. You taste it, you buy it. The Lay Orgy gel comes in lemon, mint, cherry or trail mix."

"Oh, Stingo, you look very nice—you're wearing your cocksucker."

"Seersucker." (Meryl Streep and Peter MacNicol, in *Sophie's Choice*)

"It was nothing like that, penis breath." (Henry Thomas, in *E.T.*)

"Stay away from my daughter." (Edward Arnold, in *Johnny Eager*, recycled for *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*)

"Can I use her underwear to make soup?" (Steve Martin, in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*)

I HATE TO SEE
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
DEGRADED
LIKE THAT



JOE BOB BRIGGS AT THE BIJOU

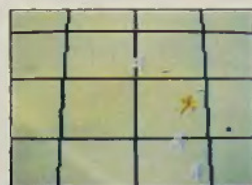
In 1932, the drive-in theater was invented by Richard Milton Hollingshead in Camden, New Jersey. In 1982, the drive-in-movie critic was invented by Joe Bob Briggs for the *Dallas Times Herald*. Joe Bob reviews only movies that open at drive-ins. Some sample comments: "The Grim Reaper is not a monster; he's a believable human being who likes to kill people and then chew on them for a while" and "As I was saying, it was a giant katydid. It came lurching out of the trees and ripped this woman's clothes off and had insect sex with her." Joe Bob reviews such fare as *Senior Snatch*, *Eager Beavers* and *Mad Monkey Kung-Fu*. Maybe even *Surf II* (with Linda Kerridge, left). Joe Bob's triumph was the First Annual World Drive-in Movie Festival and Custom-Cor Rally on Halloween, featuring *Night of the Living Dead* and *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*.

FOR A FISTFUL OF QUARTERS

A few years ago, there was a crop of movies that seemed to exist merely as a vehicle for the sound track: *Grease*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Urban Cowboy*. Now, it seems, movies exist as elaborate commercials for video games. It was the year of the Techno-nerd. *TRON*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders*, *E.T.*—all were packaged as home games. Most were unsuccessful. But is this the wave of the future? Is it too much to expect a full-length feature based on *Defender*? Before you English majors slash your wrists, we hasten to note it was a good year for making novels into movies—*The World According to Garp* and *Sophie's Choice* worked well—and the reverse: William Kotzwinkle's *E.T.* novelization was worth its weight in Reese's Pieces.



E.T., Take II



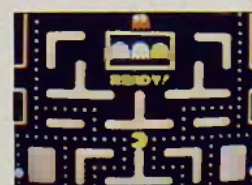
TRON Equals *TRON*



Raiders of the Arcade



Empire Strikes Again



Deep Throat Becomes Ms. Pac-Man

DÉJÀ VUSION: HOLLYWOOD LOOK-ALIKES



We were struck by similarities. First, there was the rash of sequels: *Grease 2*, *Amityville II*, *Rocky III*, *Star Trek II*, *Airplane II*, *Halloween III*. Hollywood discovered Roman numerals. But we have to give awards to Aileen Quinn's cheeks (above left) and to Ricardo Montalban's chest (above right) for Best Use of Silicone. Elsewhere: Did anyone notice how much Scott Schwartz, the child actor who portrayed a spoiled rich kid in *The Toy*, resembled John McEnroe, tennis' *enfant terrible*? If you thought the submarine in *Das Boot*

looked familiar, you were right: George Lucas rented it for *Raiders*. It subsequently fell apart and sank. Shades of *Twilight Zone*. We saw a lot of movies about Moonies (*Ticket to Heaven*, *Split Image*) and about divorce (*Shoot the Moon*, *Smash Palace*). Did it strike anyone else as odd that *Paradise* was a dehydrated version of *Blue Lagoon*? Did anyone notice that both Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons, who co-starred in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, went on to play roles of Poles—in better movies (*Sophie's Choice* and *Moonlighting*)?



REVENGE OF THE JOCKS

Young Doctors in Love had a credit that announced: "This film was made completely without laser effects." For every high-tech movie, there was a film that returned to basics, to physical action. We liked the fight in *48 HRS.* and the acrobatic battle between the replicants and Harrison Ford in *Blade Runner*. We applauded Paul Newman's decking of Charlotte Rampling in *The Verdict*. We liked all of *Rocky III* (above) but especially the unseen (*Rocky IV*) fight between Weathers and Stallone and—if that weren't enough—the uplifting karate bout between Richard Gere and Louis Gasset, Jr., in *An Officer and a Gentleman* (below).



THE JOY OF SEX IN CINEMA

Early last year, President Ronald Reagan cited the dear, dead, squeaky-clean good old days of cinema, when he portrayed baseball player Grover Cleveland Alexander. When he went to bed with his wife (Doris Day), whatever happened there was not shown graphically, as it might be nowadays. Instead, said Reagan, the film showed a picture of the moon. Ronnie must have had a good year. In 1982, there were three lunar eclipses. For the rest of us, there were the movies. In *Quest for Fire* (right), Rac Dawn Chong invented fellatio and gave instructions on the missionary position. Hollywood seemed preoccupied with the penis. Mickey Rourke introduces



his date to a popcorn surprise in *Diner* (top left). Hold the butter. The gym teacher in *Porky's* plays tug of war in the shower room (above left), while another jock, Mariel Hemingway, learns to hold on in *Personal Best*

(above center). Need we bring up what happened to Mary Beth Hurt's lover in *Garp* when the car in which she was blowing him was rear-ended? Ahem. For straight sex, there was the incredible chemistry between Richard Gere and Debra Winger in *An Officer and a Gentleman* (above right). As for kinky sex, it was the year that Hollywood discovered bondage. In *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, Jill Clayburgh was tied to a chair and beaten. Less violent were the lovers in *Summer Lovers* (left). Daryl Hannah tied Peter Gallagher and dripped hot wax onto his body. In *Cat People* (right), Nastassia Kinski asked to be tied, in accordance with a city ordinance requiring pets to be kept on a leash.



SEX SURVEY (continued from page 128)

"We thought sex was getting better for everybody. Apparently, we were wrong."

single group. If you look at bi men and bi women separately, you'll find amazing differences.

Bisexual women, overall, seem as happy as clams and as busy as spring lightning. They get sex in both quantity and quality. They're generally younger, more sexually active and better adjusted than the bisexual men we surveyed. A healthy 70 percent of the bi women say that they're happy with their sex lives.

Bisexual men are having a tougher time. Almost half report dissatisfaction with their sex lives. That makes them the unhappiest of all the groups in our sample. More than 60 percent of both the straight and the gay men are satisfied with *their* sex lives. Fewer than half the bi men say their sex lives have improved over the past five

years. They're the only group for which that's true.

We thought sex was getting better for everybody. Apparently, we were wrong. But why are bi women happier than bi men? It appears that bisexual women may see the world as a sexual smorgasbord—looking at every relationship as a sexual opportunity. A great many bisexual men, on the other hand, may be prospective homosexuals looking for an escape from heterosexual lives. Where are the differences? Let's look at the other things our respondents told us.

Bisexual women are getting a lot of sex. Gay men have had the most lovers, but bi women may be even more progressive sexually. Being a female bisexual offers the

best shot at all sorts of dates for all sorts of Saturday nights.

We asked our respondents how they get their most intense orgasms. Bi women choose oral sex (40 percent), masturbation (29 percent), then intercourse (26 percent).

Sounds as if they're not crazy about intercourse, right? But they're getting more of it than anyone else. Sixty-nine percent say that they have intercourse "two or three times a week" or more.

That much intercourse indicates that bi women are getting their sex in *quantity* from men. But that's not where most of them get their intense orgasms: Cunnilingus tops that list. Since they like it so much, our suspicion is that they're getting their high-quality sex with other women. Lesbians, as we'll see, are fluent cunnilinguists, and there's no reason a phenomenon called intragender empathy shouldn't make bi women pretty good themselves. Men are not nearly so good at cunnilingus. We'll look again at intragender empathy in our section on lesbians. It means, essentially, that a woman knows what feels good to another woman.

Some bi women will tell you that they simply love sex for its own sake and "don't want to eliminate half the universe from consideration." Want some examples of that universal principle at work?

- Bi women masturbate more than any other women in our survey. Eighty-nine percent say that they masturbate at present and hardly any will admit to feeling guilty about it.

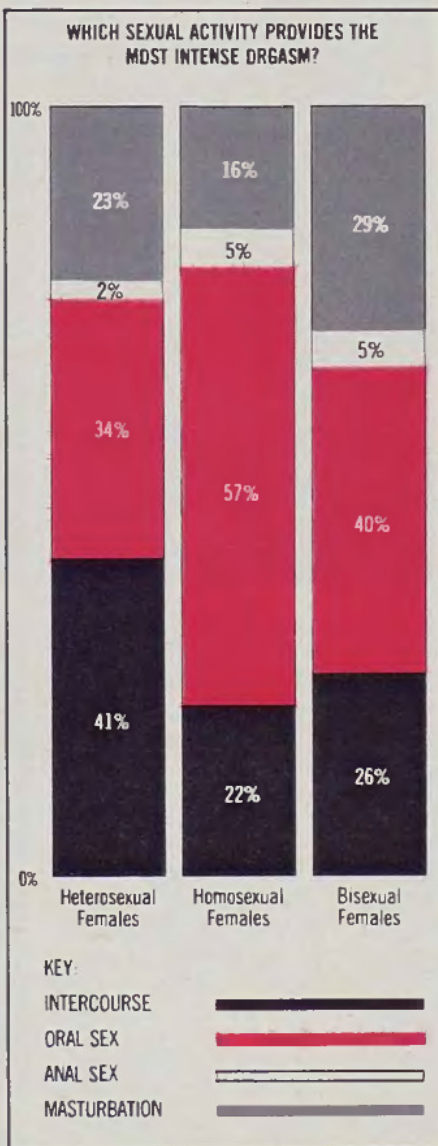
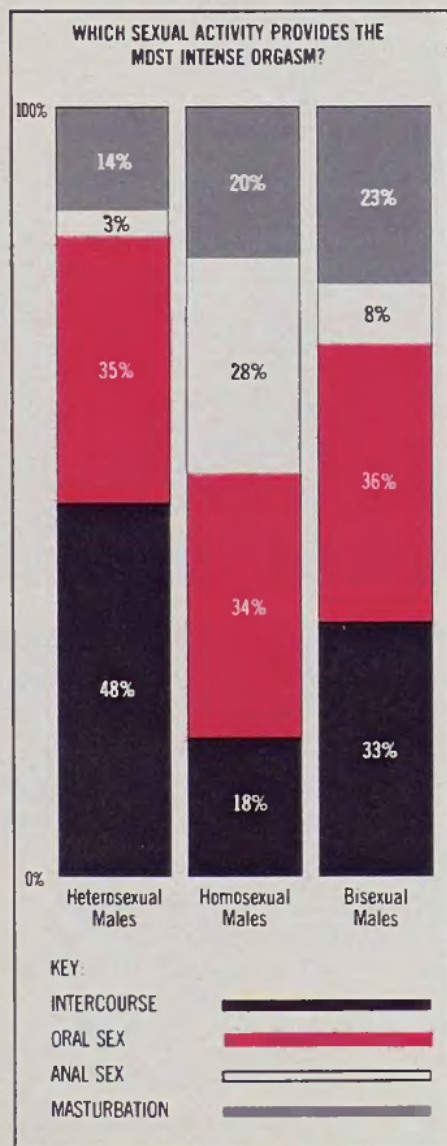
- Almost twice as many bi women as lesbians or straights use sexual devices. Nine out of ten have tried them. Considerably more than a third use them regularly. Unlike straight women and lesbians, many bi women engage in anal stimulation during other forms of sex. (See chart on page 210.)

- Three out of four have had sex with two people within a 24-hour period.

- Only a third say that they're sexually faithful to their partners. Most of the straight women and the lesbians tell us that *they're* faithful. Twenty-two percent of the bi women say that they "try to be," but close counts only in horseshoes and nuclear strikes. More than half of the married bisexual women we surveyed have had extramarital affairs.

- They start early. In response to the question "When did you first have intercourse?" the average age of every other group in our sample is more than 17. The over-all mean is 17.8. For bisexual women, the mean is 16.8. That may not sound like much of a difference, but when you're averaging large numbers of responses, a year is a lot. A shade less than half the bi women we surveyed were sexually experienced when they turned 16. Only 42 percent of the lesbians and 28 percent of the straight women started that soon.

(continued on page 210)





"Oh, Mommy! How wonderfully trashy!"



20 QUESTIONS: CHARLTON HESTON

*the man to whom god gave the tablets talks
about his headaches: the russians, the antinuke people and the absence of heroes*

We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to find out why Charlton Heston has chosen to speak out lately on a variety of public issues and to see what sort of man lives behind his history of larger-than-life roles. Rensin told us, "I arrived at Heston's huge house at 8:30 A.M., noticing the GUARD DOGS ON DUTY, STAY IN CAR AND BEEP HORN sign as I negotiated his winding driveway. He met me at the door and we settled into facing Eames chairs for three hours. Heston took great pains to make each point absolutely clear; but in relaxed moments, he took himself a good deal less seriously than the public might expect. He has a weakness for peanut butter, and he makes good coffee."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the media are taking pot shots at you because of your extraprofessional activities?

HESTON: I've taken fairly exposed positions for some time now, back to the civil rights days. But I have never felt myself terribly ill used by journalists. If you're going to take a public position on some issue, press coverage is to your advantage. If you can't handle it so that it comes out reasonably supportive, then it's your fault. Then there's the entire legitimacy question. Every time I'm asked, "How do you think we should regard what you and Paul Newman say about the nuclear freeze?" I say, "Very skeptically. I hope you regard what anybody says about the nuclear freeze very skeptically."

2.

PLAYBOY: Just because you're an actor?

HESTON: That's right. Actors are not presumed to be professionally involved in that issue. When I talk about the Screen Actors Guild, on the record, it can be presumed I know what I'm talking about. I feel that I have a right to shoot my mouth off. Unfortunately, it's the media that would prefer to have me and Newman debating the nuclear freeze than Edward Teller and Admiral Turner. In our favor is that we're supposed to know how to communicate effectively. Besides, I don't think I should have to abandon my right as a citizen to speak out in public. And if I sound like a jerk, there's a faint risk that someone will, out of context, distort what I say and make me seem a jerk. But that's a small risk. And what can I do about it, anyway? It's up to me to sound as reasonable and moderate as I can. It's not a

question of propriety. Just a question of not looking like an asshole, you know?

3.

PLAYBOY: Considering all the heat you took in your battles with Ed Asner and in the midst of continuing controversies within the Screen Actors Guild, why did you choose to speak out on the nuclear issue? What drew you into the debate with Newman?

HESTON: When this nuclear-freeze thing started, I was quite sure it was a mistake—that it was unverifiable, unnegotiable and unfair. But I also thought, Come on, Chuck, take a pass on this one. Then Paul called a press conference. The spine of his support of the freeze was "What's all this nonsense about the Soviet Union's not keeping its treaties? It keeps its treaties as well as anybody else." And I thought, That does it. There are much better arguments he could make.

Although Paul and I have never been close, I've always respected him. He's a Democrat, I'm independent, but we've often found ourselves in support of the same candidate. And I think he's a fine actor. The casual encounters we've had have always been amicable. Therefore, I was shocked when I went in to do the debate and he wouldn't shake hands with me. I said, "Hi, Paul. How are you?" And he said, "I hate this personal shit you've been doing." Which is not true. I think it's a great mistake to make personal attacks on anyone with whom you're differing on a public issue. I understand it's a debating technique if you want to make someone mad. I remember when I made my first statement. I thought very carefully about what I would say about Paul. I mentioned the clear refutations of record of his position on the Soviets' abrogation of treaties. I said that if in the face of that Paul felt that the Soviets had kept their treaties, he was singularly innocent. That's not a very pejorative comment to make about someone. I could have said he was a stupid son of a bitch. But I didn't feel it. I remain hurt that he would take personal offense at that. Unlike Asner, I separate out the personal. It was stupid of Asner to call me a cocksucker within range of 17 microphones.

4.

PLAYBOY: How friendly are you and President Reagan? Do you call him Ronnie?

HESTON: I am a great admirer and supporter of President Reagan's, but our intimacy is exaggerated. A few weeks ago, a reporter asked if I could just pick up the phone and get the President. I said I hoped not. And I certainly wouldn't try. If there is something that I want to bring to his attention, I can call somebody like Mike Deaver. But I can't imagine the circumstances that would make me call Reagan directly.

We've sat around in social situations. I've known him for years. But it would never occur to me to call him Ronnie now—though I did when we were on the S.A.G. board together. I call his wife Nancy, but I've known her longer. I've spent a lot of time with people of some significance and it's never occurred to me to try to increase the informality of our relationships.

5.

PLAYBOY: But you've been to the White House. How's the food? Ever get lost there?

HESTON: By and large, the food's very good. I know the first floor and the ground floor reasonably well, but it is awfully easy to get lost. I spent most of my time there when I was working on the arts task force. They have a whole basement area of offices and it's very complicated geography. You say, "I have to go to the bathroom. Which way is it?" And someone says, "Go down the hall, turn right." If you take the wrong turn, you suddenly see this big guy asking, "Can I help you?" You don't get lost there for long.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've spent a good deal of time in period costumes. What do you wear around the house?

HESTON: Tennis clothes a lot. And warm-up clothes. My wife and my daughter both tell me that I don't have very good taste in picking clothes, and I'm willing to rely on their judgment in that area. Clothes aren't very important to me. I like old clothes. For instance, these trousers I'm wearing were made for *The Omega Man*. These boots, which I have in both black and brown, are copies of some Arabian boots made for *Ben-Hur*. The originals were a fawn color with purple patterned overlays. I remember taking them to Maxwell's, a bootmaker in London. I said, "Could you guys make me a pair of these?" The guy said, "I don't think we can do that kind of thing, sir. No, (continued on page 205)



"Gosh, Herbie! I love it when you write dirty!"



ONE DAY, a bold hunter went into the bush to hunt. On the same day, a lion was hunting there and also Dom, a native. It happened that the hunter came upon a place where an antelope was standing, and he was about to fit an arrow to his bow when he saw Dom kill it.

The lion saw this, too, and, coming out of the bush, he approached Dom and said to him, "This is my antelope, for I was stalking it and I ran it down."

"I made the kill and the antelope is mine," said Dom.

The lion said, "Let us ask someone else to decide, then."

"I agree," said Dom. "Let us ask the hunter who is standing behind that tree. Hunter, you can come out and tell us your opinion. We will not hurt you." Now, Dom had the gift of divining everything that other people were thinking, and he knew that the hunter was afraid that the lion would bite him if he decided in favor of Dom.

So, taking courage, the hunter came out and gave his opinion. "It was Dom and not the lion who made the kill. If several hunters are following a prey, the man who wounds it and the man who makes the kill should share it. But, in this case, though Dom has the first claim, I think you might settle the matter by dividing the antelope between you."

Dom said, "I agree to that. But I suggest one share for the lion, one share for the judge and one share for me." And so

they cut up the antelope and heaped the meat into three portions. The lion took his share and went away.

Dom said to the hunter, "Pick up our shares and come with me to my house."

The hunter thought to himself, "Once he has got me to his house, he will surely kill me."

But Dom read his thought and said, "You handled the affair with the fierce lion very well, so do not be afraid. I will not hurt you."

They journeyed on and, after a long time, they arrived at Dom's farm. The hunter put down the meat. Dom's wife and his two children picked it up and placed it to one side. One of Dom's two children was a very beautiful girl. When the hunter saw her, he thought to himself, "I would like very much to sleep with that girl. Then I would gladly die. Dom, who never had any difficulty in reading other people's thoughts, said, 'The girl is my daughter. Sleep with her as much as you like. But you will not have to die because of it.'"

The hunter thought to himself, "How can Dom possibly know all that I am thinking?"

Dom said, "God tells me. God tells me everything." Dom gave the hunter a big house. Then Dom called his daughter. Her name was If-you-serve-the-man-well-God-will-not-punish-you. Dom's daughter came. Dom said to her, "Clean up the house for the hunter." The girl did so.

That evening, the woman prepared a tasty meal. The girl brought a dish full of

good food into the hunter's house. The hunter ate. The girl stayed with him. He slept with the girl. The hunter remained in Dom's house for six days.

Then the hunter went to Dom and said, "Now I must go home. I beg you to give me some of the medicine that enables you to tell what other people are thinking."

Dom said, "I will give you some of the medicine and I will also give you my daughter for your wife." Dom fetched the medicine and said, "Here is the medicine. When you get home, put it on your food. But do not chase away the goats if they also want to eat some of your meal."

The hunter said, "Very well."

The hunter took the medicine and Dom's daughter and left the place for the village where he lived. On arriving home, he decided to try the medicine at once. Having taken out the medicine, he was about to put it on his food and eat it when the goats came crowding around. The hunter tried to hit the goats. But as a result, he dropped the medicine, which chanced to fall on his penis.

That is why the ability to read the thoughts of others was acquired not by the man's head but by the man's penis. And ever since that time, whenever a woman has entertained loving thoughts about a man, his penis has known immediately. And ever since that time, his penis has risen.

—Retold by N'gomo Mitchell



NASTASSIA KINSKI



the enticing new star performs for playboy in an exotic fantasy



E X P O S E D

personality

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHE IS HARD TO pin down, perhaps because success has driven her all over the map, from Munich and London to Rome and L.A., for starters. As an international nomad—and, arguably, the hardest-working *Wunderkind* in world cinema right now—Nastassia Kinski keeps a small flat in Paris, has recently leased a

For *PLAYBOY*, world-famed photographer Helmut Newton created an exotic psychodrama hinting at a subtle bond between German-born Nastassia Kinski and a Marlene Dietrich doll, with James Toback, Kinski's director in the movie *Exposed*, as the on-camera mystery man. Above, he watches Kinski flouncing in falsies. Says Toback, "I felt almost like a prop—slightly decadent, if not depraved."

PHOTOS BY HELMUT NEWTON



hideaway in the Bahamas and owns another apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park. Which is not where she receives members of the press, at least not for the moment. "It's a mess," she says nonchalantly, flopping into an easy chair while waiting for room service in the Park Avenue hotel suite that will be home for the next several days. She

Above, Kinski with her three latest leading men (from the top): Dudley Moore, in *Unfaithfully Yours*; Rudolf Nureyev, in *Exposed*; and Gerard Depardieu, in *The Moon in the Gutter*. On the opposite page, *Exposed* director Toback becomes more deeply involved in the Dietrich fantasy with Nastassia. Comments Newton: "She likes dressing up. She's just playing for him, turning him on."







means that the apartment's a mess because she's had no time to fix it up or buy things. The hotel suite is a mess, too, cluttered with flowers, cards, scripts, photographs, coffee cups and what all.

Nastassia herself *might* be called a mess, but not by any sensitive observer. Slender and tawny, wearing jeans and a loose, oversize (continued on page 150)





As Nastassia's relationship with the doll intensifies, so does her relationship with the mysterious man in white. Her equally cryptic comment: "Helmut brings out the strangeness in you, things a woman usually tries to hide." Toback remarks, "I think the character I play is a surrogate for Newton himself." Says Newton, "I don't analyze or interpret my pictures. I leave that to other people."

Finally, Toback (right and inset) found himself "pleasantly detached from this escapade, almost floating from the heat, sun and champagne." But while he's wining, Nastassia, in and out of feathers, waxes rhapsodic about her dolls' play under Newton's law: "Helmut loves women, and I've rarely felt so much a woman in pictures . . . playful and noturol, yet with an inner quietness I almost never know."





NASTASSIA KINSKI EXPOSED (continued from page 146)

"In this movie, I get to curse in an Italian accent. I especially love to curse in Italian, you know?"

man's shirt, quick-witted but wary, she casts intelligent-fawn eyes over every new subject as if to see whether or not the questions are loaded. She's the kind of irresistible mess that makes poets reach for their pens and would have sent Renoir rushing to his easel.

Ask her about being a world-class celebrity, frequently compared with such luminous ladies as Ingrid Bergman, Audrey Hepburn and Greta Garbo, and she looks bemused. "This question comes up all the time, and I hate it. I don't know what to do with it, what to say. They're all wonderful. Maybe there's a similar something that comes out through your pores, your eyes. Maybe it's just being a woman who has glanced at things on the same planet where *they* lived; I dunno. My idol for a long time was and still is Romy Schneider. And Marilyn Monroe; she always moved me, whatever she did. I could watch her movies forever. Whether you were a dog or a cat or a woman or a guy, you just *loved* her. There was something you could see on her skin, a glow; she was so alive and exciting. . . ."

The moment an idea excites her, Nastassia is on the move, flinging arms, legs and torso any which way to emphasize a point. "When I'm really down sometimes, thinking I'm no good, I'll say to myself, 'Wait a minute, there's still your mother, there's *Dostoevsky* and there's *Marilyn Monroe*.' That's one way I can just lighten myself, you know, on those bad days." You think for a split second that you've been thrown a curve, the kind you get from a Vegas showgirl who claims she's into heavy literature, such as "Chekhov's *War and Peace*." But Nastassia is currently reading Proust. Really.

The insecurity she mentions seems unrelated to her impressive track record. At the age of 22, Kinski has a string of credits that aren't all pearls but sound pretty dazzling even so. She made a movie you never heard about with Germany's Wim Wenders when she was still a teeny-bopper, worked in German TV with Wolfgang Petersen (who directed *Das Boot*), co-starred at 17 with Marcello Mastroianni in an Italian movie, became an international star in Roman Polanski's *Tess*, then did Francis Coppola's *One from the Heart*, followed by Paul Schrader's *Cat People*. By the time you read this, she will be brightening the screen opposite Rudolf Nureyev in James Toback's *Exposed* (see review, page 38).

Toback, who doubles as her partner in the accompanying Helmut Newton pictorial, is a staunch ally and Kinski confidant who states, "Nastassia, alone among young actresses today, projects the quality of erotic mystery that has distinguished all the great femmes fatales of cinema: Dietrich, Garbo, Bardot, De-neuve. But in my film, I feel she also shows for the first time an accessible quality—she makes you feel that you could know her and she could know you."

By fall, there'll be another new movie, in French—*The Moon in the Gutter*, co-starring France's top male star, Gerard Depardieu, and directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix, whose stylish *Diva* became the hottest Parisian import of 1982. Beineix sings her praises on a hotline from abroad while putting finishing touches on *Gutter*. *Bien sûr*, no director with his head on straight is likely to lambaste his leading lady, but Jean-Jacques eulogizes Nastassia well beyond the call of duty. "In my movie," says he, "she's a queen in the trash, dressed by Dior and driving a red Ferrari, with a world of dirt, despair and ugliness around her. She has to be perverse, tender, sweet and cruel—the eternal feminine. It's complex, but Nastassia is a dream and totally professional, demanding a lot from a director and never quite satisfied, because she gives you everything from herself, every time . . . until you have to stop her, finally, and ask her to save something for the next take. She's a star, which in my language means more than being an actress or having technique. It's that something special, a gift from God. Like Garbo, like Monroe. She's one of them."

Brace yourself. Also on the way for late 1983 is *Unfaithfully Yours*, teaming Nastassia with Dudley Moore in a remake of the 1948 Preston Sturges comedy about a symphony conductor who suspects his beautiful wife of infidelity. Kinski a comedienne? Director Howard Zieff (his credits range from *Slither* and *House Calls* to *Private Benjamin*) admits he had trouble convincing the studio chiefs that the girl from *Tess* and *Cat People* could project a sense of humor: "I was convinced after I met with her for half an hour, almost a year before we began shooting. She's so surprisingly effervescent, ebullient, full of vivacity. We've changed the role a lot. She's now an Italian movie actress married to Dudley. Her part is filled with energy, she really has to go, and she's fabulous; everything is happening so easily I'm in shock. She reminds you of a 19-year-old

Ingrid Bergman or, sometimes—when she's full out—like Sophia Loren in her prime. She's so young, so amazing, with phenomenal eyes. I can't see her going anywhere but onward to major stardom."

The votes tallied might suggest a fairy-tale princess who consistently gets what she wants and has the talent to make the most of it. At another encounter, over drinks and snacks in a spacious hotel lounge, Nastassia tries to cut her image down to size. She's wearing soft wool slacks with a delicate pinkish embroidered blouse she bought in the Bahamas and looks about 16 but wishes it known that she suffers disappointments like everyone else. Two roles she *really* wanted went to Elizabeth McGovern: first, that of Evelyn Nesbit in Milos Forman's *Ragtime*, the part that won McGovern an Oscar nomination ("Milos decided, I think, that my English wasn't quite right"), then the female lead in *Lovesick*, opposite Dudley Moore. "The first time we met, Elizabeth and I both had uncomfortable vibes about it, but the second time was OK."

Her English, by now, is nigh-perfect, with a mere trace of Continental rhythm, and *Unfaithfully Yours* promises to set things right re Dudley. Fluent in four languages, she notes with relish, "In this movie, I get to curse in an Italian accent. I love slang, but I especially love to curse in Italian, you know? We used to live in Rome when I was little, and my father cursed all day, all the time. He cursed the traffic, cursed about money, cursed everybody. I found out that cursing can feel so good."

When she speaks of her father, of course, she's speaking of Klaus Kinski—a superstar nonpareil in Germany, recently praised in *Fitzcarraldo* and known to audiences in distant corners of the globe where Nastassia has yet to raise any dust. Her parents broke up when she was eight, and Nastassia lived with her mother, who manages her career to this day. "We're like sisters," she says warmly. A couple of years ago, any question about her father would have been deflected, but she has mellowed on that subject. "I think I rejected my father because I loved him so much. My parents were like gods to me. We were always so close. He wanted us to have the best of everything, wanted my mother to live beautifully. When you're small, you know, you want a sort of banal childhood—everything ordinary and planned. It wasn't that way, but I had a wonderful childhood, and that's something you hold on to, which I just carry within me. My parents always *listened* to me, which is very important. To treat children as whole human beings; they always did that."

"But my father, since a few years ago, has really cut himself off. I mean, he does movies, but he's just way out there . . .

(concluded on page 162)



"Hey, sailor, have you ever seen duty on a heavy cruiser?"

Hennessy

The civilized way
to say good night



The world's most civilized spirit



GDANSKINS AREN'T JUST FOR GDANSK

*with shoes in short supply,
the polish government
is compensating workers
with sex american style*

TIME WAS when Poland's government kept busy with Solidarity and looking warily over its collectivist shoulder to the East. But now its Communist Party Central Committee has issued a pinup calendar full of camaraderie from Warsaw, Gdansk—all over the land. A sellout at two dollars a crack, it's Poland's biggest success since the Big Cardinal flew to Rome. So are male Poles crashing the party to get at the girls? Only if they want martial law back. So we'll have to sympathize with all Polish studs as they mutter in frustration at the *Kalendarz*, "I couldn't touch that, even with a ten-inch Pole."

KALENDARZ



1983

STYCZEŃ



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						

MAJ



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31					

WRZESIEŃ



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30							

LUTY



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28													

MARZEC



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31										

KWIECIEŃ



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30								

CZERWIEC



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30										

LIPIEC



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31							

SIERPIEŃ



P	W	S	C	P	S	N	P	W	S	C	P	S	N
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
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PAŹDZIERNIK



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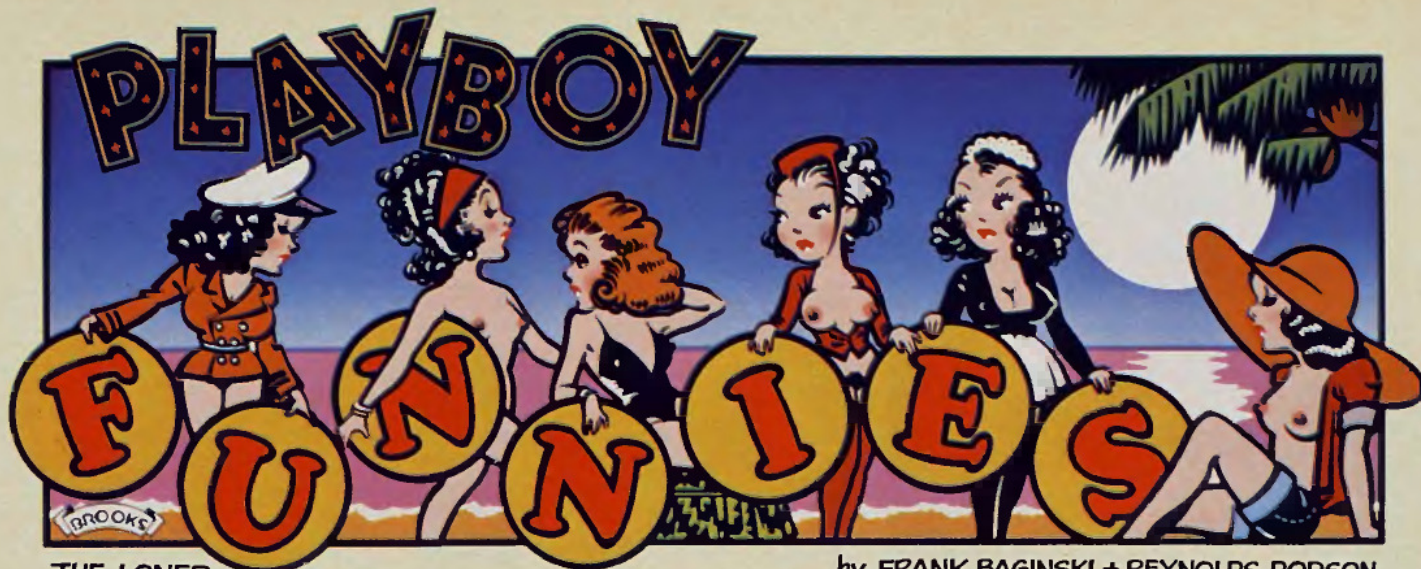


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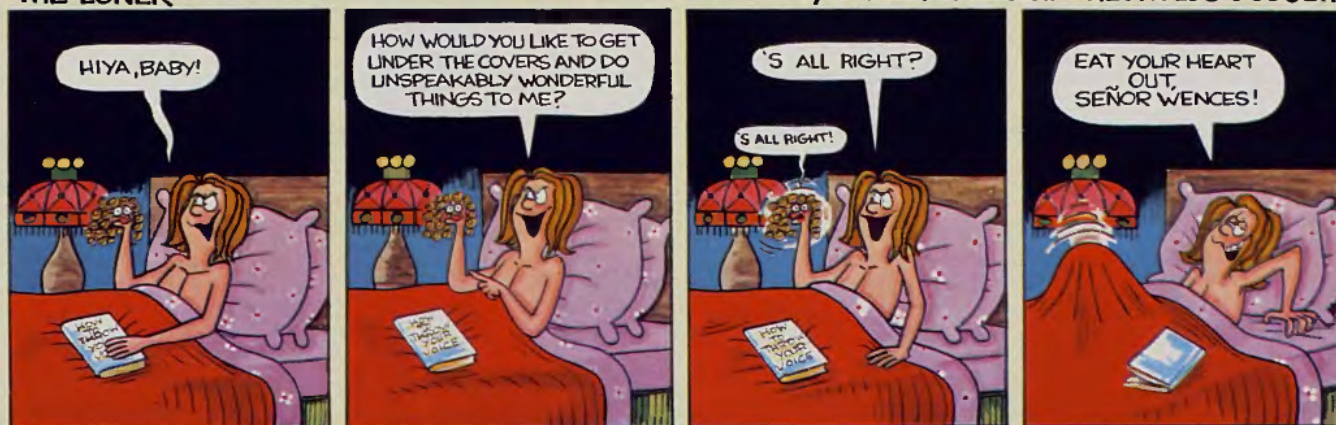


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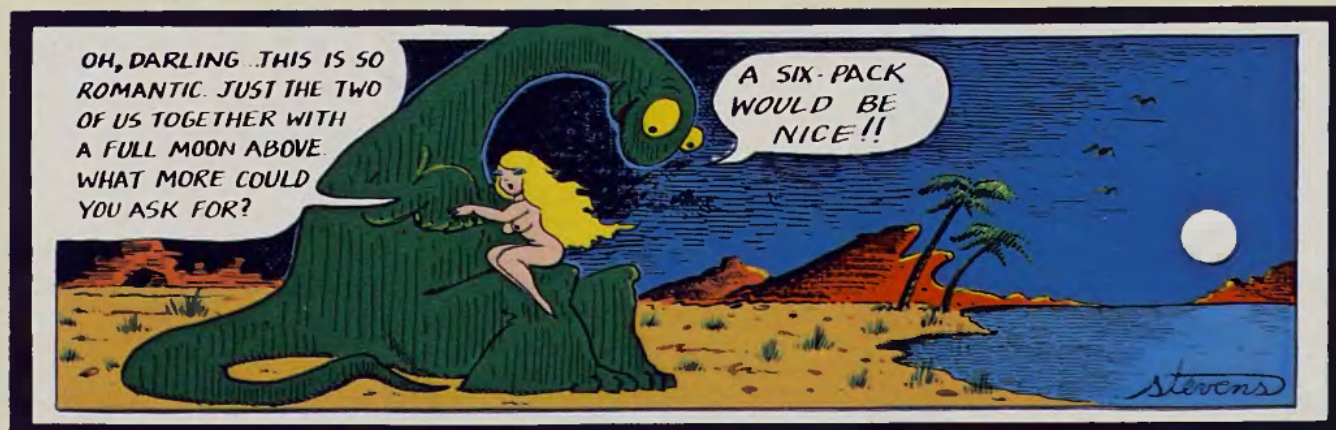
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by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



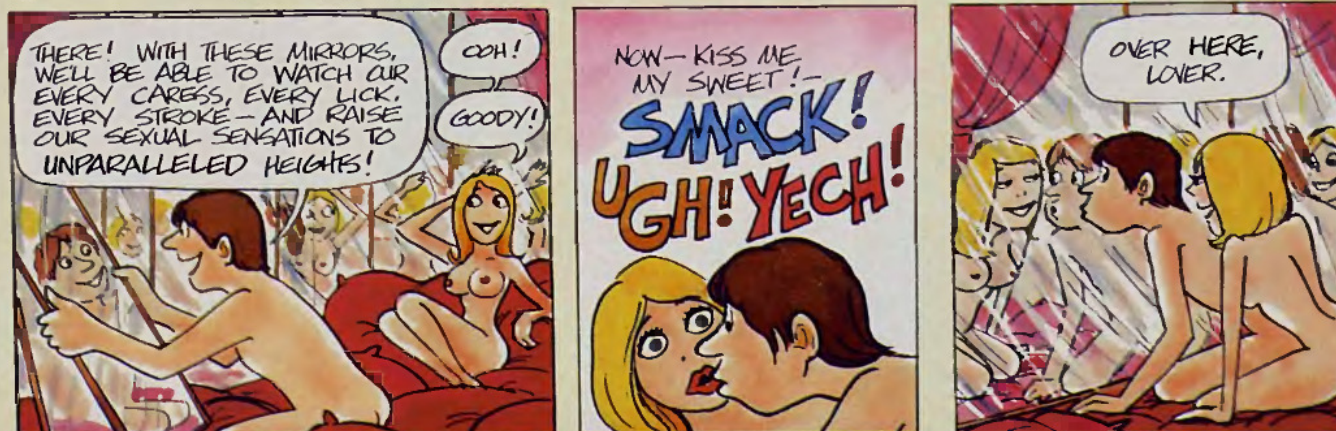
TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

by Chris Browne & John Stevens

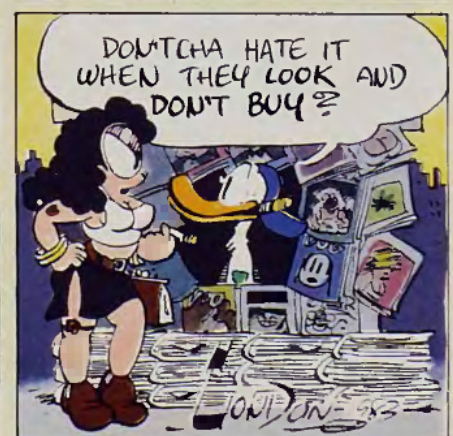
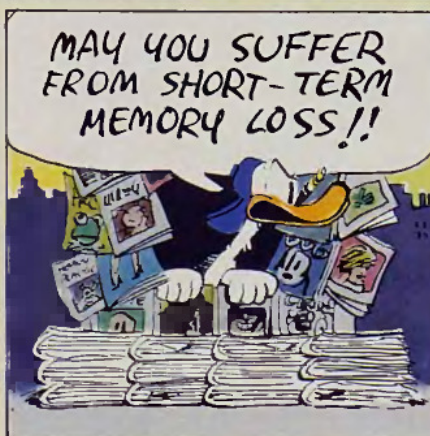
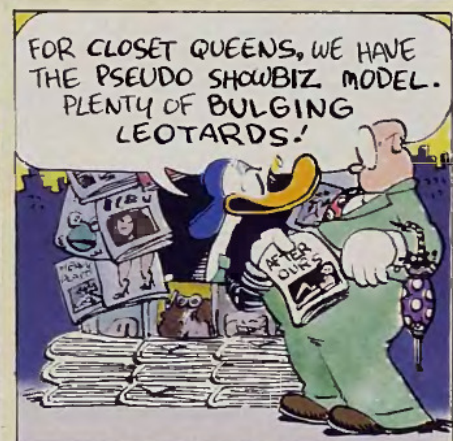
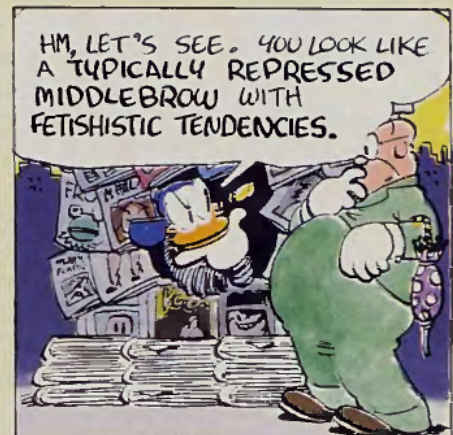


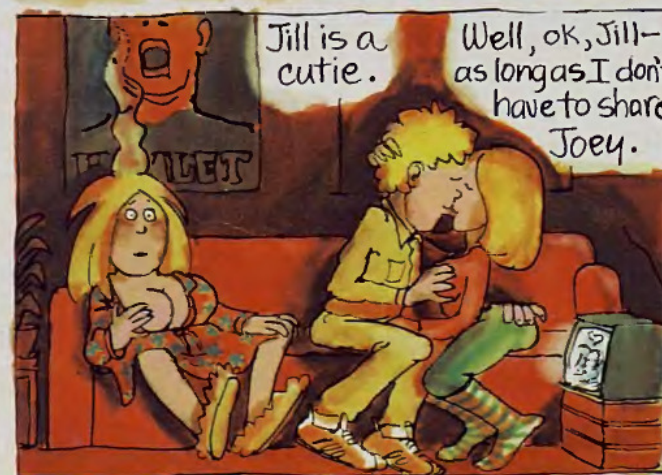
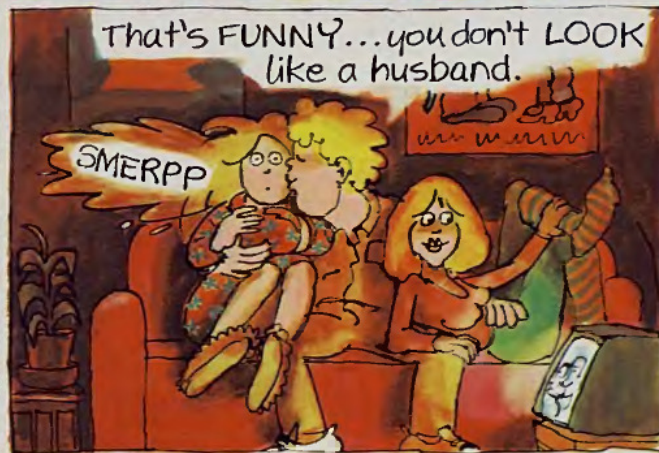
Our Secret Fantasies

by Mort Gerberg



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London

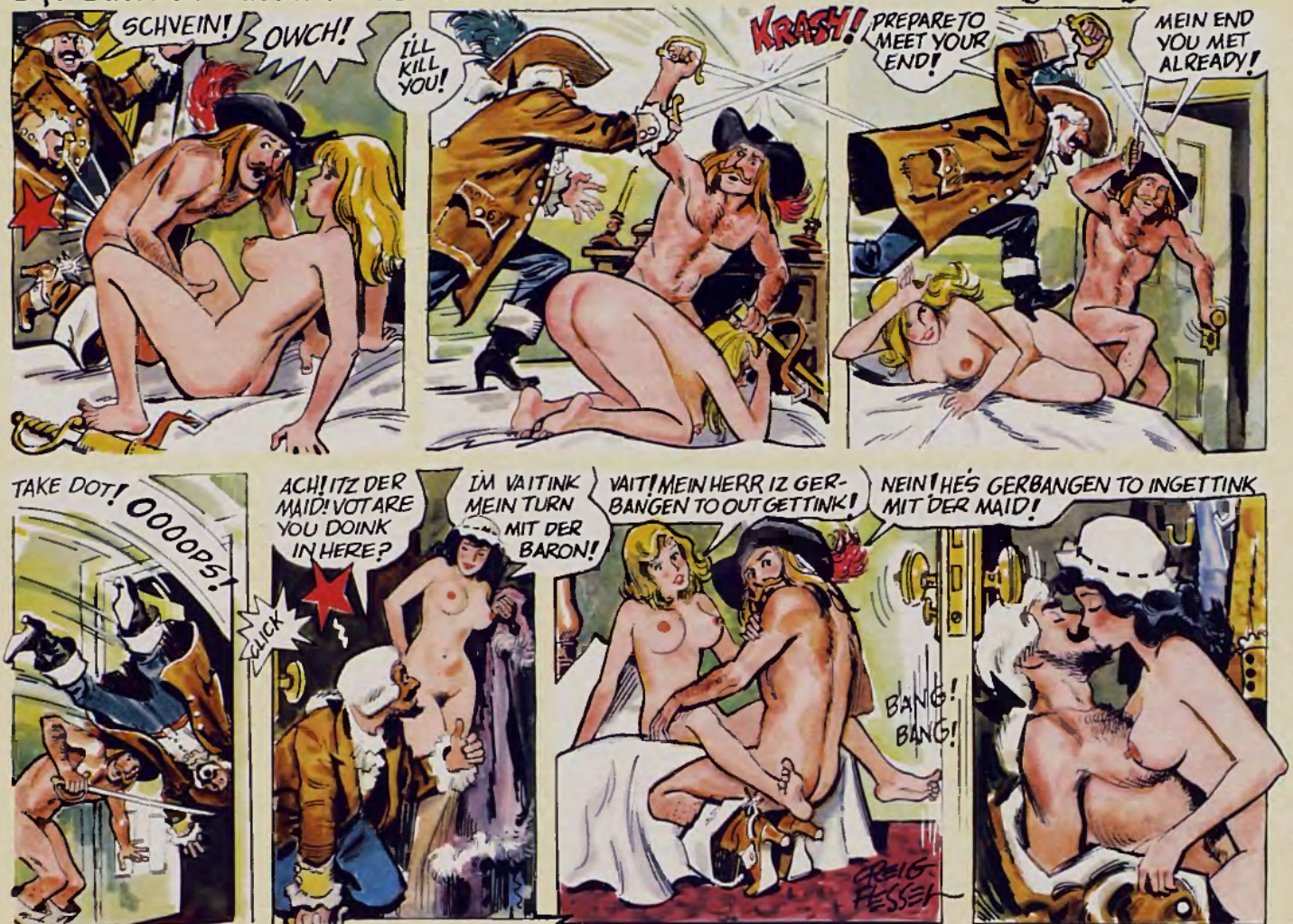




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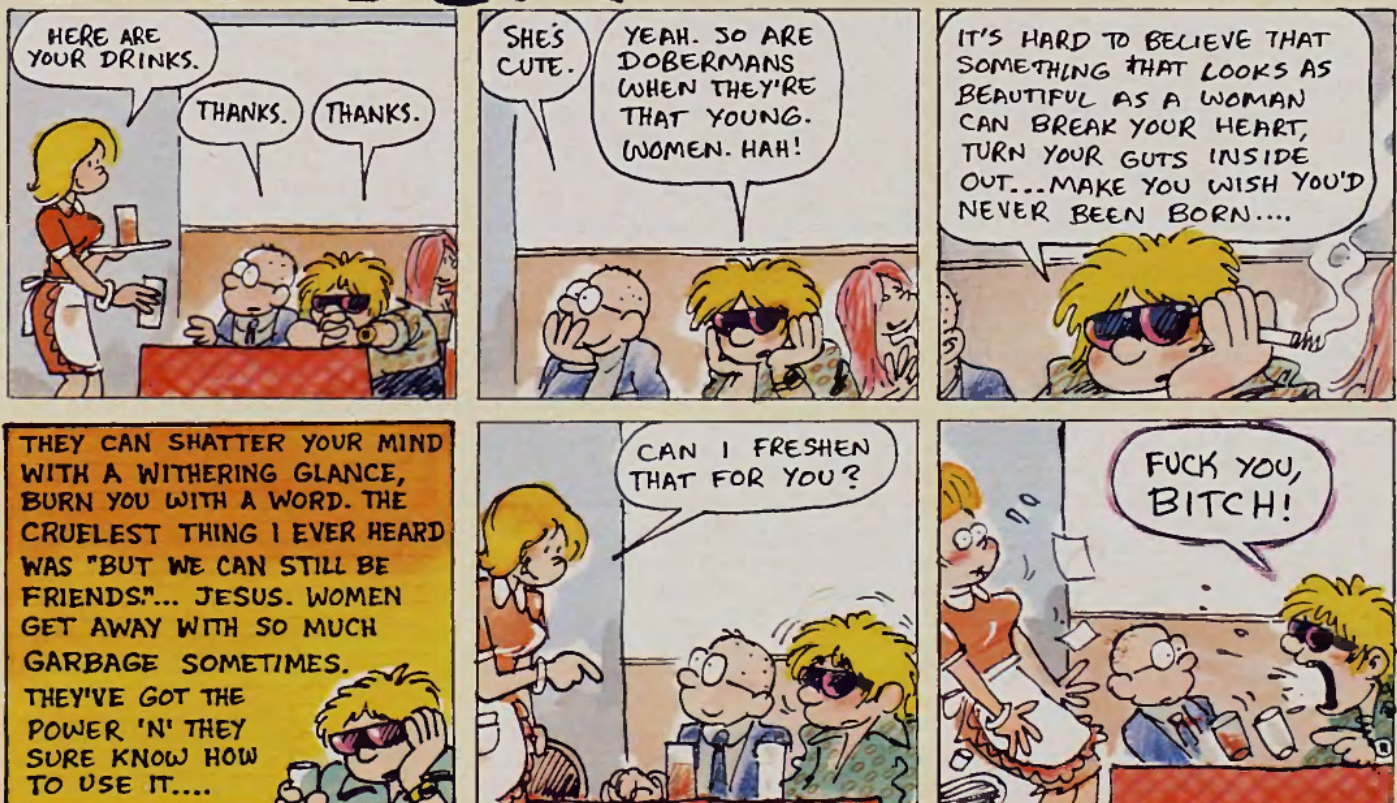
The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



CRUISER

Christopher Browne



BARTENDERS' SECRETS (continued from page 103)

"Most mixologists have a heavy hand when salting a margarita glass. Here's how it should be done."

generously consented to share their back-of-the-bar secrets with PLAYBOY. Look them over, use them judiciously to put a dash of mystery, a jigger of distinction and your own unmistakable stamp of individuality on every drink you build.

FLAVORING AGENTS AND MIXERS

Professional bartenders are privy to a wealth of alluring flavoring agents and exotic mixers of which most civilians are unaware. Falernum, passion fruit and orgeat are among the most intriguing syrups. They can be found at gourmet shops and department stores. European stick men mix with such carbonated waters as Crodo Chinotto (it's a sort of lime cola with an ameliorating dose of bitters that cuts the sweetness) and Bitter Crodo (a bright-red, perfumy, soft-drink version of Campari—with a bitter finish). English publicans lean toward ginger beer, and Caribbean bartenders get intriguing results from guava, papaya, mango and soursop nectars.

THE ICEMAN COMETH

It's been said that ice is to a bartender what olive oil is to a chef. Here are the cold facts. Ice picks up food odors, so use fresh, clean cubes. If you do, it won't be necessary to rinse them, as many bar books direct. Purists make cubes from distilled water; again, it's not necessary unless your local tap water is vile. Making ice cubes from mineral water sounds neat, but it's not advised: The water may impart unwanted flavors. Use regular-size ice cubes: Small cubes melt rapidly and dilute a drink.

BITTER ACCENTS

To home bartenders, the term bitters is synonymous with Angostura, but that famous brand is just one of a variety of zesty products that can add a piquant sparkle to otherwise mundane drinks. Angostura and Peychaud's, though somewhat different from each other, are both classified as aromatic bitters. Angostura, however, is *de rigueur* for the classic pink gin, while Peychaud's is obligatory in a sazerac. Orange bitters enhances gin and vodka drinks, including martinis. Peach and mint bitters are strictly novelties.

HOT SHOTS

Ground pepper and Tabasco sauce are well known, of course. But Jim Cullen, the veteran barman at New York's St. Regis Grill, has devised the following incendiary liquid-pepper sauce, made with black peppercorns and vodka: Fill a screw-cap bottle with black peppercorns. Pour in

vodka to the top. Seal and marinate for six weeks. Drain off the liquid into a small bottle fitted with a shaker top. A quart bottle will yield about six and one half ounces of liquid black pepper. The peppercorns may be re-used several times. Or, if you don't want to bother with that, Outerbridge's Original Sherry Peppers Sauce is as hot as five-alarm chili. Those sauces should be used *very* discreetly; two or three drops will light up vodka on the rocks like the Fourth of July. They're also good as alternatives to Tabasco in bloody marys and bullshots.

INSIDE STUFF

Ever wonder how pros get that appetizing crown of froth on sours, daiquiris and such? More than likely, they've put a few drops of foaming mixture, such as Fee Foam, Foamy Head or Frothee Creamy Head, into the shaker.

Every bartender has his own singular way of drying a martini. Here are three excellent tips: (1) Marinate the garnish—olive, onion or twist—in dry vermouth and use no additional vermouth. (2) Pour a little dry vermouth into a glass; swirl to coat surface; discard excess. Again, use no additional vermouth. (3) Add several dashes of Scotch to the mixing glass.

Shaking does not call for aerobic *brío*. Hold the shaker next to your right ear or where comfortable and rock it fairly briskly but not so hard as to chip the ice. It's all in the wrists—the same principle Willie Mays used in coming around on a fast ball. Shake a drink only the minimum time needed to chill and no more; otherwise, you'll overdilute the mixture. Effervescent liquids are never shaken. Add them last and stir very briefly.

To chill glasses quickly, fill them with ice. The refrigerator, of course, will do the same—if you have the room and the time.

To frost glasses, rinse them in cold water, drain them well and place them in the freezer for about 20 minutes.

When a drink calls for a lemon strip, skilled bartenders customarily run the outer side of the peel around the rim of the glass. Sticklers insist on fresh, ripe, soft-skinned lemons, and they want only the aromatic yellow zest.

There's a knack to twisting a lemon peel. Hold it with your thumb and forefinger at each end, directly over the glass,

zest facing the drink. Twist sharply just once to expel the oil in a fine spray atop the drink.

Most mixologists have a heavy hand when salting the rim of a glass for a margarita. Here's how it should be done: Moisten a narrow band—less than one eighth inch wide—around the *outside* surface with the cut side of a lime, or dab on fresh lime juice or Rose's with a Q-tip. Don't use water; that causes streaking. A mistake even pros commit is moistening the inside rim, which inevitably gets salt into the drink. To do it right, spread a thin layer of salt (preferably, ordinary table salt) on a shallow plate. Invert the moistened glass and thrust it straight down into the salt; do not rotate it. Lift it out immediately and tap the glass lightly to knock off excess salt.

OTHER SMOOTH MOVES

Measure one fourth ounce of cream into a margarita. Creamy!

Use concentrated, undiluted canned beef bouillon in bullshots. Bully!

Overripe strawberries taste better in a strawberry daiquiri. They're sweeter and tastier and they liquefy more readily than the pretty but hard ones.

Stir a half ounce of port into a planter's punch.

Superfine and bar sugars dissolve more quickly than the granulated kind. Other recommended soluble sweeteners include simple syrup (boil two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water in a saucepan, stirring; then simmer five minutes. Cool and pour into a jar), rock-candy syrup, *gomme* syrup and grenadine. Confectioners' sugar contains cornstarch and is not recommended.

Sure-fire hiccup remedy: Dash some Angostura bitters onto a lemon wedge and sprinkle with sugar; then take a big bite.

Sure-fire (maybe) hangover cure: Mix equal parts of Fernet Branca and cognac and down in one gulp.

This article couldn't have been prepared without the interest and the help of the following first-rate barmen and the establishments over which they preside: Jim Bradfield, Eamonn Doran, New York; Jesse Chessler, Windows on the World, New York; Jim Cullen, St. Regis Grill, New York; Fred Eng, Trader Vic's, New York; Daniel Lessa, president, International Bartender School, New York; Tony Liberatore, Goodale's, New York; Andy MacElhone, Harry's New York Bar, Paris; Frank Nolan, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Chicago; Ned Visser, Maxwell's Plum, New York; and Bill Welch, Jovanelo's, San Francisco. Jolly good fellows, all.



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"'Tess' was truly a turning point, and the relationship while I was working with Polanski was fantastic."

nowhere. I think he wanted to do certain things he cared about or just get a boat and sail far away from everybody. He was so full of fire when he was young. He wanted to play Paganini. But he always had to compromise a lot, sometimes did the most stupid movies just to keep us happy and make money. I don't know. . . ." Nastassia shrugs, her voice trailing off wistfully. She has a half sister, Pola—also an actress, though their paths seldom cross—as well as a very young half brother by Kinski's current wife, a Vietnamese.

It's clear that she sees many things differently now that she has to juggle her own conflicting drives. Her workaholic tendencies are such that she took advantage of a break from *The Moon in the Gutter* to make still another movie in Germany, portraying pianist Clara Schumann. "Classical music, to me—I mean Beethoven or Tchaikovsky or Chopin—is like hearing the voices of my parents; I was brought up on it. But I never knew so much about Schumann or how the Schumanns fell in love through their art, which drew them together so strongly."

An unabashed romantic, she is also a solitary soul who spent Christmas alone in

the Bahamas and wondered why anyone thought it odd of her. She may dig an occasional evening of disco but cherishes privacy, and she's still not sure she wants to be an actress. "That's why I'm acting, just to follow this work and see how far it goes, to say all these marvelous things and be all these strange people in different stories. I can't tell you things I don't know, but I finally want what everybody wants. Mostly, I want children. . . ."

Does that mean marriage? She has thought about it, though the possibility seems remote right now. And details about a prospective mate are hard to come by. "He's 25 . . . he lives in Berlin . . . he's a student of architecture." Next question.

She's still carrying psychological bruises from her early encounters with journalists when she was too inexperienced to field queries about her widely publicized romances with Polanski and Schrader. About Schrader and *Cat People*, Nastassia prefers to stay mum. The movie disappointed her, and so did the relationship. "They say if something bugs you, you still care," she concedes, then adds, "and it really bugs me that I was so stupid."

Polanski is something else. "Tess was

truly a turning point for me, and the relationship while I was working with Polanski was fantastic. Don't call him the love of my life, because that's not what I mean. Because he has a certain kind of reputation, people used to ask such nasty questions, try to get me to say things, then they'd just go and write what they wanted to write. But I love Polanski as a person, as a human being. I can't think of a thing in this world that would not interest him. He totally fascinated me and has been the most important man I've met, except for my father. I've never seen anybody so excited by life, who has in him what we love about children—just to look and ask and touch and wonder. He'd have soup served to him and smell it and say, 'You must smell this soup . . . this soup is amazing!' Every instant with him is just full. Nobody I know is like him. He's wonderful."

Whenever she talks about the people she likes best—whether Coppola or Toback or Polanski—she is apt to give them extra points for taking chances. That she relishes an element of risk seems obvious even when she talks about the celebrated snake picture by Richard Avedon in which Kinski had a live python wrapped around her nude body and became a best-selling-poster queen. "That was totally unplanned. I knew the guy from *Cat People*, a trainer who came to a fashion shooting with a monkey, a bird, a cat, different animals. If I had thought about it for a day or two, I might have been frightened by the whole idea of a snake, but the python was there—then Avedon said, 'Well, you'll just have to take everything off or this is going to look ridiculous.' So that's what we did."

Nastassia draws a sharper analogy from her role as a circus high-wire walker in Coppola's *One from the Heart*, an experience she cherishes no matter what critics and public say. She had to walk a wire 50 feet above the ground and wouldn't fake it, couldn't fake it—although there were what she calls mattresses to cushion a fall. To get the stunt right, she trained for months with circus professionals. "The discipline of walking a wire is very difficult, you know. Gravity pulls you down all the time. It's like you're pulled on an inner wire from your own center . . . you make love to the wire and feel the north, south, west, everything of yourself. It's incredible. The minute your mind goes somewhere else, you slip. I slipped quite often, badly, and that hurt. Then I realized maybe I was trying too hard. So I tried with less effort; and later, I related that to acting. Maybe putting in too much effort is what blocks you. Anyway, to walk that wire was like a lesson from life, if you know what I mean." We know.

The laws of gravity may be immutable, yet all available evidence suggests that enchanting Nastassia Kinski henceforth has only one way to go: up, up, up.



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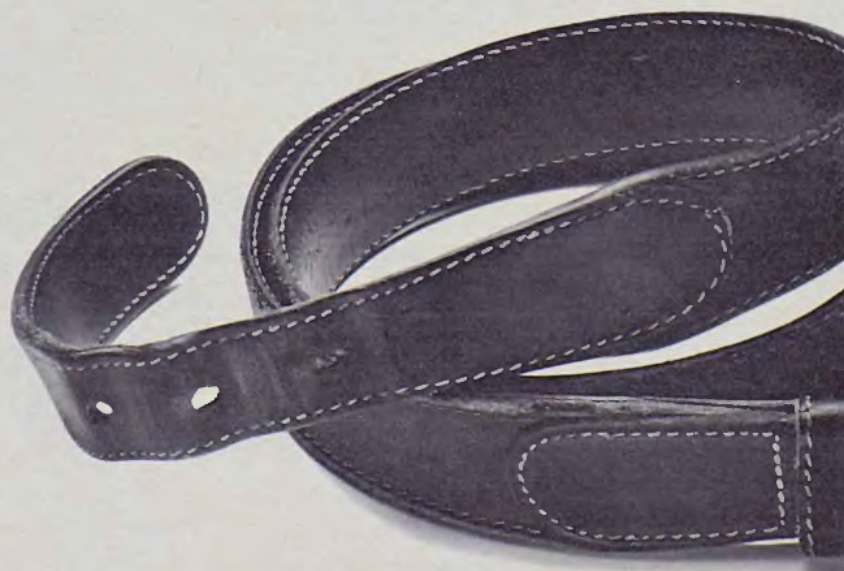


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PALMER VS. PALMER (continued from page 106)

"Once, seeing Palmer read 'Doctor Zhivago,' a teammate said, 'It must be about an elbow specialist.'"

world I wouldn't do for them. My job allows me to have two houses, so they live right over the hill.

"My wife says the separation is not my fault, it's hers. She doesn't feel good about being Mrs. Jim Palmer. 'Oh, glad to meet you. You're Mrs. Jim Palmer.' People in their 30s sometimes want to change the course of the ship. I guess she's in that now. I hope to do it in my 40s."

The all-afternoon open house continues with the entrance of a striking blonde neighbor, who just happens to be wearing her ankle-length silver mink. When women go to Palmer's house for a cup of sugar, they don't wear their hair in curlers. The man's life is one long female audition. Mostly, they must settle for a smile. "I don't date that much," Palmer says. "It's work. I have to make a great effort straightening out people's preconceived ideas about me."

His need for a kaleidoscopic environment is so ingrained that, as he talks, he changes position in his chair as exotically as a little boy, even getting his feet above his head. Every few minutes, he switches the music coming from the tape deck. "I never watch television," he says, then corrects himself: "Well, sometimes Carson's monolog." That's about as long as he likes to sit still. Nevertheless, Palmer is one ballplayer occasionally seen in the company of long, heavy novels. They feed the mind, to be sure, but also help him get through the interminable hours he spends on airplanes. Once, seeing him read *Doctor Zhivago*, teammate Steve Stone said, "It must be about an elbow specialist."

Partly because he can't stay put, Palmer is among the best conditioned of major-leaguers. In a day, he'll play basketball and racquetball, lift weights and run, then

throw. And that's in January. "He has the best 20-year-old body in baseball," says Weaver. "When rookies ask what to do in spring training, I say, 'Follow Palmer.' Not one has ever kept up with him."

Just as Palmer, taken in 60-second doses, seems relaxed, so, measured over hours, he seems in need of a barbiturate milk shake. "My wife always said to me, 'You fit everything in,'" he says, "meaning I was fitting her and the children in around a lot of other things. But I'd say to her, 'Yes, but I fit *everything* in.' Meaning I did get around to all of it."

Not surprisingly, this laid-back ball of nerves is also both intensely rational and explosively emotional. On one hand, he is a man with a passion for logic. That may be his greatest strength as a pitcher. "Nobody's got as many theories as Jim. He'll use a whole game just to prove he's right," says fellow Orioles hurler Mike Flanagan. "One year, he was convinced that we'd thrown too many curves in spring training. So on opening day, he threw 120 fast balls out of 124 pitches to beat the White Sox."

"Another time, Earl was on one of his kicks about starting hitters off with breaking balls. Jimmy told us, 'Forget Earl. He knows baseball, but all he knows about pitching is that he couldn't hit it. He gives the hitters too much credit. The key is to get ahead with a first-pitch fast ball for a strike.' So Palmer started all 33 hitters that game with fast balls, 32 for strikes. It's amazing how predictable he was, but the hitters couldn't do anything. Every batter, it was a fast ball for a strike or a pop-up, then a change-up for a ground out. We'd look at each other and say, 'Don't they know?'"

"Jim calls his change a batting-practice fast ball," Flanagan says, "but it's really a hell of a screwball. We never tell him, 'Great screwball,' though, because then his elbow would hurt."

"When Palmer is on a roll, the innings go so fast they're a blur—always ahead, no trouble, minimum of pitches, always working around the good hitters. We can call every pitch he throws. Maybe once a game he crosses us up. When he gets back to the dugout, he'll tell us why before we can ask. Usually, it's 'cause he's thinking three batters ahead."

After years of studying Palmer in action, pitching coach Ray Miller simply calls the 6'3", 194-pound right-hander the game's best situation pitcher.

"You must accept that you'll give up runs," explains Palmer. "The pitcher who gives up runs *one at a time* wins, while the pitcher who gives them up two, three and four at a time loses. I've given up long home runs that I turned around and admired like a fan. But the ones I admired were all *solos*."

With the bases loaded, the ultimately rational Palmer *always* throws every pitch at a corner—even with three balls on the



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batter. In his career, he has walked home many runs, but in more than 3800 innings, he has *never* given up a grand slam. Not one.

This levelheaded man of logic, however, is also a creature of moods and funks. Once, he walked off the mound in the eighth inning of a 1-0 game after outfielder Pat Kelly dropped a fly ball, prompting a furious Belanger to say, "Palmer has always begged off under pressure." Palmer hardly makes friends when he calls his outfield "our Bermuda Triangle" or when he stares at offending defenders; when he fires his glove at dugout walls between innings or when he asks an umpire for a new ball seven times, knowing an umpire carries only six in his pouch; or, finally, when he repositions his fielders, as is his habit, between pitches. ("I have to move my outfielders ten steps to the right," Weaver once said, "so that after Palmer moves them back five steps to the left, they'll end up in the right place.")

Most germane, Palmer can't forget any slight ever done to him. His memory is encyclopedic—a curse for a man who tends to feel persecuted. He can remember sequences of pitches from games 15 years ago; ask him, out of the blue, how long reliever Don Stanhouse has been married and he says, "Since October 27, 1981." Unfortunately, Palmer also recalls that "in 1966, I was 15-10 and got \$15,000 the next year, while Jim Lonborg was 9-17 for Boston in 1965 and got \$22,000." He can't help it. "I just can't forget any of that stuff," he says. "I'm very logical and also very emotional." He says it as if the two went hand in hand.

To appreciate the Palmer paradox, you should know that his childhood and young adulthood tended toward the dichotomous, to say the least. He was adopted at the age of one week and grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth. He says he has never wanted to know who his natural parents were. His father, Moe, a dress manufacturer, was Jewish; his mother, Polly, was Catholic. His name then was Jim Wiesen. The family lived on Park Avenue and in Rye, New York, summered on Lake George and had servants in the home. Then, one morning, the boy noticed that lots of cars had pulled up in the family driveway. His father had died of a heart attack in the night. Jim was nine years old.

His mother moved him and his sister, also adopted, 3000 miles to California. The family's style of life went from upper to middle class. Polly Wiesen was eventually remarried, to Max Palmer, a Hollywood character actor in such shows as *Playhouse 90*, *Dragnet* and *Highway Patrol*, who also managed the bars at the Hollywood Park and Santa Anita race tracks. Next, the family moved to Scottsdale, Arizona. One of the first children Jim met there was a girl named Susan Ryan. They dated through high school, then married after graduation. As Palmer was

working his way through the minors in the Sixties, his sister was married for the first time (there would be five more). They seldom see each other anymore. "I always wondered how two people so different came from the same environment," he has said.

No sooner had Palmer made his presence felt in the majors at the age of 20, winning 15 games and becoming the youngest man ever to pitch a world-series shutout, than his elbow blew out. He spent two lost and traumatic years in the minors, getting shelled in Rochester and Miami. Many thought that his career was over. The Orioles scarred Palmer by insinuating that his problems were in his head. He learned a bitter lesson early: "Your arm is all you are."

Palmer's view is that his first 21 years were basically idyllic—loving parents, no wants; living on the lower acreage of the Jimmy Cagney estate in Beverly Hills, across the street from Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. What's the big deal?

With that as background, perhaps it is easier to sense how one man can be so many things—and also their opposites. For instance, this putative prima donna, who baseball colleagues swear is often selfish and immature, is notably charitable and responsible—normally "adult" qualities. His one stipulation before OKing a poster of his Jockey ad, for example, was that all proceeds go to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. Well known for his inability to say no to worthy causes, Palmer has always been a whirlwind of good works. One day, during the off season, he offered himself as a luncheon partner to anybody who would donate \$100 to the Baltimore Symphony. The next day, he spent the morning at Memorial Stadium pouring Cokes at an Orioles party for 100 poor children. That night, Palmer was a celebrity bartender—again for charity. ("They didn't know what they were getting into," he says. "I'd never mixed a drink in my life. If it wasn't white wine or draught beer, they were in trouble.") The following day, at the request of his estranged wife, he spent 90 minutes playing tennis with people he'd never seen before in order to raise \$900 for another charity.

And all that was during Christmas week.

Palmer turned out to be so dependable in his public appearances that Jockey was shocked. "You tell Palmer when and where to be and he's there. That's one reason we made him the company's singular spokesman," says a Jockey official. "We've had to do amazing things to get players—even Pete Rose—where they were supposed to be. Sometimes a limousine isn't enough. You need somebody to wake the guy, get him dressed and into the limousine."

At his dozens of Jockey shows, often on mornings after he has pitched, Palmer signs his name a thousand times without missing a smile. Sometimes, when a

woman asks him to sign her briefs, it turns out she's still wearing them. On a hot day in Milwaukee not long ago, Palmer quietly asked the assembled admirers, "Mind if I take off my jacket?" Soon, hundreds of women were shouting, "Take it off!"

"I go out for Jockey and their people—guys in sales and vice-presidents—they're amazed at how I can get along with the public," Palmer says. "Well, my politeness definitely comes from my parents. My mother was one of six kids and her father died when he was 40. She went to New York and got a job in a small dress shop and put her brother through Juilliard school. When she met my father, it wasn't as if she didn't know the value of a dollar. She would give her last dime to anybody who asked for it. She was certainly aware of how other people live, because she'd gone through it. . . .

"What's life all about," he asks, "except using your experiences to figure out how you want to conduct yourself? I've seen too many ballplayers go to dinners where they're getting \$1500 or \$2000 and not want to sign autographs. I mean, why are you there?"

There are those, however, who don't equate *sang-froid* and good manners with maturity.

"Many people grow up late," says Weaver. "But Palmer *still* hasn't grown up . . . but he's getting closer.

"Jim has a hard time making difficult decisions. For instance, is his divorce final? No? I didn't think so. It's been up in the air for years. He hasn't faced that. He's got his security blankets. He hasn't let go of any of them, has he? Once he stands in front of that judge and hears him say what the alimony is and what the child support is and how much he can see his own children—when he starts facing things like that—he'll start finding out what it means to be an adult."

True to form, Palmer is ambivalent about Weaver, with whom he does commercials and TV commentary. "It was great to see Earl humble. He was in awe of the pros," crows Palmer, looking back on their TV work during the play-offs last October. "He even told me I did a good job. That's when I knew he was nervous."

Palmer compares their *Odd Couple* relationship to "a marriage where each partner knows exactly what to say to make the other one mad." Certainly, Weaver has been the burr under Palmer's saddle for almost his entire career. It's a considerable compliment to both men that they can sincerely like, and sincerely dislike, each other—yet coexist. (Sort of.) In a strange sense, theirs is a model for human relationships. To be sure, opposites attract. But there have also been many times when either Palmer or Weaver could have written the other off as an incorrigible pain in the ass. Yet each sees in the other a winner who possesses native intelligence. Such foils could not willingly part.

"The only thing I ever asked from

BERNARD AND HUEY #2



Earl," Palmer says, "was that he treat me the way I would have treated him—that he be fair and polite and compassionate. Of course, that's just not Earl. That doesn't mean I would rather have had him be compassionate and thoughtful than be a winner.

"With Earl, enough is never enough. He has never been satisfied with my performance, not in my best year. It goes back to that series of great expectations, the Jim Palmer Syndrome. The year after I went 16-4—in '69—he had me winning 30 games before I had ever won 20. And when I've been hurt, he's never been able to accept it. I don't think I'm a hypochondriac. But it's always been the same: Tim Stoddard has a sore arm and they believe him. Jim Palmer has a sore arm and it's in his head.

"I was a baby when I came up here and Earl made it very difficult, complaining about everything. Lee May used to make a joke out of it. There'd be Earl—we'd have a man on third with one out in an early inning and a guy would pop up, and you know Earl, he'd have his head between his knees, going, 'Bbbrrrrrr.' He was sure we'd blown the game; he'd seen his omen. Lee would say, 'Well, the Little Genius has given up again.' And we'd laugh and go on and play our own game. And we'd win.

"I just think that a lot of the ways I acted, and the misunderstandings that came out of it, were caused by Earl Weaver. That sounds like a cop-out. But it's true."

One episode, out of dozens, gives the true *Odd Couple* flavor.

In 1981, Weaver was so incensed by Palmer's five-year-old habit of missing starts with mysterious injuries, begging for relief help at the first sign of trouble and generally second-guessing everybody that, on the mound in Seattle, he screamed at Palmer, "I'm sick of your crap! Come on, let's fight!"

"I plan to scream at Palmer the rest of the season, 'cause that's the only way I can get his attention," Weaver announced. "But, knowing Palmer, it'll go in one ear and out the other. His problem is he won't listen to anybody. When I want him, I'll just send Ray Miller to drag him back by his diaper."

Palmer retaliated with medical journals supporting his new self-diagnosis: an injury "to the suprascapula. . . . My career is probably over."

That was old news to Weaver, the man who once said, "The Chinese tell time by the Year of the Dragon, the Year of the Horse. I tell time by the Year of the Shoulder, the Year of the Elbow, the Year of the Ulnar Nerve."

And it was older news to trainer Ralph Salvon, who once convinced Palmer that he'd discovered a new miracle cure by rubbing sticky, stinging Coke into the pitcher's shoulder. "Jim's definitely a hypochondriac," Salvon has said. "And he knows it. If he doesn't, he should."

That a man as fanatical about good health as Palmer should have spent his career performing the most unnatural act in sports—throwing a baseball—borders on being a cosmic snicker. A pitcher's life is one day of deliberate self-injury followed by three days of healing, then a fresh injury. Ask a narcissistic perfectionist, who's pretty sure he knows more about sports medicine than most doctors, to endure in that job and the result is the Year of the Ulnar Nerve.

Finally, Weaver gave his true diagnosis of the slump Palmer suffered from 1979 until 1982—a period in which he was 34-26 with two dozen missed starts: "We've got to find out how much Palmer has left. He's got to get rid of all this emotion he wastes on blaming other people for everything that goes wrong. He has to say, 'That's my fault' or 'I can overcome that.' Now he's always pitying himself and taking himself out of games and asking for help."

Coach Miller added, "Palmer has reached the stage of his career where he has to bite the bullet. I don't know if he's ever really had to. He can't keep putting Earl on the spot with all his antics."

In response, Palmer tried enough advice and remedies for a whole pitching staff. He changed sliders three times until he found one that didn't hurt his elbow. He adopted Steve Carlton's hand-in-a-bucket-of-rice exercises. He practiced the pre-game-meditation methods of Steve Stone. (Said Flanagan: "It's a good thing for Jimmy that Stone didn't stand on his head.") Palmer also went on a small-weight-lifting program prescribed by one doctor and a general-strengthening scheme devised by another. He consulted with specialists in Los Angeles, Boston and Baltimore.

The result: Nothing.

By last May, Palmer had reached the lowest point in his career. His E.R.A. was 7.44. His stock in the organization had bottomed out. "I think Palmer can win those games he needs to reach 300," said Weaver, "but I doubt if he can do it here. He needs something to completely shake him up."

As a last resort, Palmer's twin bêtes noires—Weaver and G. M. Hank Peters—decided on shock treatment. First, Palmer was sent to the bull pen. Not for rest or rehabilitation but indefinitely. "I got the word," he says, "that Peters had said, 'I don't want Palmer to start another game here this year.'"

Contending that he was being used as a scapegoat, Palmer asked for a trade. To his amazement, he got an answer he'd never heard before: Great. Give us a list of teams you'd approve and we'll work something out within *two weeks*.

Peters and Weaver had decided that, underneath everything, Palmer was utterly attached to Baltimore—both town and team. To their minds, he was like a child trying to test the limits of his family's

patience and affection. So they let the little boy run away from home, then they didn't go look for him.

Within two days, Palmer had decided he didn't want to be traded, that he wanted to finish his career in Baltimore, because the dislocations of a trade would be too cruel for his family. Next, he walked into Weaver's office and, according to Weaver, said, as he often had in the Seventies, "Earl, my arm feels good. I think I'll win seven or eight in a row."

"Palmer always keeps his word," beamed Weaver, putting the right-hander back in the rotation. This time, Palmer bettered his word. From that day in late May until September—from before Memorial Day until after Labor Day—Palmer went unbeaten, winning 11 in a row and equaling the longest streak of his career.

He wasn't lucky. He was good. Often overpoweringly good. Once again, he could throw his fast ball for strikes with impunity—for six or seven innings, at least. His combination of a rising fast ball, that nasty new slider, a rainbow curve and two change-ups (one a screwball) gave him as paralyzing a combination of pitches as any hurler in the league could call upon in a jam.

To Palmer, the coincidence of his bull pen exile and his return to form was galling. "I did all the work to get my fast ball back, to rehabilitate my shoulder," he says. "Of course, *they* think it's in my head."

And, indeed, they do. "I think that sending him to the bull pen and agreeing to trade him was a kick in the rear end to him. It spurred his pride," says Peters. "I think it was the catalyst." But then, if a clear line of causality could be traced, we wouldn't be talking about Palmer. This, after all, is the winner who's been called a quitter. This is the hypochondriac who averaged 288 innings a season for nine consecutive years. The sex symbol who lives the clean life. He's the baseball paranoiac who can't forget. The responsible adolescent. The urbane sophisticate who is, in private, a Gordian knot of fascinating kinks.

Finally, this is a man who is trying to live up to his own personal conception of "the good," both in his pitching and in his life. His charitable works, his attention to responsibilities, his forbearance with strangers, his concern for his children bear no evidence of being the machinations of a fellow with ulterior motives—an eye on politics, perhaps, or public favor.

At the risk of applying a word out of fashion, no enterprise is *nobler* than this striving after a life that will bear up under the strictest scrutiny—not just the scrutiny of celebrity, that is, but of our own internal eye. Palmer has tried to conduct an examined life, arrive at his own precepts and live by them. That this hardest of tasks often leaves him at odds with himself isn't really surprising.

Palmer is, of course, just as tangled up,

as human, as everybody else—and *he knows it*. Given his advantages, that's not an easy insight. When he pleads that he's misunderstood, he means that people don't understand that despite his wealth, looks, talent, fame, he finds life just as troubling as anybody else does. With him, it takes us a little longer to appreciate the shadows in a glittering life.

Surely, some of the paradoxes in Palmer can be credited as virtues. Attempting to lead a decent and reasonably reflective life while trying to win 300 baseball games along the way is full-time employment. Palmer takes some bearing with and, like us all, has his weak side. However, once we take the trouble to meet him whole, he draws us toward him with a human link we would not want to break.

"In the little things, Jim can get on your nerves," says Flanagan. "But the longer you know him and the better you know him, the more you like him. He's a really fine man."

Palmer's desire for such affection is large, his need for proofs of appreciation considerable. Those who neglect or mistrust him, however, may be punished—indeed, may deserve to be. "Fans are front runners," he says of the Baltimore baseball public, for instance. "I've won 250-some games and I get booed. They announce my name and I go out there and a third of the people boo. I win, and no cheers. That's the way it is. I'm never going to be understood. But that's all right. It really is."

"When I walked out after the final game last year, I just knew that fate dictates," says Palmer. "Here you've got Don Sutton, who's a good friend of mine. He leaves L.A.—which I never could understand, because his family lives there and it's a nice place to play. He goes to Houston for a lot of money and he gets tired and doesn't want to play down *there*, because they never score any runs. So he goes to Milwaukee. And it's Sutton and me in the last game. Here I am, played here for 19 years, I'm the one who *stayed*. If there's any justice in the world we'd win."

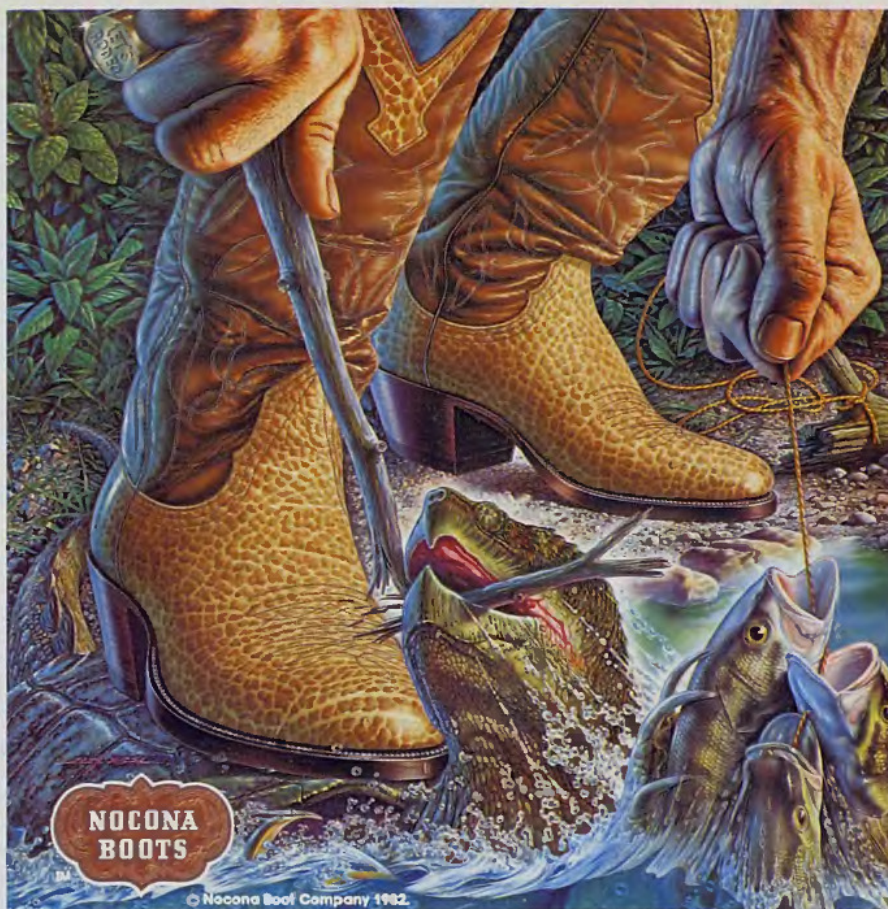
"But life doesn't work that way. It just doesn't."

"The true fans are the ones who came out afterward—how wonderful that was. The people were still there waiting after the game, and they were calling for us. Now, those are the real fans, those were the fans who came up to me when I was 7-8 and said, 'We don't care. We appreciate all the things you've done.' Not that I'm somebody who lives in the past, but I do think that counts."

"It's like Rudolf Nureyev," he continues. "We saw him in *Sleeping Beauty* in Washington. People say that he's not what he used to be. Well, who gives a shit? He's still good."

Like you?

"Yes," says Jim Palmer. "Like me."



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"The entire crisis treatment of terrorism has been one of denial," Kupperman says."

of political death. Reagan came to power proclaiming that terrorism was America's number-one foreign-policy problem. Alexander Haig (himself once a target of a terrorist bomb) held a press conference to announce that the Soviets were "training, funding and equipping" terrorists around the world.

Coincident with the installation of the new Administration, two books were published that would strongly influence thinking about terrorism. One was the scholarly work Kupperman co-authored, *Terrorism: Threat, Reality, Response*, now considered a classic within academic circles. *Terrorism* magazine summed up the book's content: "There is a very real danger in the years ahead that terrorist groups will seek to further their causes by resorting to high-technology terrorism."

The other influential book was by journalist Claire Sterling, *The Terror Network*, published by and excerpted in *Reader's Digest*. It was not considered a scholarly work and was, in fact, savaged by the press. Sterling was accused of timing the book to promote the Reagan Administration's point of view, an accusation she flatly denied. Her book described in elaborate detail a massive Soviet conspiracy to use terrorism world-wide to destabilize democratic societies.

Almost immediately, the battle lines were drawn on either side of the Soviet question. Senator Jeremiah Denton opened the hearings of his Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism on April 24, 1981, surprised that the room wasn't jammed with Senators eager to nail down the Soviet menace. Undaunted, Denton launched into a tirade against Soviet expansionism and support of world-wide terrorism. Often waxing incomprehensible in his windy statements between questions, he was given to what can only be called raving. "The Soviets were not particularly terroristically inclined in the sense of the fragmented terrorism that was going on around the world," he said. And: "Americans, in general, are not fractionally appreciative of this relativity of badness and goodness." Although I am quoting him out of context, he spoke largely out of it as well. One of his key witnesses was Sterling, to whom he said, "I must say that, although I have great respect for the CIA and our other institutions, I believe that they have such a multitude of matters with which to concern themselves, necessarily, that you, in the field of terrorism, in my opinion are the most valuable source I know of from which to extract that which is significant and news."

But while Sterling and Denton were spinning out their theories of the Soviet connection, the State Department and the CIA, under orders from the White House, were trying to dig out some hard evidence of it. The Administration, as Kupperman put it, "got burned painfully trying to prove that the Soviet Union was behind it all." Soon, it was being reported in the press that a draft of the national-intelligence estimate prepared by the CIA had been rejected by Haig because it didn't prove the Soviet connection. It had been sent back for redrafting to make it square with the Administration's line. Unfortunately, it never did. The evidence just wasn't there, at least not in the eyes of the CIA.

Colby was called to testify for Denton and did so. And while he admitted some Soviet involvement and responsibility, he had a more moderate version of the story. "With reference to directing the [terrorist] 'orchestra,'" he said, "no, the Soviets are not directly directing the orchestra today. But, yes, they did provide the instruments in the training and some of the equipment that these people had originally and [the Soviets] bear a responsibility for their use. . . . I think there is a feeling that there is some central war room with flashing lights and red arrows on the wall, and so forth; that it is all being run from some big center. That is not the way terrorism works, and I do not think there is such a central war room for the whole movement."

As most bright intelligence workers knew then and know now, terrorism is a messy, complicated business, not easily packaged as a public-relations tool. Even Kupperman, who is associated with the "Georgetown crowd," typically identified with the right-wing position on terrorist matters, said, "Although Russia certainly provides funding for some terrorist operations, if it withdrew that patronage, little would change. Terrorists know how to raise money. Furthermore, there is really no need for a master conspiracy to keep terrorism going. But," he added by way of warning, "the very diversity and uncontrollability of terrorists make them that much more dangerous to the United States. Terrorists are not constrained by diplomatic considerations. Moreover, it is a mistake to assume that terrorists are necessarily rational people. In many cases, they most definitely are not."

Once again, the proponents of the Soviet connection are undoubtedly sincere, whether they are right or wrong. But the Soviet connection is also a powerful public-relations tool and is almost certain

to be misused, even if there is some truth in it. And in the meantime, it stands in the way of actually confronting the problem.

Kupperman, Alexander and others are concerned that if the terrorist threat becomes reality in the U.S., it will be too late for us to react properly. "The entire crisis treatment of terrorism has been one of denial," Kupperman says. "One of believing in a self-fulfilling prophecy: If you breathe a word about it, if you even think about it, it's going to happen. Well, it has happened, and we weren't ready for it."

He points out that in the two most important terrorist incidents in the U.S.—the Iranian hostage crisis and the seizure of Washington embassy buildings by Hanafi Moslems—we botched the handling of the situations. But the terrorists don't need to operate within the borders of the United States to have the desired effect, as demonstrated in Iran. "Qaddafi threatened to attack nuclear facilities in Western Europe. Right now, NATO is hanging by a thread. It would fold if those facilities were attacked. Every European nation would demand that we remove the nuclear weapons, and NATO has little else."

But what of the U.S. military? Isn't it prepared to deal with terrorists if the need arises? A man well versed in the problems that terrorism presents for the military is Colonel William J. Taylor, who spent 27 years in the Army, 13 of them as director of national-security studies at West Point. He is now director of political-military studies at C.S.I.S. He is part of the nation's brain trust on terrorism. Lean and fit-looking, he has neatly cropped, straight black hair and clear eyes. On the left side of his upper lip, at the corner of his mouth, is a scar shaped like a bent staple. It makes it seem as if he's smiling even when he's not.

"The military does not cope well with uncertainty," he says. "And that's what terrorism is. In Vietnam, the war was lost to the Cong—terrorists. When the Cong massed as conventional units, we ate their ass alive. And they learned not to mass. In Four Corps, we had an east-west road between two towns. We *owned* it during the day. But going out on it at night was a suicide mission."

The lesson of Vietnam, he says, is that you can't fight terrorists with a conventional army. And the U.S. hasn't learned the lesson.

Both Kupperman and Taylor have pointed out that the future of warfare promises to be far different from its past. In their view, land wars are outmoded and nuclear war is still unthinkable, contrary to what *Time* and *Newsweek* would have us believe. The warfare of the future is low-intensity conflict—in other words, terrorism. It's cheap, it requires little training or equipment and few men, and there is no trench or fallout shelter into which one can climb to escape it.

"We would find a strategic nuclear exchange to be an extraordinarily unlikely

event," Taylor says, adding that the Soviets aren't going to start a nuclear war, because it would be too costly. "They're not going to start a land war in Europe, either, because that would lead inexorably to nuclear war. Anyway, they're probably going to get what they want in central Europe. But now they're going to low-cost, low-risk operations. There are going to be more Cubas, more Ethiopias—the operations for which we're least prepared. We train for the big war. But not for this other stuff. We're training for the least likely forms of conflict and not training for the conflict we're in. We need better intelligence to cope with terrorism, and we're not getting it. For the most part, the American officers stationed in Europe don't speak German. So how can they know what's going on if they can't listen to what people are saying? The secret of counterterrorism is intelligence—nonmilitary, nonstandard intelligence. The military is a target, so the military has to respond. The Army doesn't coordinate well with others. It needs to—with the FBI, the CIA and other services. It may have to resort to other forms of intelligence—payoffs to informants, dirty tricks, maybe the use of extortion measures.

"So far, the terrorism has amounted to kidnaping Dozier and bombing an officers' club—that sort of thing. Future terrorists may take whole compounds. They may also take a nuke. Nobody in the military has trained to handle this. What's being

taught at West Point? One lesson on terrorism in the entire four years."

He says that when he berated a student at the war college for not paying attention to the material, the student, a colonel, said, "Sir, with all due respect, you're mistaking me for somebody who gives a shit."

Taylor leans forward on his desk and his eyes go to points. The scar makes it appear as if he were smiling, but he is not. "We are at war," he says.

At war, perhaps, but with whom? If we are to believe the proponents of the Russian connection, we are at war with the Soviet Union. But academic spooks and other experts in a position to know say that it is not that simple. The Russian connection is just a convenient way to package the problem not only for public consumption but also for the Administration. The Administration doesn't want to deal with anything more complicated than the Russian connection. Because if you take away the Russians—or even say they are only partly responsible—you are left with a Hydra-headed monster that replicates itself infinitely as you attempt to destroy it.

Moreover, if we are at war with such elusive enemies, we still don't even know who they are, what they want and how to tell the terrorist from the other people in conflict. Colby says that when he was parachuting behind enemy lines in Germany during World War Two, he was considered

a terrorist and hastens to point out that he was not, for he was fighting a declared war and was not attacking innocent civilians. "Terrorism is, of course, a tactic," he says. "It particularly applies to endangering innocent people in order to demonstrate a terrorist's power or to influence others. Thus, the deliberate tactic of the F.L.N. in Algeria was to demonstrate French inability to maintain order by randomly machine-gunning passengers waiting at bus stops."

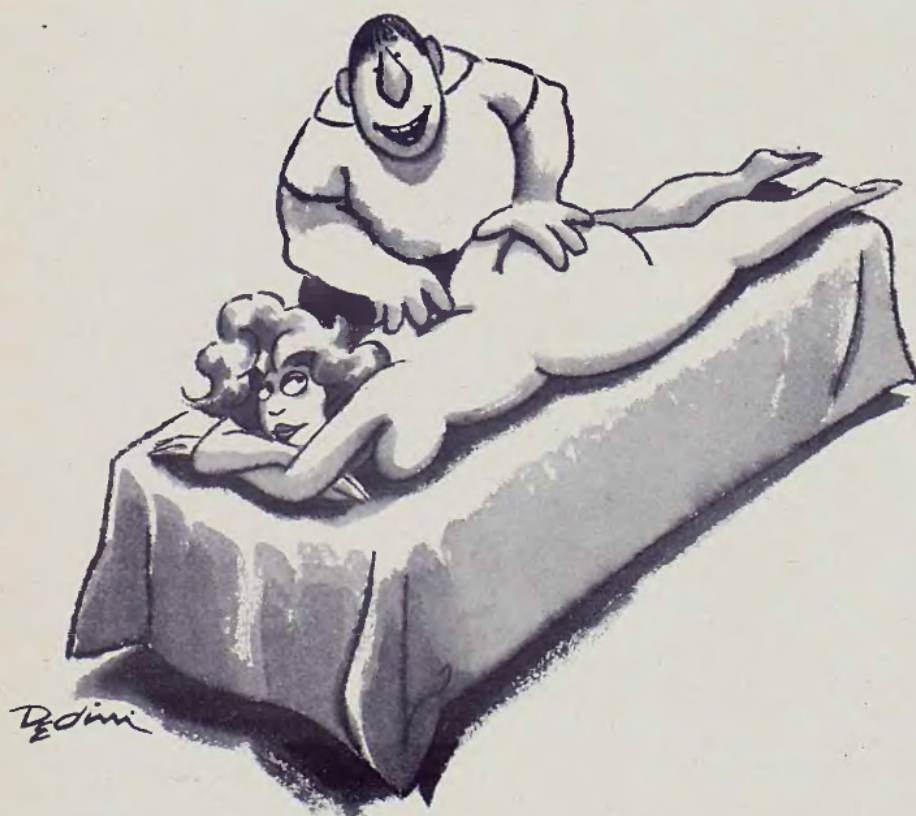
Harry Rositzke, a former CIA expert on the Soviet Union, wrote, "Confusing simple terrorism with serious revolutionary 'wars' will create problems for United States policy makers." And so we find ourselves at yet another disadvantage. We are big and simple and visible. The terrorist is small and numerous and unfathomable. Who will win?

W. Clifford of the Australian Institute of Criminology is the man responsible for having terrorism put on the agenda of the General Assembly of the United Nations. "Where modern terrorism strikes a liberal state," he said, "the appearance, at first, is that of a malevolent David ranged against a benevolent Goliath. And in constraining the monstrous upstart . . . Goliath has to be careful that his methods do not ultimately deprive him of his benevolent image and reveal him as an infuriated bully hitting out at everyone. It is precisely this transformation of labels that the terrorist seeks to achieve by his atrocities."

The classic contemporary example of how terrorism works is Uruguay. It was one of the few true democracies in South America. There were free elections, free trade unions, a healthy population and a functioning Social-Democratic government. In the mid-Sixties, a far-left Marxist group, the Tupamaros, was trained in Cuba for urban guerrilla warfare. It was trained according to the theories of a Brazilian terrorist, Carlos Marighella (not to be confused with Carlos the Jackal), whose classic work, *Mini Manual for Urban Guerrilla Warfare*, explained terrorism this way:

First, the urban guerrilla must use . . . violence . . . to win a popular base. Then the government has no alternative except to intensify repression. The police roundups, house searches, arrests of innocent people make life in the city unbearable. The general sentiment is that the government is unjust, incapable of solving problems and resorts, purely and simply, to the physical liquidation of its opponents. . . . [Then] the urban guerrilla must become more aggressive and violent, resorting without letup to sabotage, terrorism, expropriations, assaults, kidnappings and executions, heightening the disastrous situation in which the government must act.

In the Sixties, the Tupamaros began



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bombing, assassinating and kidnaping at random. Feeling frightened and helpless, the Uruguayan people demanded that the government do something—anything—to stop the violence. Thousands demonstrated in the streets. By 1972, the government was forced to act. It brought in the army to attempt to restore order. But a terrorist doesn't stick out from the crowd. He looks like everyone else. So how do you crush him? The army did the only thing it knew how to do: It controlled not just the terrorists but the entire population. The result has been that Uruguay is now a police state run by the military. The Tupamaros have provided a model for many terrorist groups since then.

While the people who protect Government officials in the U.S. are extremely sensitive to that very problem, it is difficult to avoid the appearance of a police state when the police are forced to act as if a terrorist bombing or an assassination were about to occur. And this is the central paradox of terrorism: There is no real defense against it, because the defense itself is an admission of defeat and plays into the hands of the terrorists. Throwing up the extravagant security curtain around the Madison Hotel to protect President Gemayal was like putting up a great neon sign advertising the power of the terrorists.

Terrorism is so effective, in fact, that merely *suggesting* it works as well as committing a terrorist act. When Secret Service agents heard rumors that a Libyan hit team was coming down from Canada to assassinate President Reagan, they were so afraid that it *might* be true that they wouldn't let him go out to light the White House Christmas tree. An unimportant failure, it would seem, but one with tremendous symbolic value for the Libyans. The White House Christmas tree, the symbol of peace on earth and good will toward men, had been transformed into a reminder of the American giant afraid of its own shadow.

Although the U.S. has by no means become a police state, we have by other-wise insignificant increments made dramatic changes in our attitudes toward authority during the past dozen years. The House and the Senate galleries of the U.S. Capitol building are guarded by ranks of Sentries metal-detection gates. We say, "So what?" Better that than have some nut toss a bomb down there. No one would think to object to a luggage search at an airport. Clifford, on the other hand, asked "how far a democracy can afford to become undemocratic in dealing with those who seek to destroy its very existence. . . . Should there be restraints on a person's freedom to shout 'Fire!' in a crowded theater. . . ?" Perhaps. It is, after all, illegal to joke about bomb threats at an airport gate. You can go to jail for it.

There has been a general blurring of where individual rights end and the right of society to protect itself against an

individual begins. Take the Tylenol case, for example.

During the fall of 1982, after several people had been killed by Tylenol that had been laced with cyanide, no one seemed even mildly alarmed when video tapes were produced showing one of the victims purchasing the Tylenol that killed her. It just seemed natural. Indeed, it seemed a good thing that those cameras had been there, for they also photographed a man thought to be a suspect in the murders. He turned out to be a look-alike. In fact, during that period of time, precisely what Marighella described took place: "The police roundups . . . of innocent people." A number of people with beards were falsely accused because the suspect had a beard. But people put up with it in good spirits. After all, there was a greater danger afoot, a special situation.

No one, of course, has suggested that the Tylenol killings were terrorist acts. But they give an idea of how terrorism can work even in the largest democratic nation. Within a few weeks of the Tylenol incident, police agencies were deluged with reports from people who either thought they had seen the bearded suspect or thought their drugs had been tampered with. Mass hysteria ensued at a high school football game when a rumor swept through the crowd that the Coca-Cola sold there had been poisoned. More than 100 students were taken to the hospital with symptoms of food poisoning, which turned out to be anxiety attacks. Overnight, the entire country was clamoring for stricter legislation, tighter controls, more security.

But suppose that this wasn't the act of a lone madman. Suppose that the P.L.O. had poisoned the Tylenol. And suppose that the problem, rather than disappearing, began to get bigger. Say people began dropping dead from eating oranges. One year, P.L.O. terrorists injected a few Israeli oranges with mercury and the entire crop had to be destroyed because no one would eat them. (Ironically, metallic mercury isn't even particularly poisonous when ingested.) The result in such cases is that people demand that the government do something. Without considering the long-range consequences, we give up little by little our rights and our freedom for the appearance of protection.

This may seem insignificant, but in France, the *Renseignements Generaux* (comparable to our FBI), in an effort to combat terrorism, has assembled a file of 22,000,000 names, nearly half the population. Scotland Yard has 1,300,000 names in a similar file, and West Germany's BKA secret police has 3,000,000.

We haven't experienced even a taste of what day-to-day terrorism is like in some countries, where the university presidents, the news commentators, the liberal lawyers, the local politicians are slaughtered systematically, one by one. Yet we

have already allowed intrusions that would have been unthinkable 15 years ago. So imagine what we might put up with if a trained, well-equipped terrorist group selected the United States as a prime target.

Besides being considered one of the world's foremost authorities on terrorism, Robert Kupperman is a pure scientist of considerable accomplishments. He has a Ph.D. in applied mathematics and a grounding in a number of other sciences. He is a consultant to the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and to the Rand Corporation, Sandia Laboratories and a number of foreign governments. He was chief scientist for the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and organized the NATO International Conference on Earthquakes. One of his current activities is attempting to get the Government to face up to the possibility of a problem here in the U.S.

One way he does that is by designing terrorist war games. In effect, he plays the role of terrorist and thinks up something diabolical to do. Then he stages the game with members of the Government representing those who would actually have to react to such a crisis.

For example, suppose terrorists broke into a nuclear-weapons-storage site somewhere in Europe and held some officers (or some nuclear weapons) hostage. It would hardly matter whether the terrorists ultimately succeeded or failed; any protracted hostage/barricade situation at a nuclear-storage facility could easily cause the European governments to insist that the U.S. get all its nuclear weapons out of Western Europe. That, of course, would effectively be the end of NATO. That is the sort of problem Kupperman throws at the Government. And there are no ready answers. If you were President, what would you do?

Kupperman's answer: "You have to end it quickly, and you have to face the possibility that some people might get killed in the process. You simply evacuate the area and end it as neatly as possible. Then you hope like hell that confidence is maintained."

This is a matter of national sovereignty of the utmost importance, he says, a case in which the use of force is justified. In contrasting the Iranian hostage situation with the siege by Hanafi Moslems in Washington, experts point out that in the first case, we should have stormed the embassy to end the deadlock, even at the risk of lives, because national sovereignty was at issue. In the second case, it was not, and there was no need to use force. The trick is knowing how to react in each case and to react immediately and never to make a mistake.

"That's the point," says Taylor. "It can shred your profession, it can shred your country. It can create great uncertainty,

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that for which the military officers are least prepared. Military officers are taught to fight set-piece battles toe to toe with the enemy."

And while such lessons as Kupperman teaches in his elite classrooms may prove valuable, most experts—including Kupperman himself—agree that it would be much easier for terrorists to choose chemical- and biological-warfare (C.B.W.) methods than to steal a nuclear weapon.

Alexander says, "What's really worrisome is escalation from conventional to nonconventional force—that is, from the bomb to the chemical and biological or the nuclear. The P.L.O. and Fatah a few years ago made the decision to go nuclear to balance power with Israel. Whether or not they have, I don't know. I would not be at all surprised if they had. And if you escalate to chemical- and biological-warfare methods, it is a threat to civilization itself. They've thought of it. There have already been incidents of terrorists using C.B.W., and they have been intercepted."

Where? I asked.

"All over."

In the U.S.?

He nodded.

It's not surprising that such incidents do not become public. Most Government officials don't even want to *think* about the possibility of C.B.W.'s being used. But as early as 1975, Viennese authorities arrested a group of Germans who were attempting to sell Tabun to terrorists. Tabun is nerve gas. That same year, terrorists contaminated a Viennese train with iodine-131, a radioactive isotope that causes cancer. And although no one will talk much about it, intelligence services now have evidence that terrorists are creating biological-warfare weapons. What, exactly, is biological warfare?

"Two sailors," one source said, "on a nuclear aircraft carrier, contaminated with a lethal virus. I don't want to name it. It's the only disease I know of that the doctors and nurses treating it invariably contract. It also has a ten-day incubation period and a mortality rate of more than 90 percent. So you'd have this nuclear ghost ship drifting nine days out. The Navy doesn't like to talk about it. It has already had cases in which a single infected sailor contaminated 20 percent of a ship's population—not intentionally, just by accident. But you see the point."

"In despair," Alexander says, "if all were lost, terrorists might decide to commit suicide." In a paper delivered before a conference on the future of warfare, he wrote, "It is possible that certain conditions could provide terrorists with an incentive to escalate their attacks dramatically. Relevant examples include . . . perceptions that the 'cause' is lost and, hence, recourse to the 'ultimate weapon' is justified." He calls such suicide the Samson Solution: Bring the whole house down, taking the Philistines with you.

A few years ago, when a Princeton stu-

dent designed an atom bomb, a great deal was made of the ease with which a terrorist group could "hold the world hostage." Although it is highly likely that a "gray market" in plutonium will arise over the course of this decade, according to intelligence sources, the atom bomb isn't the likely weapon of choice. It is difficult and dangerous to make a nuclear weapon. There are easier ways. And those in the counterterrorism business are worried that if they have thought of such methods, so have the terrorists.

If Kupperman is America's top expert on terrorist games, Heichal may be the world's foremost designer of those exercises in the unthinkable. For each game, a handbook is written and kept under lock and key. "They're very dangerous," Heichal says. "We always think of what would happen if someone got hold of them. Then there are scenarios we think up that we are afraid even to write down. They are too simple, too horrible. I wake up at night sometimes thinking about them."

Taylor believes that the risk of playing terrorist war games is worth taking. He says it's necessary to "make people confront the incidents and think them through before they happen." What, exactly, is it that the experts are worried might happen? There are two sides to the problem. One is that terrorists might attack our high technology. The other is that they might use high technology to attack us.

In the first instance, a few people with rocket-propelled grenades (easily available on the black market) could knock out the electrical power for a large part of the New York City area. The grenade launchers would be in the back of their jeep, covered by a tarpaulin. They would stop by the side of the road, fire, cover the weapon and be gone before anyone knew what had happened. The targets: extremely high-voltage transformers (E.H.V.s). They're custom-made in Europe, one-of-a-kind items, and there are no replacements waiting if one is destroyed. It could take up to six months to replace a single E.H.V. The ones that control all the power for New York City are within firing range of a large highway. When New York was blacked out for only one day, in 1977, there was uncontrolled looting, arson and general chaos. No one wants to think what a two-week blackout might do, yet the E.H.V.s remain largely unprotected today.

A group of fewer than a dozen terrorists could cut off 75 percent of the natural-gas supply to the Eastern Seaboard in a few hours without ever leaving the state of Louisiana. The pumping stations and the places where exposed pipes cross rivers are unguarded. In the middle of winter, such an attack could cripple the nation. The cost of the operation would be a few thousand dollars.

Nearly every convenience of a technological society represents a possible point of vulnerability. Several times, Palestinian terrorists have been caught with surface-

to-air missiles and rocket-propelled grenades—twice while attempting to shoot down airliners. These small, light weapons can be dismantled and carried in a suitcase. It would require no great skill to hit one of the enormous natural-gas storage tanks near Kennedy Airport with such a weapon. Many people on the East Coast saw what the explosion of one gasoline storage tank was like when it burned in New Jersey for a full week last January. The explosion of a natural-gas storage tank would make that seem trivial by comparison.

More subtle attacks on high-technology targets would require few men and only a little knowledge, most of it readily available. The air-traffic-control system is a prime target. Minor interruptions in service due to malfunction have frequently resulted in near disaster. A concerted effort to disable the system could be devastating.

Another point of vulnerability is the computer. In a society in which the most valuable information is stored as tiny electrical charges on bits of magnetic material, a small (if sophisticated) effort would be required to bring about complete disruption of business. The erasure of records at a major bank or investment firm (or, say, the IRS) would be sufficient to jeopardize public confidence in all computer information. It could be done without breaking into the building, by using equipment that would fit into a truck parked outside. To describe the construction of that equipment would be irresponsible, for while it is true that some computers are now shielded against such dangers, the vast majority are not.

In the view of counterterrorists, then, the United States is like an exquisitely constructed glass house. A stone thrown by a child could put a noticeable hole in it. A few stones thrown by clever enemies could bring it crashing to the ground. And neither the atom bomb nor the largest standing army in the West would be of any use in preventing the destruction.

But that's just half the worry. What about terrorists using high technology *against* the U.S.? For example, cobalt 60 is a commonly available radioactive isotope used in cancer therapy. It is, in Kupperman's words, "a nasty gamma emitter." What if someone sprinkled it throughout an abandoned building in lower Manhattan and then alerted the authorities? The area would be sealed off. A massive cleanup effort, worth far more than the building itself, might help. Most likely, the area would be uninhabitable for years.

"But what," Kupperman asks, "would the authorities do when a message arrived threatening to do the same thing to a large high-rise office building? It would be impossible to search everyone entering every building in Manhattan. It would be equally impossible to install Geiger counters at every entrance to every building. The fact is, no one wants to think about it, because



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no one knows what to do."

The question of biological warfare in the hands of terrorists is a delicate one. One senior fellow at C.S.I.S. warned us not even to mention it. It is too hot, too risky. But Kupperman and others feel that if we "keep our heads in the sand" for too long, we are just asking for trouble. Given the evidence that intelligence services have already compiled to show that terrorists have attempted biological warfare, the matter is more or less academic now. Biological warfare is a possibility.

"Suppose," Kupperman says, "that one day, the FBI gets a call that there is a package they should pick up at an address in Harlem. Suppose they pick up this package and inside is a sealed glass container, and inside it are two dead rats infested with fleas. Suppose, further, that these are taken to a lab and are found to be infected with bubonic plague. What do you do?" In the 14th Century, plague killed three fourths of the population of Europe and Asia.

"Or let's make it simpler," Kupperman says. "Suppose the FBI receives a tiny phial with anthrax spores in it and a note demanding that the United States begin immediately to use all its powers to create a Palestinian homeland."

Along with that is a plan to run a small boat up the Mississippi from Memphis to Cairo, Illinois, with a high-powered air compressor pumping anthrax spores into the atmosphere during the entire 200-mile trip. Pulmonary anthrax runs its course in a day or two. The onset is like that of a common cold. During the crucial early hours when treatment might help, no one would even report such symptoms. After that, the mortality rate nears 100 percent. Depending on which way the wind is blowing at the time the boat passes, the death toll could reach into the hundreds of thousands.

There is an island off the coast of Scotland called Gruinard, where the British conducted anthrax experiments during World War Two. It is now uninhabited.

Scientists went there in 1966 to measure concentrations of anthrax spores. When they returned, they reported that the island would remain uninhabitable for at least another century.

"Now imagine that you are President of the United States," Kupperman says. "What would you do?"

I asked whether such things could take place without the public's finding out—whether, say, President Reagan could already have been blackmailed by the P.L.O. in some way. The only thing the public would see would be subtle shifts in foreign policy, such as a shift from favoring Israel to favoring the creation of a Palestinian homeland.

"I don't think it's happened, no," says Kupperman. "But primarily, that's because I think it would leak. If it happened, word would get out. I also don't think the terrorists are politically that sophisticated yet. But it could be done, yes."

As one colleague says of him, "If Kupperman were a terrorist, he'd bring Western civilization to its knees within a week." And there are thousands of qualified scientists out there who could conceivably do the same.

In light of the fact that even a single person bent on wreaking havoc could do so, the question of what we are prepared to do—or are even capable of doing—about it remains. Such questions as whether or not the Soviet Union is directing worldwide terrorism fall away when the practical considerations are brought forth. What, indeed, would the President do?

The war games have been an attempt to answer those questions. But is anyone listening to the answers?

In July 1979, there was an international conference on terrorism in Israel. At the end of the conference, a war game was played. Each government had its own team. The line-up was formidable. Israeli experts played a group of Palestinian terrorists who hijacked a jetliner to Iran. Once the airliner arrived, the Ayatollah Khomeini held the American passengers hostage. He wouldn't give an inch. Neither would the terrorists. Former Israeli intelligence chief Aharon Yariv wouldn't budge, either. U.S. Ambassador Anthony Quainton, former head of the State Department's Office for Combating Terrorism, wanted to continue negotiating, while American military experts wanted to attempt an Entebbe-style rescue operation. The game ended with American hostages still held in Iran, and everyone returned to real life. Less than three months later, the U.S. embassy in Iran was actually taken over. The Ayatollah refused to free the hostages.

What happened? Why didn't the rehearsal pay off? The answer lies, in part, in the history of U.S. attempts to cope with terrorism. In response to the Palestinian-terrorist attack that left 11 Israeli



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athletes dead at the 1972 Olympic Games, Henry Kissinger formed the Cabinet Committee to Combat Terrorism (C.C.C.T.). Composed of about a dozen people at the Cabinet level, it was supposed to formulate United States policy and design a strategy for coping with future incidents. The C.C.C.T.'s history is a simple one: It held one meeting.

At that meeting, it was decided to delegate the problem. A working group was formed. The C.C.C.T. Working Group (C.C.C.T.W.G.) met perhaps 100 times. It is axiomatic in government that a committee's importance diminishes with the passage of time, no matter what its business. At first, assistant secretaries and undersecretaries attended the meetings. After a while, however, no one above the rank of colonel was showing up. Moreover, some two dozen departments and agencies were represented within the C.C.C.T.W.G. The meetings were usually 75 or 100 people strong. Not only were there too many people in one room to get anything done but the various representatives wouldn't talk with one another. The issues were too sensitive. A lot of information was classified, and no one was sure who could (or should) know what. The FBI, for example, steadfastly insisted that it had the terrorist problem solved.

By 1974, it had become obvious that the C.C.C.T.W.G. wouldn't work. The Executive Group was formed. This was a pared-down version of the working group that wouldn't work, with representatives from the Departments of State, Defense, Justice, Treasury; the Joint Chiefs; the FAA; the CIA; the Department of Energy; and the National Security Council. While the Executive Group did involve itself in planning for terrorist threats, it limited that planning to those situations it was sure could be handled. The members didn't want to think about more difficult problems that might arise. As Kupperman puts it, "They can solve all the problems that will go away on their own. The trickier ones, such as an attack on the electrical power grid or the use of germ warfare, they wouldn't touch."

Virtually the same group, consisting of the same key people (mostly at the three-star-general level), exists today.

In spite of all the bureaucratic confusion, however, the United States does have a plan of sorts for coping with terrorism. It involves what is called the lead-agency concept. If the incident occurs on U.S. soil, the Justice Department (FBI) will take the lead. If the incident takes place abroad, the State Department will take charge. When Carter came to power, he issued Presidential Review Memo (PRM)-30, which stated four things: (1) The U.S. would never give in to a terrorist demand. (2) The lead-agency concept was to be followed. (3) The National Security Council would coordinate Justice and State during a terrorist incident. (4) The

Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and the Centers for Disease Control would have responsibility for "cleaning up" after any terrorist incident that took on the proportions of a national emergency (e.g., the blackout of New York or the contamination of the San Francisco subway system with anthrax). Since Carter issued PRM-30, it is difficult to say that its major directions have been followed; no matter how good a document is, it is going to be violated in time of crisis. And there is serious question as to whether or not FEMA can handle any emergency of this magnitude.

FEMA is a composite agency, drawing from the Office of Preparedness, the Federal Disaster Assistance Administration, Civil Defense and half a dozen other offices. It is the same agency that is now well known for thinking up the scheme to provide everyone with change-of-address forms after a nuclear war. The strategy of this and all other agencies involved in contemplating terrorism is one of hiding behind a screen of secrecy and then hoping that whatever happens is either small enough to handle or so enormous that no one can be blamed for failing to cope with it.

Perhaps the most important thing to know about this complex mechanism for responding to terrorism is that it was in place when the U.S. Embassy in Tehran was captured. Although it was supposedly ready to swing into action the moment the incident occurred, the entire U.S. apparatus to cope with terrorism was ignored during the Iranian crisis. *Ad hoc* committees were hastily thrown together to come up with solutions to the problem, with widely publicized and tragic results. That, in short, is precisely what would happen today if another major terrorist incident occurred. It may be worse now than under the Carter Administration, because Reagan's failure to prove the Soviet connection has forced him into the position of quietly dropping the ball in favor of some other more manageable public-relations tool. Terrorism, it seems, is just too hot to handle.

For the counterterrorists, however, the problem is too hot not to handle. And whether or not you take the point of view that terrorism in the U.S. is imminent, the most difficult part of dealing with it or preparing to deal with it is going to be avoiding the appearance of a police state. Because terrorism is such a complex and subtle weapon, our reaction to it must be carefully thought out. Overnight solutions make nice politics but little else.

As Clifford has written: "Thus did Pisistratus appear in the market place with wounds that he claimed had been inflicted in a murder attack by rival factions; he asked for and received, thereby, a vote of confidence giving him a bodyguard of citizens. Since a bodyguard has no predetermined size and there were no other

forces to control its growth, Pisistratus was able to expand the force into a personal army to repress the citizens of Athens. And his method was copied not only by Dionysius of Syracuse but also by a number of modern dictators from Hitler to Idi Amin and from Lenin to the late 'Papa Doc' Duvalier."

In December 1982, a 66-year-old Miami man drove his van up to the Washington Monument and got out wearing a snowmobile suit and a helmet. He refused to speak with police but did tell a reporter that the truck was loaded with high explosives and that he would blow up the monument if something weren't done about nuclear-arms control. Meanwhile, nine people were inside the monument, afraid to come out. The situation dragged on through the afternoon and into the night. The "hostages" walked away without interference from the "terrorist." At some point, the man decided to move his truck, and the police opened fire, killing him.

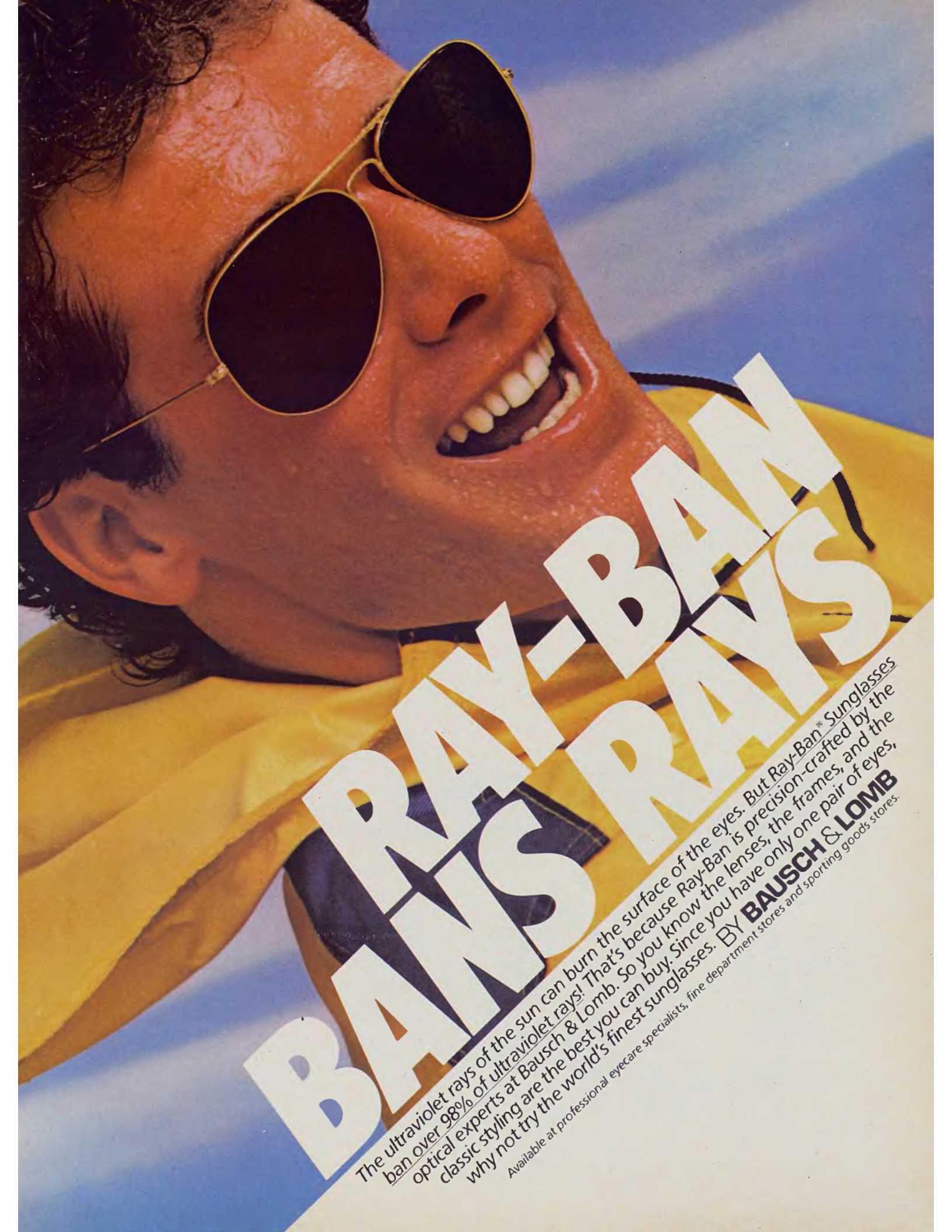
Reflecting on the situation, a well-known expert on hostage negotiations says that there was no communication between the man and a police negotiator—none of the human transference of feelings that usually takes place. "For that reason, and the basic belief that they had to make an object lesson out of the situation, there was a lot of *macho*, a lot of hysteria involved. Most of us suspected that he had no explosives anyway. And even if he had them, there was no risk to anyone. The police could have surrounded the van with buses, for example. Even if he had set off explosives, that would have contained the blast. If he didn't set them off, they could have shot out his tires and waited him out. And, of course, he had no explosives. But the park police couldn't stand the embarrassment, so they killed this 66-year-old man."

If terrorists were watching and were pleased when President Gemayel stayed at the Madison Hotel in Washington, they would have been delighted to see U.S. authorities, just blocks from the White House, slaughtering an old man in a snowmobile suit while the President moved his dinner guests to the other side of the mansion so as not to be disturbed by the gunfire.

The point is, there are times when we can afford to be humane. There are times, in fact, when to avoid the appearance of a police state we are *obligated* to act humanely. Here there was no question of national sovereignty involved. Nothing was at stake. To take a life was to play the very role real terrorists would prefer the U.S. to play: the imperialist ogre lashing out.

And that, finally, may be the most difficult challenge a democratic nation faces from the terrorist threat: to be alert enough to see terrorism where it exists—but wise enough to resist seeing it where it does not.





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TERRORISTS' GUIDE

(continued from page 90)

"The U.S. is a paradise for the terrorist. Everyone wants to help here and usually does."

antiterrorist expert working for the L.A.P.D. He is Commander George Morrison, and my source indicated that he is called in to advise law-enforcement agencies all over the country. Rathburn wouldn't let me talk with him, however. It seems that Morrison has drawn departmental rebukes for his outspoken dealings with the press—for telling it like it is, in other words.

As for the FBI, it has generally maintained a low-profile, no-comment posture on its Olympics planning. Director William Webster has indicated, however, that the bureau expects to take a leading role in the event of a terrorist raid. Its response force will include its own SWAT team, as well as the Delta "Blue Light" Team, the United States' answer to the British anti-terrorist Special Air Service and the West German G.S.G.9.

Sources in the L.A.P.D. bridled at the suggestion that the plans that have been developed locally over the past two years will be pre-empted by the bureau. Meanwhile, the FBI's press-relations agent told me, "You're on the right track trying to pin down just who has the responsibility." Then he added, "Lotsa luck."

But even with Morrison's expertise, even with the FBI and the Blue Light Team, this looks like a bad time to be holding an Olympics in the U.S., much less in Los Angeles, where far-flung facilities

make security especially tough. I wanted to find out how the other side might be viewing things, so I got together with someone who knows the terrorist mind and method firsthand.

"You look like shit," I told John Miller when I picked him up at Los Angeles International Airport. Miller is a brawling professional soldier who trained with the Special Air Service in Great Britain. He was undercover in Belfast against the Irish Republican Army. He kidnaped the Great Train Robbery fugitive, Ronnie Biggs, from Brazil. The international press keeps an eye on this archetypal rogue, who's always in transit and trouble. He had just gotten back from a foray into Angola. A discolored right cheek added authenticity.

"I got hit with a rifle butt," he said. "We were reconnoitering—looking for an opportunity to take some British and American mercenaries out of prison down there. Three big guys jumped up. We put them down and left the guns. Stupid. My mate got shot under here." He poked his thumb at my back. "Had to leave 'im with some friends. He was coughing up blood. Nicked the lung, I think."

We started to fill each other in on Olympics logistics. In 1932, Los Angeles was the first Olympics city to build housing facilities specifically for the games. In modern times, it will be the first *not* to build new facilities. The University of California at

Los Angeles and the University of Southern California will house the majority of the athletes. Never have the games been scheduled at such geographic distances as the 1984 venues, the Olympics word for the playing sites. The 23 venues are spread out beyond the boundaries of the County of Los Angeles, which itself covers an area of more than 4000 square miles. Never has so much space been allocated for media representatives: The entire Los Angeles Convention Center—334,000 square feet of floor area—has been leased. And never has the President of the United States officiated at the opening ceremonies.

"To compound the problems, you're also dealing with a nation of nice guys," Miller said as we sat down to dinner at a restaurant on Sunset Strip. "The U.S. is a paradise for the terrorist. Everyone wants to help here and usually does. Especially to help people with a foreign accent. You can't even look over a fence in Russia. Also, the U.S. is an open target because it's the only country in the world where every piece of necessary military equipment is sold right in the open or nearly so. Give me a few hours and I'll get you an antitank cannon with live shells for your front yard."

"They'll send in a four-man cell to reconnoiter," he continued. "They'll dig away and gather information."

"How hard is it to get that kind of information?" I asked.

"How hard? Tomorrow, I'll show you."

The next day, we went to the Olympic Organizing Committee headquarters at the UCLA campus. I told someone in the press wing that I was writing something. Ten minutes later, I had maps, schedules and information about the venues, as well as detailed geographic and demographic information about the city of Los Angeles. I didn't show any I.D. until later, when I interviewed Best. He was the only careful person I spoke with—the only one who seemed to recognize that effective security starts long before the games themselves. On the way out, Miller lifted an official organizing-committee security badge. He just took the badge from a visitor's clothes. "A ticket," he said.

"And if you could do it——" I started to say.

"That's right. So could they. That's America. This badge would get any terrorist admittance to the inside, at least during the planning stages. I don't think there's another country that's so bloody easy."

"No one can guarantee public safety at the 1984 games," he said. "There is no way Russia, even a post-Brezhnev Russia, is going to want to see it blood-free. Whatever the Soviets' involvement in international terrorism, they'd like to demonstrate that which you ignore on an international scale: that the freedom Americans have is fraught with danger and crime and murder. You may be rich and free, but you have no discipline or order—prized values in the rest of the





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world. The Soviets would also like to teach the U.S. a lesson for Jimmy Carter's decision to trash the summer games in 1980. It's the only answer to Moscow's broken window on communism. What can L.A. do to protect itself? It can't adequately protect its ordinary citizens from domestic predators."

The city has black and Latin gangs that can't be controlled, plus the cops are going to have their hands full with more ordinary home-grown cons and creeps. Every pimp, whore, grifter, drifter, pickpocket, con man, crackpot, flimflam man, swindler, diddler and panhandler within 500 miles will be in L.A., moving in for the kill.

And then you get to the visitors. Antinuke, antiwar, anti-abortion activists; neo-Nazis; Ku Klux Klanners; the Jewish Defense League; fellow-traveler U.S. citizens from 30 countries; Solidarity activists; the Weather Underground; Black Liberation Army; and uncounted splinter organizations—they'll all be moving in for a shot at the gold: headlines.

"What about the backlash after Munich?" I asked Miller. "Black September is gone from the scene, and the P.L.O.

has, after all, moved into the political arena. Edgar Best thinks that it'll be calm here, like Moscow, Montreal and Lake Placid."

"Maybe," he said. "But these people are terrorists. That's their business. That's how they live. They all work together. Just because the provisional wing of the I.R.A. gets some parliamentary representation doesn't mean that it won't be out killing horses and kids and heroes, like Mountbatten. Terrorists' egos are tied to destruction, and their employment depends on death.

"You retire them like this." He pointed a finger at my temple. "You take them and kill them as quick as you can. They don't sit around rocking at some old folks' home; they have to fucking die. It's like getting fired."

We visited the two principal Olympic Villages—the student housing areas at the huge USC and UCLA campuses. While the facilities weren't built for security, Commander Rathburn said that they would be secured and the athletes would be completely isolated. When I mentioned Munich, he had no comment. He knew

what I was writing about. "I'd like to keep a lid on this whole thing," he said. "You're playing with dynamite."

Maps of the campuses are readily available. When Miller and I visited UCLA, it was difficult for us to figure out how anyone could control traffic and access to those busy areas. "There are service tunnels all over the place," said Miller. "They'll have to watch those. Christ, here's Boelter Hall. You know what's in there?"

"No," I said.

"A fucking nuclear reactor. It's right in the middle of L.A. One terrorist cell—four men—goes in there, sets time charges in satchel bombs and booby-traps the works and. . ."

"Holy shit," I said.

"That's a lot of publicity, a little meltdown and fallout," he said. "The athletes are going to have exposure going to and coming from those widespread venues. No Olympics participants have ever had to be trucked so far. It's a nightmare to control, and there will be many targets of opportunity."

The weight-lifting events will be held at

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Loyola Marymount University. We walked through the gymnasium. "The Israelis will be a number-one target," Miller said. "Weight lifting is one of their sports. It could happen here. A cell could take over or rent one of the little private houses on the road in here and use a couple of hand-launched wire-guided missiles. The bus comes by and—zap!—easy escape. L.A. has a lot of roads."

"What about diversionary tactics?" I asked.

"They're not going to waste bodies with grandstanding," he said. "They'll pick one prime target and a secondary one. Sure,

they could drop a bunch of incendiary devices in the hills and forests. They could burn Southern California and distract an entire raft of police and firemen, but that's not likely. No, it would be risking bodies to take bodies."

The Los Angeles Convention Center will hold news representatives from all over the world. Again, we had no trouble gaining access through a back door. Part of the eight-acre facility was being used for an exotic-plant-growers convention. "This could be a real problem," said Miller. He showed me where city garbage trucks drive right up on the main floor. "Load

one of those trucks with explosives and that's a lot of news. That's I.R.A.-style stuff. And, probably, this facility is not going to get much protection. The security people are going to have to watch everything."

At the Forum, the basketball venue, we ascertained that security would be provided mostly by the guards used for normal activities. "Those guys are OK for rowdies and drunks," Miller said. "A lot of them are off-duty cops, and they can bust teeth. But against trained terrorists, you need pros. That's a problem."

We visited most of the other venues. Even to an untrained eye, the opportunities for a creative scenario for death loomed clear, from sniping at the yachting events in Long Beach Harbor to automatic fire on massed cyclists on the road at Cal State University in Dominguez Hills to a grenade assault at the equestrian events at Santa Anita Park.

"This is a town of theatrics," Miller said. "Terrorism is high theater with publicity as the prize. Whatever terrorists do, it has to be huge and terrible."

When we visited the Coliseum, the site of the opening ceremonies and the track-and-field events, Miller immediately noticed the number of entrances. "There are 90 ways in here. It'll take an army to vet the spectators. At the opening ceremonies, they'll have heads of state, the business-and-industry sponsors. . . ."

"It's an election year; a lot of candidates will be here," I said.

"And President Reagan," he said. "They might try a Sadat-type suicide run, say from the marching athletes. . . ."

We walked into the huge empty arena. No one stopped us. "This would be the prime target," Miller said. "The President will probably land out there on the field by helicopter. Security will have to do a real job here."

We climbed all over, looking for vantage points. It was eerie contemplating destruction. "Maybe they'll just rent a military-type Cobra helicopter and outfit it with fire control," said Miller. "You can rent anything in Hollywood; they use them in films. Then it comes in over the far side there with rockets. *Wham!*"

"Yecch," I said. "They'd have to be crazy. What an end."

"Not quite," he said. "The terrorists are doing business. Security has to bankrupt them. Unless interagency rivalry disappears, unless intelligence is quick and coordination is ironclad, this could be the last Olympics."

The reconnaissance tour was over and I was driving him to the airport. His cheek was almost healed, and he was leaving to find more trouble. He was always in the thick of it.

"So, where are you going to be on July 28, 1984?" I said.

"Right here in L.A.," Miller said. "Where else?"

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"I did not know if it was I who longed for her, or she for me, but there was some longing left."

orders, I was Her nearest enemy, well, I could hardly think of Her death when on these little expeditions, I saw a fellow or two who might be trouble to Her life.

Besides, another difficulty was there. Her oldest Son, Amen-khep-shu-ef, used to accompany Her. Now, I was replacing the Prince. He might be the General who had replaced me, but that hardly counted for Him. He let me know by His first look of greeting how welcome I was. Each morning, I expected Him to meet me at the double door to Her bedroom and say, "I will accompany the Queen today. You need not come." Would I know how to reply? At Kadesh, He had still been a boy, although fierce enough already to die before He would lose a battle, but I had known for years that He was beyond my own strength. Indeed, He was still so tall and straight that His name among soldiers was Ha!—just so quick was the sound of His spear through the air! You only had to look at Amen-Ha, and the gods in yourself rocked backward. So I would not dare to oppose Him directly—yet I could never watch my Queen ride off with Her Son. For on just such a day could an assassination of the King be plotted. There, right in the hour that the Good God might be expiring in His own blood on the marble floor of His own palace, She could be safe with Amen-khep-shu-ef in any one of a hundred noble mansions, or away in some secret little hovel in the maze of Thebes. I was by Her side to protect Her, but I also had to be ready to reach Her side, and in the next instant, Her heart. Like my Monarch, I inhabited two lands at once. Of course, on any day that Amen-khep-shu-ef ordered me to stay behind, and I dared to refuse, the Prince could slay me before the echo would be heard. Then He could tell whatever tale He wished. So it was not comfort I found in my new house.

Yet, how I enjoyed each day with Nefertiri. In all the hours I had spent with Honey-Ball, I still did not know how to treat her. Ma-Khrut had been as much a priest, a beast, and a fellow soldier as my own woman, and besides we were always working at one ceremony or another. Or so I remembered our life together after fifteen days away. Still, I tossed at night until I could have been in a storm at sea. I did not know if it was I who longed for her, or she for me, but there was some longing left. I knew the suddenness of our separation had many strange effects upon me, for when I was with Nefertiri, I could feel Honey-Ball sending me favors or withdrawing them. I might pour a wine with a decorum as perfect as a goddess coming to drink from Her own pool, and know it was Ma-Khrut's

hand that guided the calm measure of mine, or, equally, I could leave a ring of moisture on the table from the base of the golden pitcher, and be certain my former mistress had led me to dribble a few drops off the lip.

Yet, give me an hour alone with Nefertiri, and I knew happiness. She spoke so well. It was magic. With Honey-Ball, I sometimes felt, when most dejected, that magic had the weight of a ritual practiced much too much in the caverns of the night. Sitting beside Nefertiri, however, I learned of the other magic that rises from the song of birds or the undulation of the flowers. It is certain She seduced the air with the sweetness of Her voice.

It hardly mattered of what She spoke. She had been obliged to be together with the people of Her Court so long that She delighted in the smallest conversation with me, and wanted to know about the hours of my life which I would tell to no one else. Soon I realized that in all the years of Her marriage to Usermare, She had never spoken at length to anyone who lived in the Gardens of the Secluded, and so She always wished to hear of the little queens. There was not one whose name She did not know, for She had learned much about them from their families, who were always eager to tell about the early lives of their little princesses, lost to them. She corresponded prodigiously, and on many a day She would show me Her work, and I was so seduced as to feel I had received a dear gift. The purity of Her divine little sticks and snares and pots and curves, the colors of Her letters, and the precious life of the creatures She painted made the papyrus tremble in my hand as if the wings of the birds furled by Her fine brush were now unfettered and could glide through my fingers in their flight. Golden were the hours I sat beside Her while She composed these letters.

One night, She had Amen-khep-shu-ef brought together with myself for dinner, and it was clear Her purpose was to encourage friendliness between us, or, failing that, bring us to some recognition of how we were each servants of Her "great need" as She came at last to put it, and it was then I came to understand something about the grandest ladies. One could not be a Queen without a *great need*. Whether Hers might be to injure Rama-Nefru, lay revenge on Usermare, or establish Amen-khep-shu-ef in succession to His Father—who could say?

Yet I knew that Amen-khep-shu-ef would never love me. He loved His Mother too much, and with the wrong

mouth as we used to say in the charioteers. Indeed, She even called Amen-khep-shu-ef by His little name as if the thought of His spear was always in Her thoughts. "Amen-Ha," She would say, "why do You frown so?" and I, seated in the middle of the long table, felt smaller than myself, and not at all in the conversation. He spoke to Her only of matters about which I knew nothing, of His brothers and their wives, of hunts in the desert when She had accompanied Him, of a day most recently when She had stood beside Him in a boat of papyrus while He struck down eight birds on five casts of His throwing stick and the last bird had fallen into Her lap: There was a purity of understanding between Them I could not enter.

She made efforts to bring the conversation to me. When I complimented Her on the beauty of Her writing, I was treated to a little explanation on the rarity of the school to which She had been sent as a child. It was one of the very few of the Houses of Instruction in Egypt where girls might go, but many were the difficulties for the teachers. The students happened all to be princesses, or, at the least, the daughters of nomarchs (as was Honey-Ball, a classmate of Nefertiri, I would yet discover) and so could hardly be whipped by their teachers. "Yet," She said, "as every scribe must tell you: 'The ears of a boy are in his seat, and he learns best when he is flogged.' Yet where were they to strike a Princess? No, they could not. Still we suffered. The ears of a girl are in her heart, and we wept when we made errors, and I could never learn to count. Each time I drew the sign for seven, I could think of nothing but the little cord that held My robe together, and I wished to loosen it. After all, the writing is the same."

"*Sefekh*," said Amen-khep-shu-ef. "I never thought of that."

"*Sefekh*," She said. "It is the same. I always mixed one with the other, and then the seams came apart in My head. All untied!" Mother and Son then said "*Sefkhu*" both at once, and Their mirth could frolic over this fine word, for it meant taking off one's clothes. I tried to smile, yet They knew words I did not, and laughter lived between Them like a wind I did not share. Of course, it was not the first time I had come to think our language was too subtle, for I was well aware, having been tricked more than once, that the best Egyptians from the finest families know how the same sound can have many meanings and be written several ways. I thought, "I am as low as dung before Them, yet They use this same sound dung to mean bleached linen. Who is to know what They mean? They conceal much from those who were born beneath Them by turning a word into the opposite of itself."

But then, going back so far as my first days in the charioteers, I had noticed that what characterized a noble most, even more than their fine accent, was much private wit. As a simple charioteer, I had

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often not known at all what they were saying. How could I when each one of our words in Egyptian has so many meanings? They might use the sound for breasts, which is the word *menti* but they would be speaking of eyes. Yet another word for eyes is *utchat*, eye-of-a-god, also although the word, with but a little difference in tone, is "outcast." One had to be clever to serve these nobles when they could play with many a meaning for each sound. All the same, no one had ever done this so well as Nefertiri. By a lilt in Her throat when She said *hem-t*, She could change a "hyena" into "precious stones." That, too, was magic—Her wonderful use of the inflections of words until light sparkled on every sound.

Still, such games did not go on too long this evening. In His royal manner, Amen-khep-shu-ef was more a soldier than a noble, and not able to play at this so well as His Mother; indeed, left to Himself, He had a solemn mind so that despite His effort to talk of matters where I did not belong, He was obliged at last to come back to a subject where I could offer a few remarks myself, and yet I cannot say I was happier that She turned the conversation to war since His exploits had always been more celebrated than mine. "Foolhardy" was the way He used to be described by the Generals closest to me, but even then, being handed the worst end of each story about Him, I knew how brave He was.

Now, I was obliged to admit, despite all my desire to think less of Him, that no commander had ever had so great a reputation for conducting successful sieges. We took care when I was General-of-All-the-Armies to have the Division of Amen-khep-shu-ef away on the frontiers of Syria, but I never ceased to hear of the towns He took by siege, and some were strong cities never before fallen. He built forts to roll forward on wooden wheels, and one was even three stories high to equal the wall He would face. No labors were too endless for Him. He dug moats around towns so that none of the women and children could slip out—the wails of the starving gave strength to His troops, He would say—and yet the little queens spoke less of such cruel and stubborn skills than of His daring. So if I heard once in the army, I would hear again in the Gardens of how He not only climbed the face of high cliffs to accustom Himself to problems He would encounter on the battlements of cities, but had taught one squadron of His charioteers to climb nearly as well as Himself. On His last siege in Libya, to which His Father had dispatched Him in the hope He would stay away, Amen-khep-shu-ef and His men had been able to scale the walls without ladders on the first night of a siege before a single trench had been dug! His armies had only reached the place that afternoon. All talked of it. A siege that did not last a night! Amen-khep-shu-ef wished

to let everyone in Egypt know how His feats would be greater than His Father's.

Of course, there had been constant gossip in the Gardens over His prospects. Would Amen-khep-shu-ef ascend the throne? Or might the Pharaoh choose a Prince from some other woman's flesh? Rama-Nefru had given birth already to twins, and if one had died in His first week, the other thrived. Rare was the day, however, and rare the gossip, that did not carry a hint of some threat against little Peht-a-Ra who, having been given this mighty name of Lion-of-Ra, was also called by His Father, Hera-Ra. Of course, to spend a season in the Gardens of the Secluded was to learn, if you listened to the little queens, that no Prince ever followed His Father to the throne before ten of His half-brothers by other women had been brought to a sudden death. I heard so many stories of the death of Princes in beer-houses, on the field of battle, in bed with treacherous women, or suffocated in their cradle, that I believed none, not until I saw the size of the guard around the Palace of Rama-Nefru, and found myself thinking of the obstacles awaiting Peht-a-Ra before He, half a Hittite, would be King of Egypt.

I must still have been brooding on such matters, for at the end of dinner, Amen-khep-shu-ef took me by surprise. He spoke directly to me at last. The point was clear, and He made it in contempt. "You are a

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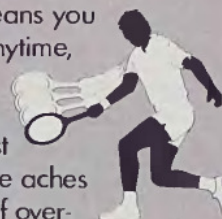


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friend to My Father's ear," He said.

"No man like myself can make that claim."

He smiled. He would remind me that He might yet be my King. And a meaner one. He said, "Speak well to My Father who rewards you."

Not only was He much pleased at the cleverness of these last remarks, but His Mother clapped Her hands, and kissed Him full on the mouth before He left.

"What do you tell His Father?" She asked of me.

"Not a great deal," I said. "The Good God does not listen." I sighed. "It is sad to be the wretch whose limb is crushed between two great stones." Happily, I managed to put a smile on my face, sly and wicked I knew, and She smiled back.

"You are as helpless as oil," She said, "and have nothing to fear from two great stones."

This joke is a fine example of what I mean by Her use of our language. Helpless and oil had the same sound and so were typical of Her magic, light as the wings of a starling. Often, She would amaze me with the delicacy of Her offering. I, who was used to the urgent strength of Honey-Ball, now came to appreciate how deft was the touch of those who touch the gods with ease. I knew, despite Her adoration of Her tall Son, that She was also glad to be alone with me, but then it was in the nature of a great Queen and Consort of the God to

live as if, truly, like Usermare Himself, She had not One Ka but Fourteen, and there were many women in Her, each to find its pleasure in a different man.

May I say She knew me very well, for Her first act now that we were alone, was to go to a large chest, and from it remove a disc of ebony as wide as one's brow, and with a handle of electrum. Carrying it carefully, so that I could only see the back of this ebony disc, She sat beside me and placed it by its base on the table. Then She said, or so I thought, "Have you ever looked into a fine revealing?"

Once again, I was bewildered. I supposed She could not mean anything like conception, which was certainly one of the meanings of revealing, but, no, not by the light smile on Her face. So I took another meaning for the word, and wondered if She meant, "Have you ever looked into a foulness?" but again, by Her expression, I knew that could hardly be so. At last, and with what relief, I concluded that She had said, "Have you ever looked into a fine river?" for indeed I had, who has not seen the quiet Nile when the water is calm and clear, and your own face ripples on the surface of the small waves, so I nodded and said, "Yes, I know nearly all of the Nile," much relieved, whereupon She reached up, pinched my cheek, brought a candlestick near to us, and turned the ebony disc around. I drew back in fright. By the glow of the flame, I saw

the face of a man who had something like my own face, but more intimate than the surface of all those rippling waters where I had half-seen it before. Now, I truly saw my own features on this perfect plate of polished silver, and I had the expression of one who serves the Pharaoh, and was startled by how much caution dwelt in a man who had once been a charioteer. How smooth and worried were my cheeks. A tomb of corruption must be my heart! That was the first thought at seeing my face, and it came from the side of myself that is noblest in spirit, and most demanding, but the sweetmeats of myself were delighted with this look at me. I thought myself handsome, and knowledgeable in the desires of women, indeed, I was so handsome that I stirred unmistakably and then I was full of fear because I realized that was not my own face I saw, but my Double, and it lived on the surface of this silver, this polished lake of silver. Nefertiri stroked my cheek with the most mocking touch of Her finger-tips, and said, "Ah, the dear man does not know a mirror."

"Never a mirror like this," I managed to say back to Her, but I could hardly speak. "Why this," I wanted to say, "will change all that there is." For I knew that if every soldier and peasant could see his Ka, why, then, all would want to act like gods. Oh, I had looked into common mirrors, scratched and dull, their surface so impure that one's eyes and nose twisted as

one moved it about, but this was a mirror like no other, it must be the finest in all of Egypt, a true *revealing*—ah, there was the word She had used—and my Ka was before me, and we looked at each other.

Then I understood once again how cruel it must be to wander in Khert-Neter, the Land of the Dead, with no tomb for a home, nothing but the banks, the monsters, and the flames of the serpents to devour one's Ka. For I saw that my Ka was virtually me and there before me and so alive. He was the one who would be destroyed in the smoke and the stink. I wished to cry out against such monstrosity. So vivid was all I saw of this face, that even the light of the candle seemed like the flames of Khert-Neter, and I knew that I loved my Ka and it did not matter how much corruption was in those features when my life was also in them. Then I gasped. For by a turn of Her wrist on the handle of this *revealing*, so did I see Her Ka, not mine, and Her indigo eyes, blue as evening in the flame of the torch, looked back at me from the polished disc, and I could dare to lay my eyes full into the eyes of Her Ka, this One, at least, of Her Fourteen, and She blinked as if She also saw the

shadow of unseen wings. I think it was then She knew that I must kill Her if Usermare was dead. By way of the mirror we looked at one another until the tears came forth in both our eyes.

Yet by the strength of our gaze into each other, so did I enter Her thoughts for the first time, and before we were done, I took Her hand—I dared and took Her hand—and was able by way of Her fingers (just so well as with Usermare) to enter Her heart. The thoughts were not small. She was thinking of the night Amon had come to Her bed, and She conceived Amen-khepshu-ef. Then I knew why Her Son climbed the walls of high cliffs—Amon had cohabited with Mut, His Mother. So did Nefertiri dream of Herself in the embrace of Amen-khepshu-ef. Yes, the jealousy of Usermare was well-founded. The rush of Her thoughts came over me like a thumping of horse's hoofs, a true set of blows to pay for daring to touch Her fingers, but then She was calm again, and wicked, and leaned forward to whisper in my ear, "Is it true that Ma-Khrut cannot keep her hands off you?"

Now I do not know if it was my thoughts

She could hear, or, whether, given the free passage of servants, so much like birds, from the kitchens of one palace to the gates of another, Nefertiri had heard it all as gossip. Still, what a clamoring in my heart if I was now part of the common gossip.

I did not answer. I thought that if I pretended the question was not understood, why the dignity of a Queen might keep Her from asking again. I did not yet understand, so exquisite were Her manners, that Nefertiri's desires were as close to the roar of the lion as Usermare Himself. "Come," She said, "is it true? Honey-Ball has said it." Now, I had to wonder if Ma-Khrut could be so intimate with the Queen.

I might have smiled like a fool, or merely looked wise, but some strength out of the heart that once spoke in me as a brave man drew my eyes back to the mirror, and I spoke from my Ka into Hers, and said, "If it were not for the loveliness that surrounds Your Majesty, I would think often of Ma-Khrut." In such an instant I understood that the true desire for revenge is like a serpent. If its tail rested in the pits of my dream its head spoke in the eyes of my Queen. We both felt the breath of Ma-Khrut, as if she did not give us her blessing so much as the power to use her curse. Nefertiri and I still looked at one another through the mirror, but now it might as well have been the high bank of a river past which floodwaters wash in the great force of a bend. We saw each other with all the surprise one might know when looking at a stranger in the marketplace—yes, by Her size and by the poise of Her hips, so equal to mine, does that woman draw me forward. So I saw Her, and knew She saw me, She as a woman, not a Goddess, and I as a man, not a servant. It was wondrous to me how we met in all that is equal, and were so well-met. We smiled tenderly at one another. Alas. That Ka was only One of Her Fourteen.

Still, we were as close as new-found friends, and She took my hand again and began to explain a matter I had never understood before. Yet it gave me much new knowledge of my Pharaoh. For She told me how on the day of the great battle when the Hittites broke through and Usermare prayed in His tent, He had asked Amon to give Him the strength to meet His foe, and the Hidden One had said, "Your wish will be granted if You do not ask Me for a long life."

"He has lived," said Nefertiri, "for twenty-nine years since that day, but He still waits for the hour when Amon will come to take Him.

"That is why He is now with a woman of the Hittites," said Nefertiri. "He hopes Amon will not dare to go to war with Hittite gods." I saw the anger in Her eyes. "He tries to be close to Her gods. But He still wants Me." Her voice was as deep as the night, and as grave as the weight of the



"That's great. You find me a prince and he gives me herpes!"



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stone that She would lay upon His tomb. "I despise Sesusi," She said, "for His fear."

Sometimes, sleeping alone in the House of the Companion of the Right Hand, I would awake in the middle of the night and feel Honey-Ball near to me. There was not a bat who passed through my window, nor a bird scattering the hush of the night with a clap of its wings who could not have been a visitor from her garden, and I felt the ceremonies of Ma-Khrut rising like the inundation. Just as villages would soon become islands, so would my fortunes ride on a floodwater, and I must seize what would be offered.

I say this because the next offering was foul, and I was sick of such practices. Yet nothing that came my way offered more service to Nefertiri. Once, Honey-Ball, mixing the dung of her cat with the ashes of a plant, said, as if to herself, "It is the leavings of Sesusi that I need," and I never forgot her words. I brooded much on the nature of such stuff when I lived in the Gardens of the Secluded and came to the sad conclusion that excrement was as much a part of magic as blood or fire, an elixir of dying gods and rotting spirits desperate to regain the life they were about to lose. Yet when I thought of all the transformation that dung contains (since it is not only good crops which sprout from it, but one has to take account of the flies who swarm over it) I began to think of all those gods, small and mean as pestilence itself, who dwell next to such great changes. "How dangerous is this excrement," I said to myself, and knew one terrible thought, even if I could not explain it. To hold the leavings of another must be equal to owning great gold.

Was it for such a reason that all who visited the Court would wear as much gold as they possessed? I still remember how wealthy visitors used to congregate under the patio in the Great Square by the Lake of Maat, and the gold would glisten on their bodies.

To enter the Wide Palace was not permitted without a papyrus from the Gates, and the Little Palace was forbidden to all but the intimate servants of Usermare. So, on this patio between, by the Lake of Maat, the wealthy of Egypt would wait for Usermare to pass in His route from one palace to another. He was always carried, and eight visitors would bear Him—eight chosen from the hundred and more who waited for Him to emerge from the doors of either palace. At word that the Good and Great God was coming forth, these courtiers and visitors would then become a mob, jostling with one another like the first froth of the rising waters of the river, for the right to carry Usermare on the Golden Belly (which was what we called His palanquin), for this was the only time when such visitors could serve Him. The other moves He might make from Court to

Temple or to the streets of Thebes were carried out by officers of His Guard who served regularly on the bearing poles of His palanquin, indeed, there used to be a title for each of them—Third Bearer of the Right Limb of the Golden Belly was one. Such soldiers were, however, not used on the many trips He took between the Wide Palace and the Little Palace. For that, any merchant esteemed enough to enter through the Double Gate by the river, could, if fortunate, obtain the privilege of carrying Him a few hundred steps around the Lake of Truth (that is, the Lake of Maat) into the doors of the other palace. It was not a long trip, but one heard of men who waited through a hot afternoon by the doors of either palace, there in all the most terrible hours of the heat, close even to stinking in the oven of the sun if they did not carry their perfumes—woe to the body who stank in the nostrils of Usermare!—but in that terrible press, some would prevail, some would seize the honor (and talk about it for the rest of their lives). No matter how exhausted from the hours of waiting, they were delighted to cheer in unison carrying Him and His Golden Belly. They would even cheer as they ran, and never seem to fear that any would drop dead from the pace at which they went, while another crowd of prominent men from far-off nomes would wait at the next doors in the hope He would soon come out again.

That was when I knew how high was my own station. I looked with contempt upon men who would make such fools of themselves. For as Companion of the Right Hand, I even had entrance to the Little Palace at any hour by any door. How could it be otherwise if my King lived in fear of His Son and His Wife? He had told me to tell Him all I heard. Often He would summon me to ask questions. Rarely, however, would I please Him since He did not hear what He was waiting for—a tale of Nefertiri's disloyalty. Instead, I would suggest that little could be learned until She came to trust me more. I made much, however, of small sighs from Her lips, and the cruel expression on the mouth of Amen-khep-shu-ef. By exaggerating such trifles, I succeeded on the one hand to convince my King that I was loyal—no easy matter—yet allowed Him to conclude there was no sure evil to be found in His Wife or His Son. That also pleased Him. But, then, a monarch with a Double Crown must have Two Lands to His mind: If Upper Egypt desired true tales of treachery, Lower Egypt was delighted with Her fidelity. All the same, after Nefertiri told me of His secret fear of Amon, I decided to let Him know what She had said, even if I hardly knew how I dared. He had received me in His bed in the great room where He slept, and in His arms, Her golden hair covering His chest, was Rama-Nefru, yet I told it all, and with no pain that I was betraying Nefertiri. Indeed, I believe She knew I would tell it to Him, and wanted it so. Certainly, She

grew greater in all our eyes as I repeated Her words, "I despise Sesusi for His fear."

Usermare shouted in a voice to bring the walls of His temples down on my ears, and Rama-Nefru looked at me for the first time. Although I had been in His bed-chamber twice before when She was there, I had seen no more of the Hittite than the back of Her head. Neither time had She moved while I spoke, and when I had no more to say, I left, so, now, it was in pride, I think, at the boldness of my Queen's words that I repeated them.

Certainly, Rama-Nefru now sat up in bed and showed the wickedness of Her little breasts (which were wide apart) and cried aloud, "She is evil, Her eye is evil," words I could barely understand, so strong was Her emotion, and strange words to come from a young face as open as a flower; but I knew by the pain of Her voice that She was wiser than Her own anger. She knew Usermare would not think of Her for the rest of the morning. By the fury of His desire to lay hands upon this insolence (but could not—They were not speaking!) so would He be living with Nefertiri this day rather than with His young bride.

It was then He ordered me to take the Golden Bowl by His bed and empty it in His garden, and the command was uttered with such contempt that Rama-Nefru smiled at me as if to draw half of the insult back upon Herself, a kindness I would not have expected from a Queen. I bowed to Her, and to my King, picked up the Bowl, and stepped backward from the room to be met immediately by a Priest who waited in the vestibule. He was the Overseer of the Golden Bowl, and offered this title before I could even turn around. My duties were concluded, he told me.

I did not argue. The tips of my fingers still burned in shame from the manner in which I had been dismissed. Though no tears were in my eyes, I knew the terrible rage, so full of its own weakness, that children suffer, for I hated my Pharaoh, yet such hatred was worthless since I wished to be able to love Him. Indeed, I knew I did love Him, and it was hopeless. He would only love me less. How I wished to destroy Him.

I had such thoughts. Walking beside the Priest who carried the Golden Bowl, I wondered that the earth did not tremble from all that was awesome in my head.

"There is," said the Priest, seeing I still accompanied him, "no lack of respect for your own high office, but it is His command to perform these duties in solitude."

"That may be true for other days," I said, "but this morning, I was told to stay with you. Ask the One."

He would not dare. Beneath his shaven head, was a weak and selfish face. He nodded as if few matters could surprise him. Still, I could see he was worried. Were his duties to be reduced?

We went through a garden. I may say that he walked with his arms thrust out as

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if to carry an offering to the altar. Wherever we passed a soldier or a maid or a gardener, so did they bow low before this Golden Bowl, and I noticed that the Priest inclined his head as if he were the Pharaoh Himself, just so stately was the gesture.

Before a green wooden door, we stopped, and the Priest drew forth a wooden key from his skirts, and looked at me once more. He was still in doubt. But I inquired with confidence, "What is the name of this door?"

"Sha-ah," said the Priest.

"Yes," I said, "this is the door that the One told me to enter."

We came into a modest garden in which many herbs were growing, and this Priest knelt by one small furrow, set down the Bowl, removed the lid, and began to knead little pellets, which he tamped into place around the base of each plant until the Bowl was empty. I also knelt beside him, and must have looked as if I would touch one of the leaves, for he said, "These are herbs of wisdom, and may only be plucked by me, as His Overseer." I nodded. This would agree, my manner said, with all I had been told, and I stood up. Of course, he had been looking so suspiciously at the hand close to the leaves that he had not watched the one near the roots. In my fingers I now held a pellet, and it was as warm as the blood of Usermare, but then it came from the seat of the Two Lands. I bowed, and the Priest knelt by a small altar and prayed. Then he washed his hands in holy water, and withdrew from this small garden, myself a pace in front of him, only to quit the fellow on the walks outside and proceed at my own quick gait around the Lake of Maat through other gardens and by many a shrine and temple until I was welcomed into the Throne Room of Nefertiri, and from there, so soon as Her morning audience with officials was complete, went into the bedchamber where we had sat last night by Her mirror. All the while my hand throbbled as if I held the heart of Usermare in His leavings.

When I showed it to my Queen, She was grave and quick. She did not wait for darkness, nor proceed through any invocation, but took the pellet in Her palm, closed Her eyes, spoke some words to Herself, and handed it back. "Go," She said, "to the Lake of Maat and drop His gift in there."

I did as She said. Later that afternoon while the eight bearers of the Golden Belly were carrying the One from the Wide Palace to His Little Palace, so, by the right bearing-pole, even as they passed the Lake, not one man, but two, collapsed at the same instant, and the Golden Belly tipped over. Usermare fell out of His seat from a height higher than the saddle of a horse, and His head struck the marble. He did not move, and some thought He was dead. All knew He was near to dead. Nothing stirred but the wind in His throat.

Once brought to His bed in the Chamber of the Blessed Fields, He was attended by four Royal Doctors. Fomentations of

powders taken from the Garden of Sha-ah were put to boil, and their steam filled the air. The half-chewed meat of Nubian lions was pulled fresh from their jaws to be mixed with fourteen vegetables for His Ka, all Fourteen, and His head was anointed where He struck the ground. Rama-Nefru entered, and began to wail, after which, Nefertiri, so soon as the other was gone, paid a visit with Amen-khep-shu-ef and They sat in silence by His bed, myself behind Them in the second rank next to the doctors. Usermare never stirred.

It was then, looking at His silent body, that I realized the Good and Great God might die, and I prayed as well. For if He did not live, I would have to kill Nefertiri, or meet His wrath in years to come when I went to the Land of the Dead.

Now, when I looked at Her, I would see myself with a dagger. Outside Her Palace, across the patios and gardens, the King lay unmoving in the Little Palace, and the vigil of the doctors did not cease. No man moved across all of the paving of marble around the Lake of Maat, and beyond our walls, the city of Thebes was near to silent. So in the silence that lay upon Nefertiri, did I sit and stare at Her and wonder if I could obey the command of my King.

I thought of no orders but my own, and yet, throughout the Horizon-of-Ra, I knew that nobles and Viziers and grand overseers of wealth and power were plotting with priests as to who should become the "well-beloved friend" of the next King. Amen-khep-shu-ef was with His Mother often, but rarely without His guard, and they, as I expected, were in the state of all good soldiers when a battle is near, and death, wounds, or treasure are close. They had the happiness of the best warriors and suffered that they had to walk about with unhappy faces.

In these days, I never saw Amen-khep-shu-ef when He did not show the wild eye of a falcon. He glared at me often, until at last I chose not to look away but let our glances meet. We stared at one another until all decorum was lost. My eyes could not have been more oppressed if His fingers had been squeezing them. But I was weary of humiliation. Besides, I had fought beside His Father in the greatest battle ever fought, and this Amen-khep-shu-ef had been in the wrong place that day. Yes, I stared back with all the power of the gods who passed through me at Kadesh, and so, when our eyes locked, mine may have been as fierce as His. I think we would have gone blind staring at one another forever if Nefertiri had not come between us, and said quietly, "If He dies, I will need both of you."

Amen-khep-shu-ef left the room. He could not bear to be cheated of a victory. Since He never believed He could lose, the interruption from His Mother had stolen a prize. So He saw it. But I do not know. If I had blinked my eyes first, I think I would have drawn my short sword, and if I killed Him, She would have been the next, then everybody who came at me until I was done. At that moment, I knew again all the happiness of the brave, and felt equal to Nefertiri. It was Her life She had protected by placing Her hands between us when my eye proved equal to the eye of Amen-khep-shu-ef. And I laughed that in His rage He had been such a fool as to leave me alone with Her.

She smiled softly, but said, "Why did Sesusi choose you to be My servant?"

"Do You ask because I am Your friend?"

She did not reply at first, but came nearer to me. "I know the doubts of Amen-khep-shu-ef," She said.

I bowed. I touched the ground seven



times with my forehead. I did not know what I would reply until my words came forth. "I was told to be with You when Usermare dies," I said. "That is His order to me."

She nodded. She knew what I did not say. The nearness of Her death came about Her like a garment held by a servant.

"Why do you tell Me?" She asked. "Is it because you will not obey Him?"

I was about to say, "I will never obey Him. Your heart is of more worth to me than His heart," but I did not. The wisdom of more cunning gods touched my tongue and I said, "I do not think that I will, yet I cannot swear."

She looked at me in another manner then, as if Her death were now more real than before. She felt admiration for me that I would dare to kill Her. Such courage must belong to the gods. But, then, how could a Queen be drawn to any man like myself unless the god spoke through him?

"Yes," She said, "it must be true. Ma-Khrut cannot keep her hands off you," and She gave a delightful smile which said clearly that I need only be brave enough, and all could happen.

Of course, She was a Queen. A monarch's heart is like the labyrinth of the entrails. Snakes coil at every turn. So did I also know that next to the little love She might feel for me, was the fire of Her marriage. How could She not believe that Usermare still wanted Her if He had ordered Her sent to join Him so soon as He died?

Usermare did not die. By the fourth day, He opened His eyes; by the fifth, He spoke; on the sixth, He raised his head; and on the next, He was standing. Soon He was back in His chariot, and paid a visit to the Secluded. I learned that on his return, Usermare spent the night with Ma-Khrut, and the sounds of their pleasure were louder than the lion and the hippopotamus. Next day, she acted like a Consort, and moved in much radiance. I knew the cold woe of a merchant who is left naked in the moonlight after his caravan is robbed.

Yet I was not all so surprised. Through these days of His recovery, the Palace had been in disarray. Who could measure the disorder among the gods when so many had been invoked by priests and nobles praying for a particular successor? Now, in the days of His convalescence, much went wrong. Ceremonies in the Temple were conducted in the wrong order, and errors of addition began to be found in many a papyrus laid before Him. There was abominable crowding in the halls outside the Great Chamber.

I ignored most of that. I stayed at the side of Nefertiri even more than before, and She wanted me near. Since we did not know what I would have done if Usermare had died, now we certainly did not know

what we would do that He was alive. A day did not pass but She would bring forth the mirror, and we would look at one another, and study the Ka of the other's face. A cloud could not touch the edge of the sun, nor a breeze enter the pillars of the patio, before Her Ka would leave and another of the Fourteen enter the mirror. Sometimes, She would only speak to me in this manner, our eyes connected by the mirror. One morning, when it was known through every mansion of the Palace that He had gone to visit Rama-Nefru, Nefertiri said, "He will not come to Me until I apologize for the soup spilled on His chest, but I never will. He had My servant flogged until the poor man died." She nodded. "The daughter of this dead butler," said Nefertiri, "is blind, and used to have the finest voice in my Chorus of the Blind. Since her father was killed, she has not been able to imitate the sound of one bird." Nefertiri looked at me. "It is the fault of the woman with the dyed hair."

That was how She spoke of Rama-Nefru. So great was Her detestation of Rama-Nefru that She used the word for bleach, *sesher*, that is also our word for dung. She wove *sesher* in and out of what She said until the beautiful hair of Rama-Nefru came to sound like intestines left white, emptied out, bleached out—I did not like the cruelty of this Ka in Nefertiri's face, for, once begun, it never wished to leave the mirror. "The Hittite hates Usermare," said my Queen. "He suffers miseries He cannot know—He is too strong to know His own misery. Why He would not have fallen so heavily from the Golden Belly if His senses were not stupefied. That is what comes from making stupid love to the Hittite with the bleached hair."

Finally, She said to me, "I wish Her hair would fall out. There is no gift I would not offer then."

How much power those few words gave to me! If I knew adoration for Nefertiri, I also revered Her, I fear, like a Goddess. I did not believe, try as I would, that I would remain firm should She ever choose me. When, however, she repeated, "There is no gift I would not offer," Her eyes spoke so clearly to the seeds and snakes of my groin that for the first time I wanted Her with the spirit of the swamp, there between Her thighs in the Ka-of-Isis.

Nefertiri now said, "You must pay a visit to Honey-Ball."

I did not tell Her how difficult that would be. I bowed instead and left Her chamber, and then bowed again, for Amen-khep-shu-ef was approaching. Now, we did not look into each other's eyes. We would never look into them again unless our swords pointed at one another. But He was here to say goodbye to His Mother, so I learned, for we actually spoke (each of us looking at the other's mouth as if that were a fort to take by siege) that He would go with His barges down the river today, off to fight one of His little wars in Libya. I

wished Him well with the best of my manners, and thought it was a good omen He would be gone.

After His departure, I wandered by the Gates of Morning and Evening of the Gardens of the Secluded, and told one of the two eunuchs standing guard to send for the eunuch of Honey-Ball, and when he stood by a little burrow in the wall, we talked through this hole, and I told him no more than that Nefertiri had need of Honey-Ball.

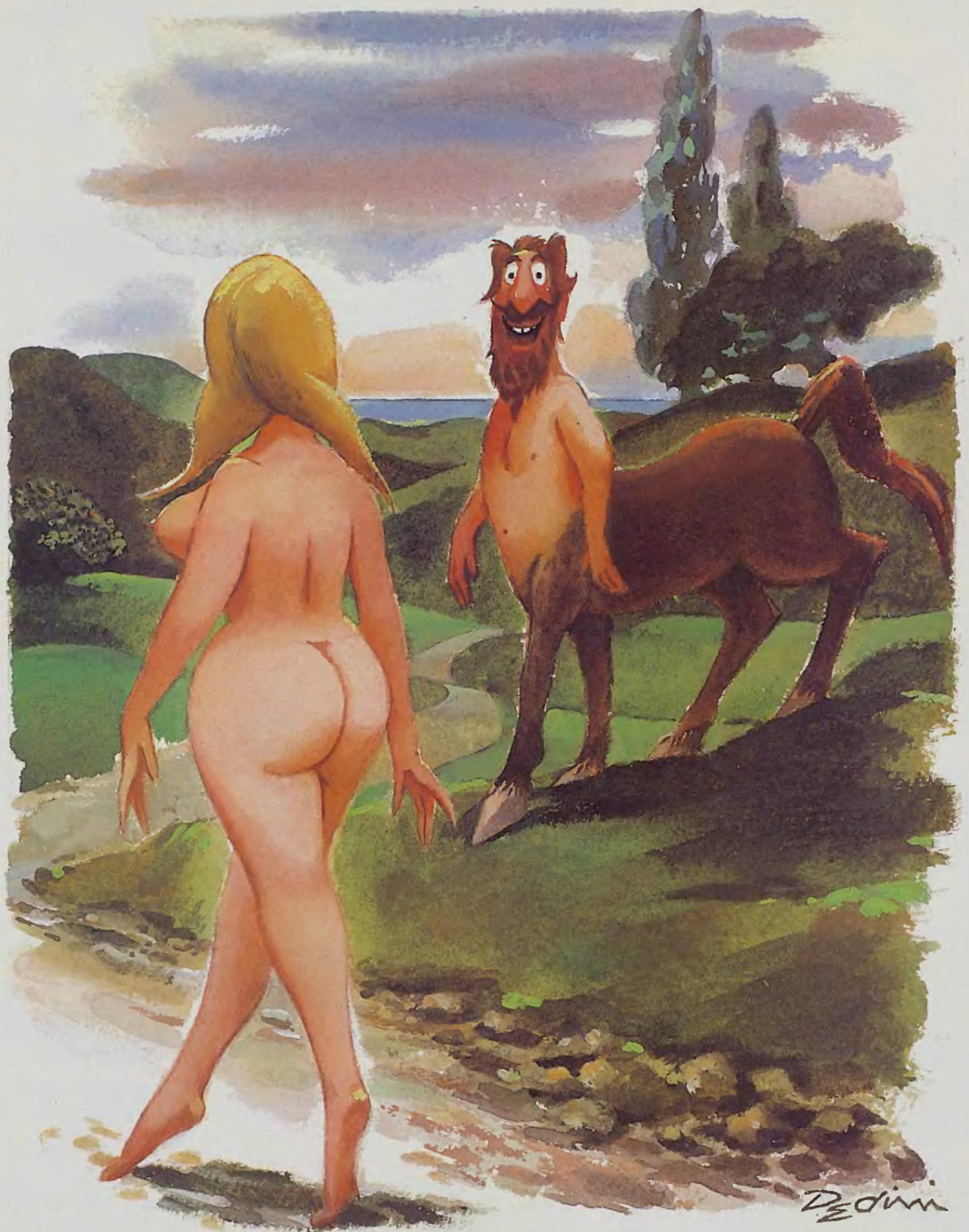
That night, when I came back again, Honey-Ball was not at the little opening in the wall, but her eunuch was there to tell me that she was ready to be of service to Queen Nefertiri, provided the Consort of the God would honor her dignity by a special invitation from the Queen Herself to the Festival of Festivals (and to Ma-Khrut's family as well). Tomorrow night, when I came with my answer, she would have a gift prepared.

Nefertiri was displeased. The calm of Her bearing was gone. I saw another Ka of Her Fourteen.

"I am ready to reward Honey-Ball," She said. "It is understood she will be rewarded. But I cannot bear her family. I was entertained by them on My last visit to Sais, and they are common. Very wealthy and common. They have a papyrus factory, and make contracts with every Temple of Amon in their nome. Most respectable in their airs. But the great-grandmother of Ma-Khrut was a prostitute. So it is said. So I believe. You can see it in the way they eat. That family wipes their fingers too carefully. They are quick to speak of their ancestry while the wine is passed. They go back twenty generations. They assure you of that. They have the audacity—oh, they are truly common—to present the names of their forebears as if one is speaking of people of substance. They went on in that manner to Me! I came near to telling them that as a matter of family, I could speak of Hat-shep-sut and Thutmose. But no, we did not talk of anyone but their forebears. Twenty generations of harlots and thieves! These are people of the swamp. No," She said, "I really do not want them seated in My circle. Nor do I know, for that matter, whether I care to have Honey-Ball near Me. She has an excellent education, and knows as much about perfume as I do—I would not say that for any other woman—but I detest her for growing so fat. It is an absolute abuse of Maat. I like Honey-Ball, we knew each other as children, I adore her voice. If she were blind, I would treat her like a goddess for the joy of listening to her sing, but I also tell you this: I consider her a hippopotamus and a slut. She has noble blood, but of the lowest sort." She sighed. "You believe that I should invite her?"

"It is better to have Ma-Khrut for a friend than an enemy."

"It is even better to have Me for a



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friend." She sat down at last. "Come here. Look into the mirror." Her eyes were merry. "I like Ma-Khrut. When Sesusi and I were younger, Ma-Khrut was the only little queen of whom I was jealous. Tell me, Kazama, was I right to be jealous?"

"I would not know, Good and Great Goddess. It is forbidden to go near a little queen."

"Everybody knows of you and Ma-Khrut. Even her sister knows. That is how I found out. Her sister writes to Me. You see, I am really very friendly with her family. It is just that they are common."

"Does the Good and Great God know?"

"I would think He does."

"He is not angry?"

"Why should He be? He has had you by the asshole, has He not?"

But I decided Usermare could not really know of my affair in the Gardens. Nefertiri was merely punishing me for bringing this request from Honey-Ball. I was beginning to understand how profound was Her displeasure that I could not bring Her the magic of Ma-Khrut without a payment in return. "Tell Honey-Ball that I will keep a seat for her, two for her parents, and one for her sister. No more." Her eyes turned away from the mirror and looked at me directly. I could have been a servant. "Sleep well," She said. But I did not. I had to worry how much Usermare could know.

The gift from Honey-Ball which the eunuch pushed out to me through the hole was a packet wrapped in linen and smelling of incense. It spoke to me of nothing I knew, but when Nefertiri undid my little wrapping, within, was a piece of papyrus and a tress of blond hair. She held this last with a look of no pleasure on Her face. "It is as coarse as the tail of a bull," She said, and began to read from the papyrus. "Well," She said, "it is hair from the tail of a bull," and looked a little further. "Black hair," She read from the papyrus, "blessed by Ma-Khrut before being dyed. As black hair turns blond, so does blond hair fall away." Now, She gave a cry of much displeasure. "Look," She said, pointing to a dark congested little stream on the papyrus, "this is not wax but a dead worm! She tells Me to mix this with My own pomade and to sleep with it. Sleep with this worm in My hair, and the tail of the bull under My bed. No," She said as She continued to read, "under My headrest itself. I am ill."

She did not look well. I did my best to soothe Her. I explained that any sorcery powerful enough to pull out the roots of an enemy had to create a considerable disturbance. One could not send such illness to another without suffering a part of it oneself. I did not ask Her why, if She could use the leavings of Usermare so adroitly as to crash His head to the marble, She need suffer feelings of fastidiousness here. I understood, however. A woman knows more fear at attacking another woman

with her magic than a man. Nor did I even dare to speak of the eunuch's last instruction to me. Each night, for seven nights, of which this was the first, I must return to the hole in the wall for another wrapping. Each night Nefertiri would receive a new message.

Indeed, on the second night, it was worse. She was told to take the blond fibers that had been kept beneath Her headrest for the first night and hold them in Her hand while She slept; on the third night She was to put them in a sack around Her belly; by the fourth, around Her neck. Be certain that by the seventh night, She slept with the tail between Her thighs. But She was no longer so outraged. The magic was having a most powerful effect.

By then, there was no one in the Court who had not heard of the suffering of Rama-Nefru and the dreadful purge of Her stomach. I saw Her myself on the fifth morning. The King held Her in His arms, and Her body contracted like a snake and sprung forth, contracted and sprung forth, while the Royal Doctor held a golden saucer to Her mouth. I was asked to leave the room. The Golden Bowl was also in use. Later that day, Her hair began to fall out.

Usermare called on Heqat. The little queen was summoned from the Gardens, a Syrian to treat a near-Syrian, and Heqat asked for the shell of a tortoise and boiled it to a jelly, then mixed in the fat of a hippopotamus just killed. They used this pomade every day, but Rama-Nefru had already lost Her hair.

Nefertiri never ceased speaking of Heqat. "To be ill is misfortune enough," She said, "but to be nursed by a woman with a face like a frog is a catastrophe. Tell Me, did Sesusi ever make love to Heqat?" When I nodded, She shook Her head in admiration. "He is a God," She said. "Only a God could enjoy Honey-Ball and Heqat." But Her expression could not have been more merry. "You must tell Me all about you and Honey-Ball."

"I do not dare," I said.

"Oh, you will tell Me." Her good spirits could hardly be measured. I wondered why Nefertiri was bothered so little by Usermare's continuing loyalty to Rama-Nefru. This dreadful illness did not seem to drive Him away. Indeed He had not made even one visit to the Gardens in all the days Rama-Nefru was sick. Yet the splendid mood of Nefertiri diminished so little that I began to wonder if it were a folly caused by the magic. Once, She even said, "Sesusi will always tell you of His loyalty"—She pealed with laughter—"but He is very easily bored. He will remain true to Her until the day He cannot endure Rama-Nefru for one more instant. Then He will send Her, bald head and all, back to the Hittites with a wig, a blue wig, and they will declare a great war on us for the insult. Amen-khep-shu-ef will lead the troops in a great battle and Usermare will

grow old with Me. I will yet know the power of Hat-shep-sut!" She held my hand as She spoke and I could feel the fever in it.

Others must have begun to reason in Her way, however. The visits of high officials to Her Court were now more frequent. Before, there had been days when you could see no one in Her Chambers but a number of old, petty, and garrulous friends. Now the Governor of the Treasury of Upper Egypt came one morning with his scribes, eight of them—to show the extent of his courtesy—and Privy Councilors visited, princes, judges, even the Governor of the Palace, a Lord Chamberlain, but old men, unfortunately. I would have been more certain of a turn in Her fortunes if nobles closer to Rama-Nefru were among the visitors.

All the while, Nefertiri would complain to me in the happiest tones. "I enjoyed My days more," She said, "when you and I could spend the hours of the evening looking into the mirror," and She would touch me lightly under the ear, or draw Her finger-tips along my arm. Never had I felt sensations that traveled so far in me from so delicate a touch, unless it was in my memory of the Secret Whore of the King of Kadesh. Her eyes spoke to me now without a mirror, Her fingers teased my neck, and when we were alone, Her gowns became more transparent. I had known there were marvels one could weave of linen, and many ladies on great occasions would wear the gauzes of Cos, so that you could see their bodies beneath their gowns as well as their husbands would see them later, but I was to learn that even in these thin veilings of woven-air were some of a lightness to make you swear that spiders had spun the thread. Nefertiri kept them in the subtlest colors so that you could not swear whether her gown was tinted like the gold of Her body, and when the beauty of Her breasts touched Her linen, the golden-pink of Her nipple deepened in the shadows to a rose-bronze.

I would stir, I would growl mightily in the silence, but only to myself. I was a lion without legs. Never was I more aware of the poverty of my beginnings than when I measured the emptiness of my strength before Her Ka-of-Isis, and knew that even if Nefertiri were to minister to me with the crudest arts of Honey-Ball (which doubtless She would not) I might still be numb and equal to the dead. When it comes to making love to a Queen, a peasant carries a boulder on his back.

So I stared at Her in the mirror, putting all the hunger of my limp loins into the ferocity of my eyes. With my eyes I desired Her, and with such adoration, enriched the air with honey. She seemed to enjoy these evenings when the others were gone and we were alone. Her desire for me looked ready to rise with the river beyond the Palace walls, but my loins felt like a land where it rained and the mist was cold. I thought of Her low opinion of the family of Ma-Khrut with their twenty

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generations, and wondered why She desired me at all. I concluded that no insult could be more profound to Usermare than the touch of peasant flesh on Hers.

So, She sat beside me, evening after evening, in a gown of woven-air, while I, transfixed by every view She gave of the grove beneath Her belly, began to feel like a priest ready to kneel before the altar. I must have begun to please Her profoundly, however, for never was She more beautiful. Her face was like a lake when the surface is so still that you can see the silver in every minnow. So did I see lights in Her eyes, and they were like phosphorescence on the midnight sea. I knelt and placed my face upon Her feet. They trembled at the touch.

My Queen's ankles had a scent of perfume on a stone floor and felt as cold as my loins, but then, Her toes were equal to my loins, and I took those cold feet and thrust them beneath my short skirt, and laid my face on Her knees. Her toes turned to the hair of my groin, and nestled there like frightened mice. I felt how She was alone and like a fire in an empty cave. All the while those toes nibbled at my bush until they lost the chill of the flower that perishes on the stone, and were like mice, furtive, sly, and with a hint of the fecundation of the fields.

An unaccustomed wind came through the pillars of the patio, not steadily, but enough to touch my thoughts, and on one of these winds, as we looked into the mirror, I felt the pain that would stir in the hair of Rama-Nefru, still and dry like drying leaves, vulnerable to every breeze; and Nefertiri may have known my thoughts for She began to speak of the bleached hair in the tail of the bull. "I came to know it very well," She said, "in the seven nights I wore it." And She told me how after the first night, She recognized that it was not hair from an ordinary bull that had been given Her, but from an Apis bull of festival, the kind that is tended by priests and washed in hot baths. Its body, She explained, is always perfumed with sweet unguents and odors of sandalwood, and for such bulls, the priests even lay out rich linen each night for the creature to lie upon. On the day it is to be slain, they lead the bull to the altar, and wine that has been tasted by the priests, is then sprinkled on the ground like drops of rain. Then the head of this bull is cut off and the marble of the altar floor runs red.

Nefertiri placed Her hand on my knee, and I felt the warmth of Her body. "When I was young," She said, "an Apis bull was chosen for a Festival to honor Seti, the father of Usermare. They searched through all the nomes for an animal with proper markings before such a creature was found near the Delta, and the priests sent him up the river to Memphi. There, the bull, to great acclamation, was led through the city and fed cakes of wheat mixed with honey, and roasted goose, and a crowd of boys was brought forth to sing

hymns to him. Then the bull was put to pasture in the Sacred Grove of the Temple of Ptah and cows were set aside for him. How beautiful he was. I know because I was visiting relatives in Memphi before My marriage to Sesusi. My aunt, a woman with an everlasting appetite for men, took Me with her to the Sacred Grove of Ptah. There I saw how none but women were allowed to look at this bull of Apis, for when he was near, some would place themselves full in his view, and lift their skirts, and expose all that they had, and all that they were, to the eyes of the animal. I saw My aunt do this. She was a lady of exalted birth and almost a goddess. Still she put her thighs apart and grunted like a beast, and the bull pawed the ground.

"I felt too young to expose Myself, but the pleasure of My aunt entered My navel, and after My marriage to Sesusi, Amon came to Me, and His eyes had the light that was in the eyes of Apis, and I spread My legs like this." So did She now raise Her skirt of woven-air, open Her thighs, and take my face into Her Ka-of-Isis. The smell was noble as the sea, and the spirits of many silver fish lived between Her lips. I kissed Her and lay with my mouth on all that was open to me, and She began to quiver in many a part. I felt the hoofs of the bull of Apis ride into Her belly and through the grove of Her bush. The Ka-of-Isis was wet on my mouth, and I believe She was carried on the Boat of Ra.

I, however, gained no more than I had learned by way of my mouth. When She was calm again, and had put back Her skirt, I was near to Her, and happy that a part of me would know Her forever, but the rest of me was no warmer than before.

Yet, as if She knew the ways of my becoming better than myself, Nefertiri knelt before me, raised my skirt, seized my swollen but still sleeping snake, and proceeded to give Her beautiful face to my limb. As the royal mouth came down upon my honor, my desire, my terror, my shame, my glory, I began to feel the seven gates of my body with all their monsters and snares, and a great heat, like the burning of the sun, blazed in me. Then I was alone again, and the fires were subsiding. She was no longer on me with Her mouth. "You smell like a stallion," She said. "I have never smelled an unperfumed body before."

I knelt and kissed Her foot, ready like a hound to slaver atrociously upon Her sandal. I wished to abase myself. The sensation of Her lips upon the head of my phallus remained, and that was like a halo. My cock felt as if it were made of gold. A glow rose in me. I could die now. I need feel no shame. The woman of Usermare had given me Her mouth, and so my buttocks were my own again, yes, I could have kissed Her feet and chewed upon Her toes.

"Truly, Kazama, you smell dreadful," She said in Her fondest voice and wiped Her mouth as if She would never have any more of me. But then, She knelt, and de-

spite Herself, gave one queenly teasing lick of Her tongue, light as a feather, along the length of my shaft, down into the tense bag of my balls, and around, a fleeting lick.

"You stink! You smell of the end of the road," She said, which, in the Court of Usermare where people spoke so well, was the worst reference you could make to the anus, and I wondered if something out of the marrow of Ma-Khrut's fats, some slime of the hippopotamus, must be oozing forth from me; or so I would have said until I saw Nefertiri's face, and another Ka was on it. Her delicate features had their own thirst. She was full of folly.

"Oh, I adore how dreadful you are," She said. "Did you visit the Royal Stables? Did you rub the foam of a stallion's mouth all over your little beauty?" She took another lick.

I nodded. I had indeed gone to the Stables before coming here. I had rubbed myself, and with one of Usermare's horses, no less, back from a ride with his groom and not yet rubbed down. I had managed to get my hand full of the slather of the beast, nor had I known why.

"You are a peasant. Common as Lower Egypt," She said, and teased what I had anointed by way of Her finger-tips, clever as starlings' wings, but with Her tongue and lips as well, a flutter into the ferment of my seed.

I knew what a mighty revenge She was taking upon Usermare. She never left the crown of my shaft, indeed She called it that, "the crown," and in a crooning voice, almost so pure as one of Her blind singers, said, "Oh, little crown of Upper Egypt," and laid on the butterfly wings of Her light tongue. "Oh," She said, "doesn't the Upper Crown like to be kissed by Lower Egypt," whereupon Her tongue curled like the cobra that comes forward from the Red Crown, and She laughed. "Oh, don't you spit at Me," She said, "don't you dare, don't let that wickedness of yours begin to shine, don't let it leap, don't let it dance," all with the sweetest little kisses and tickles of Her tongue, trailing the finger-tips of one hand like five little sins into my sack and over my shaft, and all the while She played with words in the way I had so often noticed among the most exalted, but all such games were nothing to what She said to me now. It was as if Her heart had tasted no pleasure in so long that She must croon over my coarse peasant cock (and She called it that) and called it by many other names, for after each tickle of Her tongue, I was "groaner," and "moaner," "knife," and "stud," "inscriber," and "anointer," and then, as if that were not enough, She spoke of my "guide" and my "dirty Hittite," my "smelly thickness," and lo, they were all much like the sound you hear in *mta*, although a little different each, and then using a word so common as *met* which I heard every day, now came such sweet caressing sounds as "Do you like the way I tickle your vein, My governor," and She gave me a nip with Her

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teeth, "or is it *death*?" Yet, if it were not for the cleverness of my ears after the Gardens of the Secluded, I might have thought She said, "Do you like the way I tickle your governor, My death, or is it the vein?" some such nonsense, but we were laughing so much, and enjoying ourselves so freely that She began to flip my proud (and now shining) crown against Her lips, and She cooed at it and called it "*Nefer*" but with a different meaning each time so that it was sweet. "Oh My most beautiful young horse," She said, "My *nefer*, My phallus, My slow fire, My lucky name, My *sma*, My little cock, My little cemetery, My *smat*," and She swallowed as much of my

cock as Her royal throat could take, and bit at the root until I screamed, or near to it, but then She kissed the tip. "Did I hurt My little *hen*, My provider, My *hensi*, My dwelling place? Oh, is he coming-forth?" and indeed I would have been all over Her face and spewing on the woven-air across Her breast, and there to watch Her rub it into Her skin slowly and solemnly as if painting the insult to Usermare upon Her flesh. By now the desire aroused in me was like a fire that could melt a stone. As I stood before Her, trembling, a fire in my stick, and honey in my bowels, I had to seize myself at the brink before the cream of my loins was shining on Her queenly

face. But I had another desire now, large as Usermare Himself. It was to fuck Her, fuck Her good, good and evil. She was murmuring, "*Benben, benbenben*," but with such little twists and stops of Her mouth, such a beat of Her breath that as I heard it, *benben* said all too many words, "*O, come forth with Me, you little god of evil, you fucker, give Me your obelisk*"—for that was also a *benben*—and then Her gown of woven-air was gone, and Her field was open before me, Her thighs like slim pillars, and Her altar wet with the passions of my tongue. "*Hath, hath, hath*," She panted like a cat in heat. "*Let us fuck, let us fly. Come into My flame, My fire, My hath, My cunt, come into My snare, enter My sepulchre, O, come deep into My cemetery, My sma, My little cemetery, unite with Me, copulate with Me, come to your concubine, O, heaven and earth, hath, hath, hath!*"

We kept looking at one another, She on Her back, I on my knees, and I drew into myself all I could remember of the most reverent moments I had known—anything to hold me from shooting every white arrow at once, my lust steaming on the hot stones of my will. I knew all the madness of the lion. "Would You like," I said to Her, my lips as thick as if they had been beaten, nay, scourged, "would You like my obelisk in You?"

"In My cunt, yes, in My weeping fish, oh, speak to My weeping fish, enter My mummy, come into My spell, work your oars, work your spell, slaughter Me, *shet, shet, shet*, oh, come into My plot, come into My ground, come to My pool, yes, fuck your *Ka-I*, fuck your cunt."

Yet when I entered, Her breasts looking at me like the two eyes of the Two Lands, the reverence I had drawn into myself made me ache with a radiance equal to a rainbow in a storm. Having banked the fires of my balls, I entered Her with the solemnity of a priest who reads a service, and lay upon Her, but the lips of Her enclosure were so hot that my fires almost flamed over the river. She was lying on Her back and my obelisk was floating on Her river. She made the sounds of a woman in birth, *aq* and *aaq*, yet with all the clarity of a greeting to enter, "*Aq, please enter, come to My sunrise, come to My sunset, Oh, aaq, raid Me, spy into My entrance, look on My uba, rest in My Court, read the prayer, rest in My gate, uba, uba, live in My cave, move in My den, ri, ri, mover of stone, you are a mover of stone, haa, you travel by sea, be My embarkation, haa, My entrance. Oh,*" She said, going suddenly still, "do not burst into flame, do not burn up, haa, paddle away, oh, slip into My snare, *hem, hem, hem*, crush My Majesty, *hu, hu, hu*, let it rain,"—I heard it all. She sang of the beauties of my testicles (which She held with fingers that had learned the tongueless art of the Nubian). She governed me with words of power, with *heq* and *heha*

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and *hem*, and as She sang to me, I entered the Land of the Dead that was in all the life of Her, and felt like a noble. She kissed me on the side of my mouth with those lips that had brought royalty to the head of my cock, and our mouths were on one another and our tongues met like woven-air and I felt Her voice on my ear. "*Netchem and netchemu and netchemut*," She crooned. "Oh, what a merry fuck you are, *ri, ra, rirara*," and on Nefertiri's face was such tenderness that *rirara* rose in me and I could not enter enough into my *nefer* of my most beautiful Queen, my *nefer-her*, beautiful like rain in the fourth hour after rising, She was a goddess, She was Her Majesty, and She was shameless. *Tcham*, I fucked Her by Her youth, *Tcham, Tcham, Tcham*, by Her Sceptre and Her Youth, and our hips moving together, She cried out, "*Shep, shep, shepit, shepit*," and all such words like "*shepu and shepa and shepat*, oh, *light*, oh, *radiance*, oh, *brightness*, oh, *blindness*, oh, *wealth and shame*, *vomit and shipwreck*, *shef, shef, shef*, ram into Me, *swell* into Me, give Me your *weapon*, give Me your *power*, *shefesh, shefesh*, I have your *sword*, I have your *gift*, give Me your *evil*, give Me your *wealth*. *Khut, khut, khut, tehet, tehet, tehet. Tcham, tcham, tcham, qef, qef, qef*, show Me to My Ka, *dead white, dead black*, I am a *fortress*, *ai, ai*, what *light*, what *splendor*, go deeper, you obelisk, fuck Me into glory, take Me to flame, I am *rich*, oh, stop, I am *fire and light*, I am your *filth*, your *offal*, your *devils*, your *friends*, your *guide*, oh, good, good, good, give Me your *benben*, evil fucker, *aar, aar, aar*, I am your *lion*, your *bird*, your *lock of hair*, your *sin*, I come, oh, I come, I come forth, I am the Pharaoh."

And even as I was rising into a celestial city by a field of golden reeds, there to know a change in me as great as death itself, I heard the deep sounds of the bowels and high sounds from the wind in my throat, the cries of my heart roaring in the water rising in me, and I flung myself out to fly to the heavens, or crash on the rocks, and saw the legions of the Land of the Dead and a myriad of faces, all the damned and perfected souls that Nefertiri could command, and I rammed into the last gate of Her womb with the moan and groan of a peasant cock, the radiance of Amon blazing in me like the Hidden Sun of my mother's belly, and She rebounded beneath like a beast, Her limbs storming over mine with the strength of Usermare while I was borne aloft, but not by Her so much as by the wrath of my Pharaoh who lifted me high like a feather over the flame, and slammed me down like a rock, then gave me another blow and another blow of Her queenly cavern, my tomb. I gave out within Her while the storm still blew, and She washed over me. She came out of every great space that Usermare had left in Her. She was much more powerful than myself.



"I am seen as a forbidding authority figure. I only wish I were as indomitable as everyone thinks."

no, no." I said, "I don't mean in this color. Black would be fine." He said, "Oh, yes. In that case, we *could* make them." You could see on his face the real revulsion he felt for those yellow-and-purple boots.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear Jockey shorts or boxer shorts?

HESTON: Jockey. I hate boxer shorts. They look tacky.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about Charlton Heston that everyone else, after all these years, still misses?

HESTON: People don't perceive me as a shy man. But I am. I am thought of mostly in terms of the parts I play. I am seen as a forbidding authority figure. I only wish I were as indomitable as everyone thinks.

9.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you describe Barbara Walters as "ball-cutting." Do tough women intimidate you?

HESTON: I don't think anybody intimidates me. I find tough women off-putting, I guess. And dispiriting. Emasculation is the unconscious intent. I have more empathy for women's condition than I'm generally thought to have. I know better than most people how tough it is for actresses. There are fewer parts for them, and their careers are shorter. It also takes them longer to get dressed and made up, and people get restive about that. All those things are unfair. But being confrontational is no more helpful for a woman than it is for a man. I know a lot of ladies who do very well without behaving that way. Women like Bella Abzug have done the women's cause a lot of harm. The white-lipped belligerence with which some women, understandably, have assaulted the inequities has harmed their search for equality more than it has helped.

10.

PLAYBOY: You've been married to the same woman for 40 years. What's the secret?

HESTON: Well, you've got to be a superb husband. That's my joke answer. Actually, I think of myself as a remarkably tolerant fellow. My wife and children tell me that this is not necessarily true, that I am quite idiosyncratic and sometimes contrary. But I think my wife would also say that I'm easy to get along with. Part of the secret is recognizing that your partner has different priorities, different anxieties, different needs; that they may be in conflict with

yours, let alone different from yours. Then, a definition of being in love with someone is willingness to subordinate your needs to hers—not invariably but if it's an issue that really counts. I have sometimes misread those needs. But people also say that the first year of any relationship is the hardest, so perhaps one of the best things about my marriage is that I spent the first year overseas. We squeaked by with no problems.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's better than sex?

HESTON: Getting it right. Getting it right one time. One thing about being an actor or a painter is that you never do get it right—but always, *maybe* you're going to. Sex is great. You get it right. It's predominantly fantastic. You say, "It's never been so good." But painting the Sistine Chapel

or trying to write a symphony or play Hamlet, you never fucking get it right.

12.

PLAYBOY: What sort of advice would you give to young actors? What do you know that they will find out?

HESTON: In the beginning, when you're studying acting, it's like a religion and you're an acolyte of the true faith. And anybody who doesn't do it the way you do it is an agent of the antichrist. The more you do it, the more you find out that you don't know everything you thought you did. You become a catholic, with a small c. What counts is "Does it work?" There's a wonderful story about Laurence Olivier on the stage in *Othello*. His is considered very possibly the best performance by any actor in any part in living memory. I certainly have never seen anything like it. Maggie Smith, who was Desdemona, told me this: One night, at the final curtain, there was the silence and then the ovation, as always. But the actors couldn't believe how remarkable, how much better than ever it had been. So Maggie wanted to talk with Olivier—though usually, afterward, you just say goodnight. She knocked on his



"I never thought the human body was obscene until my folks started going naked in front of me."

dressings-room door. He was sitting in the inner room, still in wardrobe, with a large whiskey in his hand and the make-up still on and the sweat running down his face, looking absolutely desolate. He didn't even look up when she came in. Maggie said, "Larry, you know how good that was, don't you?" He said, "Yes, but I don't know how I did it." In the context of that story, something he once said to me works: "Sometimes the gods breathe in your ear. That's fine and you're home free. But you have to find a way when they don't. And they won't do it all the time."

13.

PLAYBOY: You say that Robert De Niro is one of your favorite actors. In terms of the consistency of Oscar-quality performances, how does his work in *Raging Bull* stack up against yours in *Ben-Hur*?

HESTON: There are parts I can play that De Niro couldn't. And vice versa. But acting is not competition. I, along with most of my colleagues, deplore that idea. Every actor should set standards for himself that are higher than those anyone else will set. What was that bit, though slightly off the mark, about when Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn first worked together? She had a debate with him about whether maybe she should have first billing. He was not receptive. She said, "Well, you know, ladies first." He said, "Honey, this is a movie, not a lifeboat." And acting is not a foot race.

Also, *Ben-Hur* is not my favorite performance. I have *never* given a performance with which I was totally pleased. I would be surprised if De Niro were as pleased with *Raging Bull* as I was. I have done some work that I like better than others: *Khartoum*, *Will Penny*, *El Cid*, parts of *Soylent Green*. I admire De Niro's willingness to extend his range, to try things beyond the apparent limits of his physical range.

14.

PLAYBOY: When you get philosophical, what do you say?

HESTON: If it happens to you, it's your fault. It's amazing how much energy the human animal spends on assigning the blame elsewhere. It's nonsense. I like to think that my best quality is that I will accept the responsibility for my life on every level. You can also simplify your life if, when you've made a mistake, you say, "I was wrong. I shouldn't have done that." Many people find that hard to do. I think the recent history of the world might have been different if on the day after the Watergate break-in, President Nixon had said, "Some of my employees and supporters, in misguided zeal, committed a felony break-in for which I must accept full responsibility."

15.

PLAYBOY: Who really runs America?

HESTON: It's not the multinational corporations. That's bullshit. The news depart-

ments of the major television networks have an unfair influence. The media have become almost a fourth arm of Government, something the fellas who wrote the Constitution didn't figure on. Dan Rather is more important than anyone in Government except the President—and the Constitution provides for the President's enormous power to be properly checked and balanced by Congress and the Supreme Court. Nobody got to vote for Rather. Now, I know what he says: "You *do* get to vote for me. You can turn me off." Well, people can turn him off, but that's the *news*. He has enormous influence on events without the responsibility for life-and-death decisions. Of course, a free press is essential to a free society, but on a certain level, you could say it's an ornament of a free society. No one has yet begun to adequately measure the power of the moving image. But Lenin understood it. Goebbels understood it. More than armies or ambassadors, the moving image can shape the way we perceive ourselves, other people, the world, what's happened and what's going to happen.

16.

PLAYBOY: What were your thoughts while parting the Red Sea?

HESTON: I was hoping that the dump tanks would work. Actually, I don't think the actor exists who really lives a role. You can't. You've got to keep close enough to reality to control what's happening. But there are situations in which you can surrender for a moment. For example, to stand in the desert before 8000 people, 5000 animals and 27 assistant directors and lift that stick and say, "Bear us out of Egypt, O Lord, as an eagle bears its young upon its wings"—*that's remarkable*.

17.

PLAYBOY: Women still go crazy over you. Men are respectful. You probably have the major franchise on presence. Do you ever feel it slipping away when you look in the mirror? Do you catch yourself saying goodbye to all that?

HESTON: That's what comes from having your nose broken. Well, obviously, it happens as you age. I think men are luckier in that regard than women. I suppose that up to a certain point, the face I have improves with age. My daughter saw *El Cid* years after I had done it. She said, "Oh, Daddy. You were beautiful then." I laughed, of course. But my face is, perhaps, more useful now than it was 30 years ago.

18.

PLAYBOY: You have three guard dogs. Who named them? Who feeds them? What are your conversations with them like? Which of the three is most politically aware—as dogs go?

HESTON: I named them. The dogs are all named after historical characters: Pompey and Ramses and Portia—after Brutus' wife, not the car. They're fed by the housekeeper, though their grandfather was fed

by me and their mother and father were fed by my kids. Our conversations are complicated by the fact that their grandfather was a really *great* dog and their mother and father really *good* dogs. So I suppose I regard these three somewhat pejoratively for not living up to their forebears, which is unfair. We have a cordial relationship. Their political awareness is part of their problem. For so long, they were just the troupe following behind. Now they are the only dogs and they don't know how to handle it.

19.

PLAYBOY: Even though it has elected a former actor President, isn't the public's fear of the politically involved actor just fear of being manipulated by someone who may, after all, not be sincere—just acting?

HESTON: That's an interesting point. The only people who take the comment that they perform something well as a compliment are actors. To anyone else, performance is phony, a deception and unfair. But any good political leader has to be a marvelous actor. Churchill, De Gaulle, Mark Antony, for God's sake, were all superb actors. Churchill didn't rally the Western world with the blood, sweat and tears, fight them on the beaches, fight them on the landing fields just on the spur of the moment. He wrote it, rehearsed it; he learned his speeches by heart. *That* was performance. Actors are regarded more skeptically because they are *known* to be actors. But giving actors a break and judging them on the merits of what they say rather than on the basis of what they do—that doesn't have a high priority with me. We're members of one of the world's oldest minority groups. People are generally skeptical of us. We're regarded as thieves, drunks and wife stealers. Sometimes with good reason.

20.

PLAYBOY: Who are Charlton Heston's heroes?

HESTON: I've played a couple of them: Jackson and Jefferson. I admire inordinately the extraordinary man. We live in the century of the common man, and I think we have become skeptical of the possibility of the genuinely great man. But believe me, great men have existed. That there don't happen to be any around right now doesn't mean great men and women have not moved the world. In fact, I think the possibility, the potential of the extraordinary individual is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the species. I suspect that reindeer and horses and turtles don't have that wide a potential. It's admittedly a sardonic view of life. But whether or not that extraordinary individual who comes along every half-billion people or so is enough to save the race, I don't know. What's the old joke that ended, "We'd be up to our ass in crocodiles"? We're very close to that right now.





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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

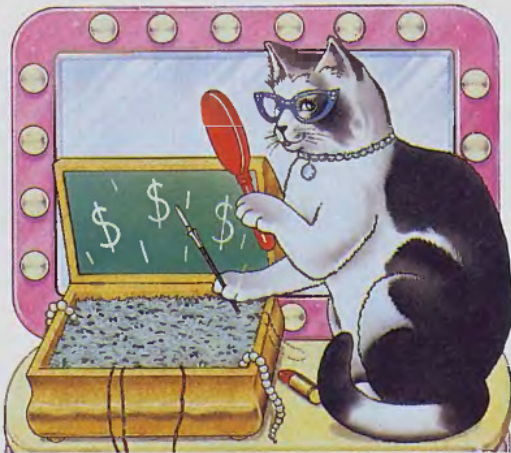
TWO FOR THE SHOW

If you thought the underwear market had been stretched to its limit with all the nutsy new briefs available, think again. Fundies, "the underwear built for two," is now available from Groton Limited, One Chicopee Row, Groton, Massachusetts 01450, for only \$7.95, postpaid. And although Fundies are well made, the manufacturer claims no responsibility to replace them if they wear out or stretch, as you've obviously gotten your money's worth.



LITTER GLITTER

The fat cats in Beverly Hills really have it meowed: caviar by the kilo; a new Mercedes when the ashtrays get filled; and for Kitty Litter, nothing but old money will do. That's right—shredded greenbacks called Beverly Hills Kitty Litter, which The Tolman Geffs Company, 4300 Campus Drive, #209, Newport Beach, California 92660, is selling for \$10, postpaid, per 10" x 10" x 2" box. If you don't have a cat, throw Beverly Hills Kitty Litter instead of rice at your next WASP wedding.



HELL OF A GOLF COURSE

To a serious duffer, there's nothing more hellish than artist Loyal H. Chapman's famous series of Infamous Golf Holes, depicting 18 mythical terrifying tee-offs from Victoria Falls to the Grand Canyon. Now Chapman has completed one last painting—*The 19th Hole*—and it's available in a 39" x 25" signed-and-numbered limited edition (6500) for \$390 sent to Chapman Studios, 2800 Hedberg Drive, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55343. All 18 holes are recaptured—plus the 19th. Those who survived are buying the first round.



BASEBALLING WITH JACK

Have we got a deal for you, baseball fans. Beulah Sports, a fans' paradise at 1863 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Illinois 60025, has just released its latest catalog (it's \$2), and among the current list of baseball cards are a few collector's items that will have the true *aficionado* sprinting to his checkbook. Would you believe that Reggie Jackson's original 1971 contract, signed by Jackson, Charley Finley and Joe Cronin, could be yours for \$225? (Jackson's salary then was \$41,500!) The cap Willie Mays wore when he hit his 600th home run is \$400. And a baseball signed by some of the greatest players, including Mantle, Aaron, DiMaggio, Musial and Rose, is \$300. Buy!

UP IN ARMATRONS

Tomy Toys may have labeled its Armatron game for "Ages 8 & Up," but we'll bet that the "Up" end of the age curve is where the buying action will be. Armatron, quite simply, is a robotlike arm that you maneuver by levers; the game pits you against an opponent—or a built-in timer—and the winner is the one who can maneuver "liquid-fuel canisters" from one module to another without blowing up the world. The price is \$45 at most toy stores. Armatron is also a nifty way to drop an olive into a martini.



RATS TO YOU

A new animal has joined the menagerie of appliqué symbols that adorn pullover shirts and sweaters, and it definitely ain't the preppie type. Rat d'égout, Inc., P.O. Box 40372, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240, is offering polo shirts and V-neck sweaters bearing the ultimate symbol of urban chic: the sewer rat. Shirts are \$20; sweaters, \$24. Sizes are small through extra-large and there's a variety of colors. Sorry, the rats come in only one shade: gray.



ELECTRICAL CONNECTION

In the good old days of the Twenties and Thirties, your watt-hour electric meter was a brass-bronze-and-nickel thing of beauty that purred for just pennies instead of bucks. So return with Arcman Corporation, 807 Center Street, Throop, Pennsylvania 18512, to those thrilling days of yesteryear and own a walnut-mounted, original-but-reconditioned antique meter that's been fitted with a small bulb and a glass dome. The price: \$187.50, postpaid. When the light's on, the meter turns. So to see your purchase work, Con Edison has gotcha again!



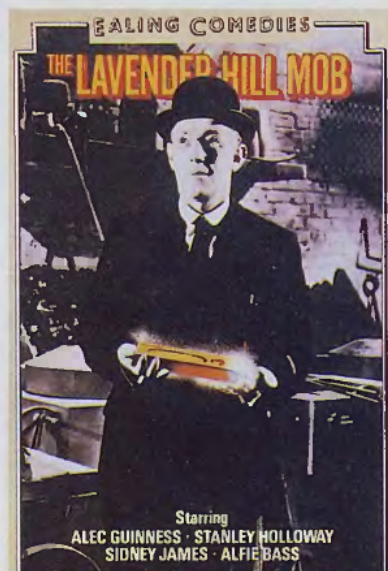
BLACKBIRD SANCTUARY

The Arion Press has published a 325-page limited edition (about 300) of Dashiell Hammett's hard-boiled detective novel *The Maltese Falcon*, incorporating a leather spine, all rag-content paper, sculptured falcons on the cover and photographs and maps of actual locations in San Francisco mentioned in the story. Three hundred and twenty-five big ones sent to The Mysterious Bookshop, 129 West 56th Street, New York, New York 10019, will reserve one. Then watch the price take off like a rare bird after the book's sold out.



JOLLY GOOD VIEWING

All those classic oldies but goodies of the British cinema, such as *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Ladykillers* and *The Man in the White Suit*, with Alec Guinness; *I'm All Right, Jack* and *Heavens Above!*, with Peter Sellers; and *The Cruel Sea*, with Jack Hawkins and Stanley Baker, are now available in video-cassette form as Thorn EMI Home Video introduces its collector's series to Beta and VHS owners. The suggested retail price is \$39.95 at your friendly neighborhood video store. We're holding out for *Elephant Boy*, *The Ghost Goes West* and *Sanders of the River*.



MEET THE MRS.

(continued from page 98)

unabashed love for their husbands. Says Mrs. Griffin of hers, who owns a 68-lane bowling center in Tulsa, "Bobby Dale Griffin has the best-looking legs I've ever seen on a man. He was a semipro baseball player when I met him, and the first time I saw him out on the field in those tight baseball pants, I said to myself, 'I've got to have those legs.' Honest." She giggles as she says this, and we reflect upon the fact that after 17 years of marriage, Bobby Dale is a lucky man.

Mrs. Parver, who candidly admits, "I was a virgin" when she married husband Michael (the first marriage for both) seven years ago, says, "Michael is simply the sweetest, most wonderfully supportive man I could imagine. Without him and the children, I don't think I would be enjoying my career half as much. They come first, the career comes second. The nice thing is that I've got both."

Both Marylins have a marvelous sense of humor, which can be best illustrated by two anecdotes:

Marilyn Griffin: "Wayne Newton sent me roses when I was in Las Vegas, and when he brought his show to Tulsa, he invited me and my mother to the show. He's really been a friend. Is my husband jealous? I don't think so. It's just a friendship, nothing else. But I do wish sometimes that I could arrange for Raquel Welch to have tea with my husband a few times to even it all out. He deserves it."

And Marilyn Parver: "When my husband had his vasectomy, I hired a chauffeured limousine to take him to the doctor's and bring him home. When he returned, I greeted him with the 25th Anniversary issue of PLAYBOY and a lobster dinner in bed. I figure when a man has undergone that kind of operation and is temporarily out of commission, he ought to have the best of everything."

It sounds as if he does, Marilyn.

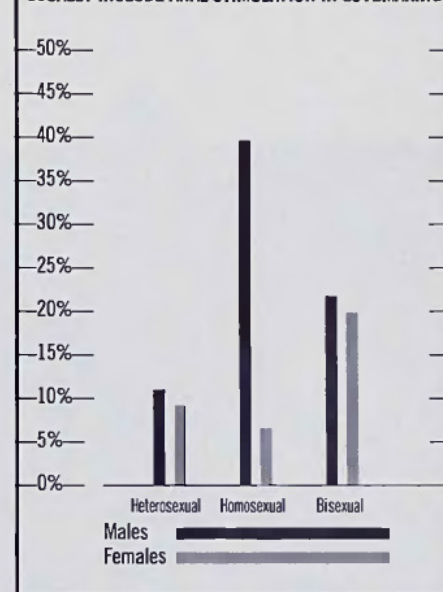


SEX SURVEY

(continued from page 136)

• The bi women take their time. They take, on the average, almost 14 minutes to reach orgasm. Lesbians also take a long time but not *that* long. Straight women don't take nearly so long. A duration like 14 minutes might reflect confused sexuality, or it might reflect great enjoyment of

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS WHO ALWAYS OR USUALLY INCLUDE ANAL STIMULATION IN LOVEMAKING



arousal and what we call heightening techniques. The reason for those techniques is to prolong arousal to the point of near-orgasmic excitement, then pause, then carry on again to an even higher peak of arousal. Most heterosexuals are goal-directed when it comes to sex. They go from foreplay to climax. A long duration to orgasm may cause anxious moments. For most bi women and lesbians, a long duration is positive—the longer they spend having sex, the more they enjoy it.

• And, finally, they are the most likely to think that penis (or breast) size is important in sex. It looks as if they're in a position to know.

Still, there are scattered showers on the bisexuals' parade. They run into opposition from all directions. Gays are often suspicious of them. Straights can be disgusted by them. Developing a bisexual identity can be liberating, but it can also be traumatic.

Most bi's, it seems, come from heterosexual backgrounds. Their current sex is primarily straight. Forty percent of the bi women and more than a third of the bi men tell us that they're married. Other studies indicate that a great many of today's bisexuals have just begun homosexual activity. It's easy to see why they have so many affairs.

Grief from both straight and gay cultures and the problems of beginning homosexual activity appear to be causing bi men a lot of trouble, as you're about to see. The same factors probably affect bi



"When, oh, when is the Government going to get off the people's backs?!"

women, but they're generally more active and better adjusted.

Why? Partly because it can be hip to be a bisexual woman.

Bi women have most of their sex with straight men. It's common knowledge that many straight men are turned on by the mere thought of female homosexuality. (Have you talked with your women about that, gentlemen?) Thus, many straight men think that bisexual women are the most attractive lovers of all.

Not a few bi women are introduced to homosexual contact in threesomes instigated by their male partners. Most of those threesomes consist of one man and two women. In that way—with the approval and even the encouragement of a male partner—a woman's initial homosexual experience can be an extension of a straight relationship. It doesn't have to be a rejection of heterosexuality. That may be the easiest way to approach bisexuality.

The same conditions don't hold for bi men. They seldom get introduced to homosexual contact in amicable threesomes made up of two men and a woman. Few women are turned on by the thought of male homosexuality. So a man's coming out toward bisexuality more often demands at least a partial rejection of his heterosexuality.

Fewer than a quarter of the bi men—the fewest of all groups—say that they're sexually faithful to their partners. Most of the bi men who answered our question on infidelity report having had extramarital affairs. Those high-infidelity numbers are not far from those for the bi women, but they may have different implications. Some sociologists think that bi men are often forced into lives of lies. They think that bi men can become sneaky about finding gay sex, knowing that their female partners would be less than thrilled about their homosexual interests. Could that make them ambivalent, even furtive about their sexuality? Are they of two minds, so to speak?

Could be. Slightly more than 20 percent of the bi men say that they have "open" sexual relationships with their primary partners. Almost half again as many bi women are in open relationships. Bi men are the most likely of all our groups to say that they "try to be" faithful; it seems that many try and fail. We also asked, "If you are male, have you had sex with a prostitute in the past five years?" Of all our respondents, bi men are the most likely to have visited a prostitute. Almost a third of them have. It's clear now that we should have broken the question down for male and female prostitutes. We'll do that next time. But it seems likely that many of the bi men have been going to male—not female—prostitutes. That would be the easiest way for them to keep their homosexual inclinations under the table.

Talking about bisexual *females*, feminist writer Loretta Ulmschneider has said, "Women who practice bisexuality today

are simply leading highly privileged lives." No one has ever said that about bisexual men. For them, being bi doesn't mean getting the best of both worlds. It's more like getting the least from either world. In her chatty *Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, Hite quotes a bi man as saying, "My gay friends are annoyed that I'm 'half straight,' and my straight friends are waiting for me to 'come to my senses.' Talk about alienation."

OK, let's talk about alienation. There's plenty of it evident in the bisexual men we surveyed.

Only 48 percent of them have intercourse "two or three times a week" or more. That's the lowest for any group. (The percentage for bi women is 69—highest of all our groups.) They masturbate a lot. More than a quarter sometimes feel guilty about it. Even though anal sex is a vital part of male homosexuality, the majority of bi men don't indicate that it provides intense orgasms. (It's a chicken-or-the-egg question whether people gravitate to the activity that gives them the best orgasm or whether repeated experience with a particular activity leads to better orgasms.) Just 11 percent of the bi men have anal sex at least once a week. Another 11 percent have it at least once a month.

Bi men take 12 minutes, on the average, to reach orgasm. That's longer than either straight or gay men take. Not only that—it's longer than straight *women* take. Could such a duration reflect heightening techniques in gay encounters? Probably not. That is much more a female attribute. Bi men take longer than gay men do, anyway. Are bisexual men, then, unable to get excited about the kinds of sex they're getting?

Maybe so. The number-one response among bi men to our "most intense orgasms" question is fellatio. Straight males choose intercourse. Straight women choose intercourse, too. Both bi and gay males say that they get their best orgasms from fellatio.

But remember: Bi men have most of their sex with straight women. Straight women perform the *least* oral sex of all the women surveyed.

Forty percent of the bi men tell us that they're not getting enough foreplay. What do most men mean when they talk about getting foreplay? (You're way ahead of us, right?) Do they mean that they don't get enough head? We asked the question directly. Two thirds of the bi men say that they *don't* get enough oral sex.

Getting too little of the thing you like the most is tough enough. Finding partners for gay sex is tough enough. (Maybe not if you walk the streets of San Francisco or the sidewalks of New York, but most people don't.) Dealing with a partner or a spouse who's turned off by your homosexual inclinations—and even having to hide those inclinations—is traumatic enough. But there's another area in which bi men have it tougher than bi women.

There's no question that ardent homosexuals tend to distrust bisexuals. They may call them switch-hitters, fence sitters or worse. Gay men are more visible in our society; their subculture is more unified and powerful than the lesbian subculture. Lesbians are more scattered, more individualistic. So, in addition to their other advantages, bisexual women get grief from a relatively small, diverse lesbian community. In addition to their other disadvantages, bisexual men face a strong gay community that can cut down their opportunities for homosexual contact.

For these and thousands of other individual reasons, the bi men we surveyed are having a more difficult time of it than the bisexual women.

There was no strong, visible gay community 20 years ago—homosexuals were outcasts. Today, bisexuals are the ones with no society of their own. Bisexual women get along pretty well, anyway, but they're still kicked around by plenty of shuddering sexual pedants. Bisexual men reap opprobrium from every side. For many of them, though, coming toward an appropriate sexual identity is worth the trouble.

Theoretically, bisexuals do double their chances for a Saturday-night date. Bi women are, arguably, the most sexually liberated of all our respondents, but too many bi men are dissatisfied. They're looking for a bisexual lifestyle that has never existed and doesn't now.

The near future should see the development of a bisexual community. Bisexual identity is already established. A lifestyle to go with it will follow. Until it does, we'll be left with sexual polarity, hanging back on the curb of what may become the fastest lane.

GAY MEN AND LESBIANS: THE BOYS IN THE BAND AND THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE UNION

Too often, even in research such as this, homosexuals are lumped together in one group. The only basic similarity we've found between gay men and lesbians is that they sleep with members of the same sex. For example, the gay men in our survey are the most "promiscuous" of all. Almost 40 percent of them have had *more than 50* lovers. Lesbians are at the other end of the spectrum. They (and straight women) are the least likely of all groups to have had so many lovers. That should be no revelation. It backs up the stereotypes about gay men and lesbians. But it is a demonstration that if we're going to talk about homosexuals, we have to recognize two societies and two structures of behavior.

Why should that be so? Do gay men join a society that offers open sexuality and then adhere to its philosophy or have they constructed a society that reflects something inherent in them? Are lesbians selective by nature or do they just have trouble finding partners?

One theory is that since they cannot identify with the sexual values of straight

culture, homosexuals tend to take the traditional Western gender roles to extremes. Men are supposed to be on the prowl for sex, so gay men become even more sexual than the norm for men. Lesbians, on the other hand, inflate the traditional female role by becoming even more *romantic* than the norm for women. There's evidence of that in both homosexual cultures. The gay-male community offers many sexual opportunities without even name exchange. There are hundreds of gay bars and clubs founded on the principle of the glory hole; the whole idea is to cater to those who want anonymous gay sex. (For a peek through the glory hole and at other features of the gay community, see Nora Gallagher's *The San Francisco Experience* in the January 1980 PLAYBOY.) The lesbian community encourages long courtship routines that outsiders may see as positively Victorian.

Another theory suggests a multiplier effect. Gay men have their sex with other men. We should expect their sex to appear more extremely "male" than if there were a female presence involved. The flip side applies to lesbians. Such a phenomenon makes for an *intensification* of gender roles.

Whether those are profound explanations or facile ones, it became clear to us early on that we'd be mistaken to address homosexuals as a single group. We'll lead with the gay men, who are much more sexually active than most of our other respondents, and then move on to the lesbians, many of whom seem to be waiting for Ms. Right to come along.

The gay males we surveyed average 31.4 years of age, slightly older than the straight males. They are generally a little more affluent and better educated than the population at large. They work at hundreds of jobs and come from all regions of the country.

In matters of sex, they are doing everything—except making love with women—in abundance. The gay men we surveyed are definitely more active and experienced in sex than either the straight or the bisexual men. They masturbate more and perform oral sex more. They have a lot of oral sex performed on them. They engage more often in anal stimulation, and almost 40 percent of them have anal sex once a week or more. Only 11 percent of the bi men, you'll recall, have it that often. For the straight men, it's only two percent.

Gay men *are* more promiscuous, if that's the word you want to use. They would just say that they place less emphasis on sexual fidelity. They have had more lovers than straights, lesbians or bisexuals. We don't know how many of those lovers have been female. Two out of three gay men tell us, however, that their current sex is "always or usually" with other men.

Gay males are the most sexually caricatured people in the world. They do inhabit the hottest sexual clime, but that doesn't mean that the sniggering of *Three's Com-*

pany or the brutality of such films as *Cruising* has much to do with what's really going on.

They could be called loving as easily as promiscuous. For them, as for everybody else we surveyed, love tops the list of personal priorities. Friends come second on the list, followed by money, family life and sex. Work and leisure are farther behind. Gay men look for the same qualities in a lover as straight men do: trustworthiness, intelligence, good looks, a sense of humor and sexual energy. (It's interesting that women prize a sense of humor in mates more than men do. No wonder Joan Rivers has so much trouble.) Our findings indicate that gay men want the same things as the rest of the population, though their methods are different. While they devote more time and energy to sexual matters, they still say that they want love and trust most of all. But then, so does everybody else. People may be a little more serious-minded when they're answering surveys than when they're going into bars.

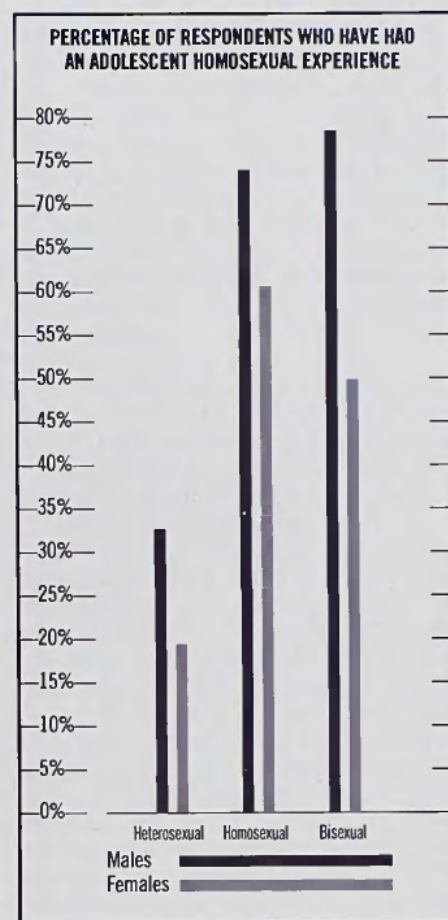
Gay men are very close to heterosexual men in terms of sexual satisfaction. Sixty-one percent of the straight men are happy with their current sex lives. For gay men, that figure is 62 percent. Our first report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* rebutted Hite's implication that almost everyone is miserable about his or her sex life. This report should demolish the notion that gay men are desperately unhappy about themselves and their sexual opportunities. It appears that they're as happy as anyone else—at least, once they've accepted a homosexual identity.

How did gay males come to *be* homosexual? Was it something that was thrust upon them? It seems that in most cases, the determining factors come early in life.

Current sex research leans toward the belief that sexual orientation is determined before adulthood or even adolescence—possibly even before birth. The authors of *Sexual Preference* found such a strong correlation between adolescent homosexual experience and adult homosexuality that they had to see it as a *tautology*. That is, they don't believe that adolescent experience *causes* adult homosexuality. Instead, both reflect even earlier influences. In the authors' words, "Our findings suggest that homosexuality is as deeply ingrained as heterosexuality, so that the differences in behaviors or social experiences of pre-homosexual boys and girls and their preheterosexual counterparts reflect or express, rather than cause, their eventual homosexual preference."

Our data will add ammunition to their theory. Three quarters of the gay men we surveyed report some homosexual experience in adolescence, compared with a third of the straight men. Of those who *did* have adolescent homosexual encounters, 42 percent of today's gay men went on to engage in them frequently. But only *one percent* of today's heterosexual men did so. If there were no earlier factor at work,

surely the men who went on to become straight as adults would have experimented more during those adolescent years. Instead, though large numbers of them were introduced to homosexuality,



99 percent became heterosexual adults.

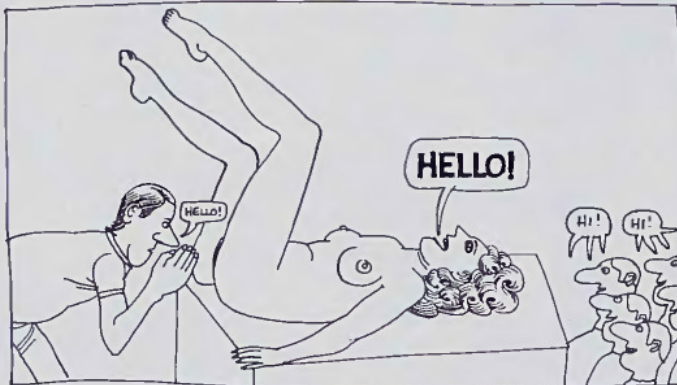
We also found that eight percent of the *straight* men and women have had an adult homosexual experience. They still call themselves straights, though some might consider them bisexual. We consider them examples of the fluidity in sexual behavior shown by all our groups. Perhaps even more surprising, 24 percent of the men who identify themselves as gay report *no* adult homosexual experience, and 3.4 percent of them are still *virgins*.

Those straights who have had an adult gay experience and those gays who have had none seem to be basing their sexual preference on something other than actual behavior. They make us wonder how great a role sex itself plays in forming sexual identity. Their experience suggests, again, that adult sexual preference is more deeply ingrained than the accidents of early experience can explain.

Further backing up that idea is a strong correlation we found between the frequency of current homosexual activity and the frequency of adolescent homosexual experience. It seems that straights who have adolescent homosexual experiences seldom repeat them. Our bisexuals are 18 times as likely to report frequent homosexual encounters in adolescence. The numbers for gay men and lesbians, as you

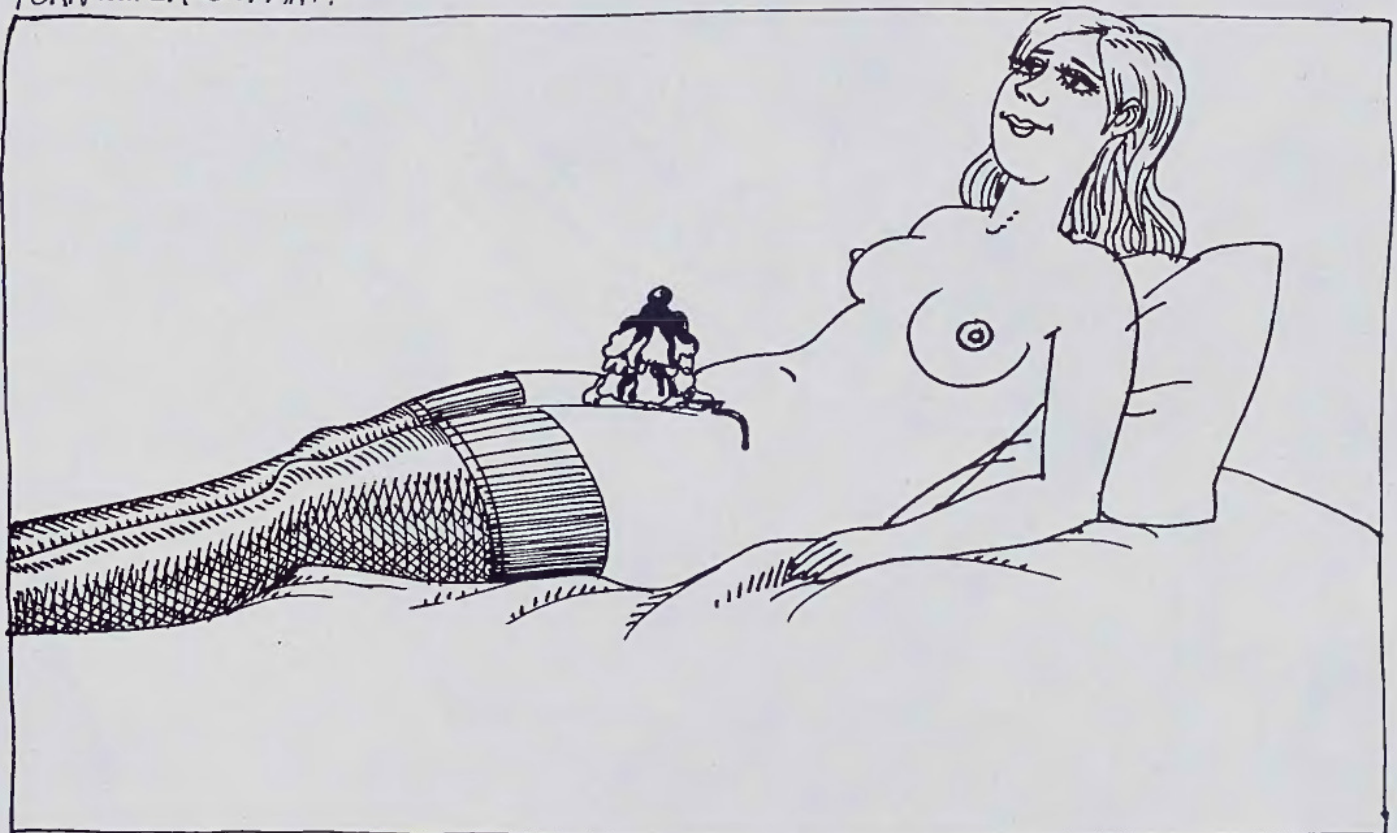
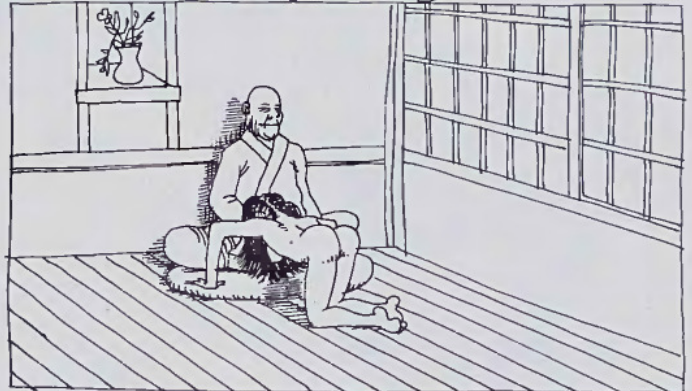
THE KLIBAN NOTEBOOK

PUBIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

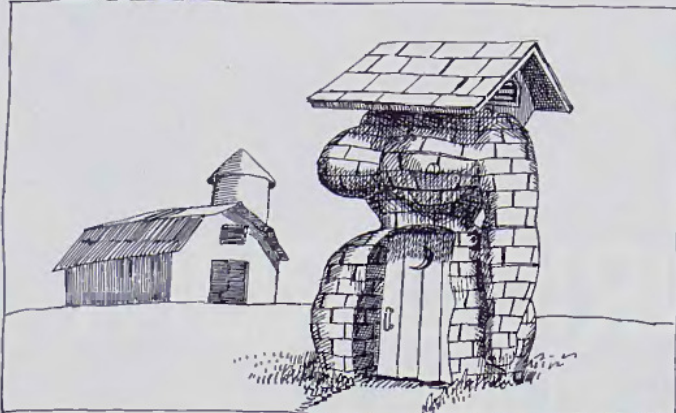


PORN?.... OR IS IT ART?

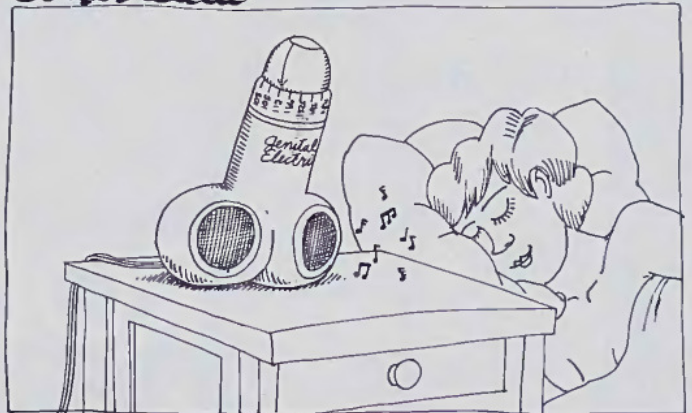
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Shake with ice cubes. Pour
into an on the rocks glass.
Add a thin slice of lime.



RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

might expect, are much higher. Thirty-one percent of the lesbians and 42 percent of the gay men say they frequently had homosexual sex as adolescents. Could it be argued, then, that *frequent* adolescent homosexuality is what causes adult homosexuality? It could, but that would miss the point. Why don't straight men, for instance, *go on* to have frequent adolescent gay sex once they've been introduced to it? Why *do* gay men? Probably because there's already another factor at work—a predisposition toward what their adult preference will be.

By different reasoning and using a different sample, we've arrived at a conclusion that's similar to the tautological theory proposed by the authors of *Sexual Preference*. That theory is an example of clear thinking and elegant science. The book is worth reading; it debunks most of the old notions about the causes of homosexuality. Still, until we know much more about how childhood, infancy and biology influence sexuality, there will be plenty of room for speculation.

Back to basics: Only 64 percent of the gay males say that they have ever ejaculated too soon, compared with 81 percent of the straight males. The reason for the difference seems clear: Gay men don't have to worry about waiting for a female orgasm. Of course, that still leaves the 64 percent of gay men who say that they have come too soon. They may simply enjoy the process of arousal or may just reflect the *macho* ideal: The longer you last, the better you are. Also, more gay men than straights think that penis size is important. Gay men can't avoid comparisons.

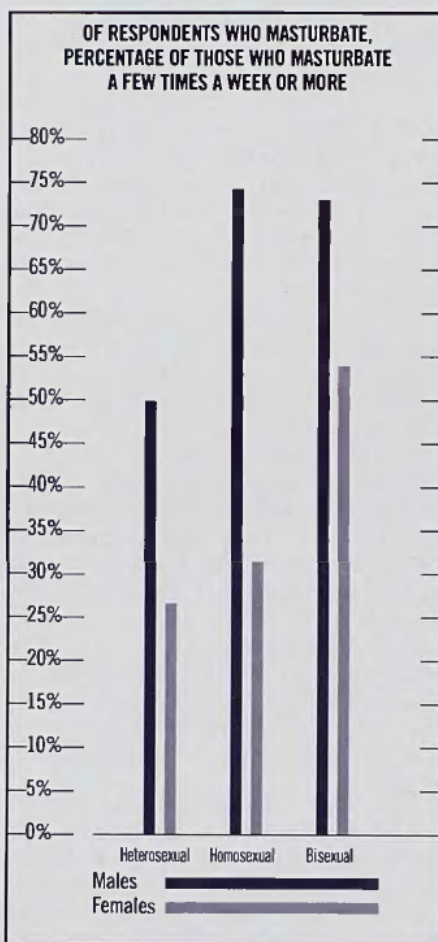
Straight men tell us that their most intense orgasms come from intercourse. Gay men, of course, disagree, saying that their most intense orgasms come from oral sex. Anal sex and masturbation come in second and third. Since copulation isn't attractive, masturbation and fellatio are primary parts of a gay male's sex life. Almost all the gay men we surveyed masturbate. They do it, on the average, every other day. (Straight men average every third day.)

Three out of four gay men say that they fellate their partners every time or almost every time they have sex. Thirteen percent tell us that they'd really rather not, but they perform oral sex anyway.

It should be no surprise that anal sex is prevalent among gay men. Three quarters of our gay-male respondents have had anal intercourse. Twenty percent have it every time they have sex. Forty percent have it once a week or more. Slightly less than half the straight men tell us they've *ever* participated in anal sex. We can't be positive, but we think that the gay and the straight males are talking about somewhat different experiences. When gay men talk about anal sex, it makes sense to assume that about half the time, they're on the passive—receiving—end of it. Since straight men have practically all their sex

with women, we should assume they are almost always the active—inserting—participants in anal sex.

Gay men are also more likely than straights to engage in anal stimulation during other forms of sex. Forty percent of them usually include anal stimulation in a sex session. That's four times the percentage for heterosexual men.



So, are gay men wild and indiscriminate or just looking for love in unusual places? They may be a little bit of both.

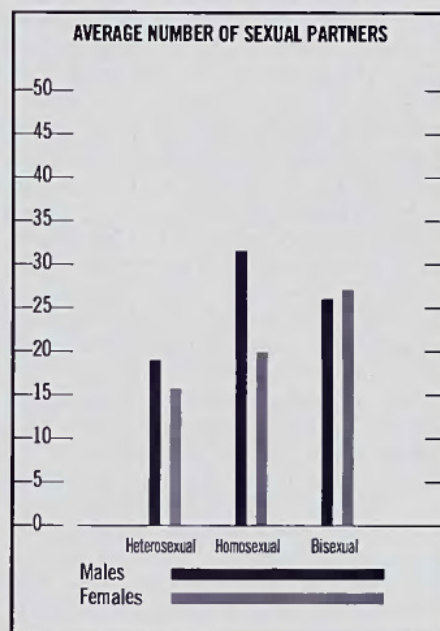
They're unusually deceptive, for one thing. Almost half have faked orgasms. Only 28 percent of the straight men have. Percentages such as those may surprise those who can't figure out why or how a man would fake an orgasm. (It's easy, really. You just close your eyes and pretend you're trapped in a blender.) There may be a simple explanation for the large numbers of gay men who have faked. Men who are very active sexually may *have* to fake more. They want frequent sex but can't come every time, so they fake it. The responses to one of our other questions—"Have you ever had sex with a different person at different times in a 24-hour period?"—add weight to the idea that it's the sexual acrobats who fake the most. Fifty-nine percent of the straight males have had more than one partner in a day. The numbers are considerably higher—76 percent—for gay males. And, as we've noted, gay men have had many more sex partners overall.

They're demonstrative, too. Most have

had sex in public. By "in public," though, they may not mean in the bushes or at basketball games. One of our gay friends suggests that many gays consider the back rooms at gay clubs public areas.

They're awfully interested in their own sexuality. Every gay man answered two of our questions: "How many sexual partners have you had?" and "Do you think you're a good lover?" It's very rare in a questionnaire such as this not to have at least one or two people fail to answer a particular question. Nearly 80 percent of the gay men say that they're good lovers, by the way. That's not quite as high as for the straight men, who are basing their opinion on less experience.

And gay men are very active. The mean number of sex partners for the gay men we surveyed is 31.5—easily the highest for any group. Its significance is inarguable. The mean for straight men is just 19.3.



Thirty-nine percent of the homosexual men say that they've had more than 50 lovers. Again, that's far and away the highest percentage for any group in our survey. On the negative side, almost one in three reports having had V.D. in the past five years, compared with one in ten of the straight men.

But there's another side of the coin: where cruising meets commitment.

We asked each respondent to tell us the duration of his or her current relationship. Almost half the gay men are either dating around or dating one person primarily. But among the rest—the ones who are *not* dating—strong relationships are common. Of those who answered our question about current relationships, 38 percent of the gay men are in relationships that have lasted *more than four years*. Almost half of the rest are in relationships of at least two years' duration.

Granted, only a quarter of them say that they're sexually faithful to their partners. The point, still, is that even though casual sex is a prerogative in the gay community,

gay men are entirely capable of durable relationships. Our data back up Hite's suggestion that most gay men want a lifestyle that is neither monogamous nor promiscuous—that a nonmonogamous but committed relationship is their ideal.

Pioneer sex researcher Alfred Kinsey said that at least 37 percent of American men have some homosexual experience. Thirty-five percent of our male respondents, regardless of their sexual identity, said they had ever had homosexual experience. He also wrote, in 1948, that "relationships between two males rarely survive the first disagreements." That has turned out to be an underestimate of many gay men's capacity to make their own kind of commitment.

Overall, it looks as if the stereotypes about homosexual men contain grains of truth. If they didn't, they would never have been accepted as stereotypes. Compared with the rest of us, gay men operate in sexual overdrive. Anal sex is prevalent among them, and they exhibit more passivity as a group than straight men—that's why some people call them fairies and sissies. But close analysis can bring out a better generalization: Gay men value sexual exclusivity less than most other people, but that doesn't mean that they're not capable of love or commitment.

How about lesbians? Well, they're in a kind of *romantic overdrive*—love and commitment seem to be the linchpins of their lives.

The homosexual women we surveyed may have a more progressive view of the opportunities modern sex affords than most lesbians. Answering a questionnaire in a magazine billed as *Entertainment for Men* wouldn't be a popular choice for the more politically minded lesbians. Neither would carrying around a magazine that features pictures of nude women. But why shouldn't a lesbian want to see the body to which she's most attracted? Don't you? Why shouldn't she want to help a large audience understand her sexual preference? As you're about to see, lesbians are rather conservative when it comes to sex. Our respondents may be less so than most. On the other hand, they could just be a little less hung up about it.

It's often said that lesbian love is distinctly feminine in form and expression. Perhaps the best response to a statement like that is "What's that supposed to mean?"

Maybe we can find out. At the beginning of this section, we said that the only thing gay men and lesbians have in common is that they sleep with members of their own sex. That's a large generalization. Still, their differences are a lot more striking than their similarities.

Gay men, as we have seen, are the most likely of all groups to have had more than 50 lovers. Lesbians are far less likely. Almost a third of the gay men have had V.D. in the past five years. Only 8.5 percent of the lesbians have gotten such an unpleasant parting gift. (Ten percent of

both straight men and straight women have had V.D. during the same period. Seventeen percent of the bi men and 16 percent of the bi women have had it.)

While they may not seem to spend much time there, lesbians say that they're good in bed. Sixty-nine percent say that they're satisfied sexually. Seven out of ten rate their sex lives as better now than five years ago. Eighty-five percent tell us that they're good lovers, and that's the highest number for any group.

Lesbians, like gay men, are sexual extremists. If gay men are liberals when it comes to sex, lesbians are conservatives. They may or may not be superromantic, but they are less driven sexually than homosexual men. They'd probably tell you that they're looking for relationships, not trysts.

The lesbians we surveyed average 26 years of age. Reflecting the general make-up of our sample, they are somewhat better educated and more affluent than most of the population.

How did they come to prefer women?

Almost two thirds of them report adolescent homosexual experience, compared with 20 percent of the straight women and half the bi women. Thirty-one percent of the lesbians frequently engaged in lesbian sex as adolescents. Not even one straight woman in 100 reports that she did so. The percentages for lesbians are similar to those for the gay men; there's a strong correlation between frequent lesbian experience in adolescence and adult lesbian identity.

Conversely, 22 percent of the women who identify themselves as lesbians have had no homosexual experience as adults. Four percent are still virgins. Once more, we find people who base their sexual identity on something other than actual behavior. They feel that nonheterosexuality is the *most important part* of their sexuality—regardless of what their experience has been. We also have lesbians in our sample who report homosexual experience in *adulthood* but none in adolescence. Many may have developed a lesbian preference through identification with feminist politics. Others come to lesbianism as a reaction against negative experiences with men. Don't all those people shoot holes in the idea that adult homosexuality is just something that's picked up in adolescence? We think so. It becomes clearer and clearer that there are more factors at work in forming sexual preference than Freud, Kinsey or the Florida sunshine lady would ever have thought.

The mean number of sexual partners for lesbians in our survey is 19.7. The mean for straight women is 15.7. In light of that, our next figure may seem strange: Only nine percent of the lesbians report having had "more than 50" lovers. Maybe few lesbians have a great many lovers, but few also stick with one or two. Is that because deciding to live a lesbian lifestyle requires more experimentation than going along with the general preference? If that's the

right conclusion, it's reflected in our finding that nearly half the lesbians lost their virginity by the age of 16. Just 28 percent of the straight women started that soon.

The same number of lesbians say that they lost their virginity in a "casual" relationship as say that they lost it in a "serious" one. Other women generally recall the first time as part of a serious relationship. Could it be that most of those first times are unmemorable for lesbians because they happened with men? Many social scientists think that an adolescent who hasn't quite accepted her lesbianism will experiment with straight sex as an "early denial." Before accepting her eventual lesbian preference, she tests the waters of sex with men. As we'll soon see, some of their other responses suggest that many lesbians found those waters chilly, indeed.

For lesbians, cunnilingus is the primary form of sexual interaction. Seven out of ten perform it every time or almost every time they have sex. More than half say that cunnilingus provides their best orgasms. Straight women, however, divide their votes among intercourse, cunnilingus and masturbation.

You might think it would be tougher for a lesbian to bring her partner to climax than for a straight woman to get her man to come. Not so. Straight women say that their male partners climax 95 percent of the time. The incidence of climax is 90 percent for lesbians. Also, only 40 percent of the straight women say that *they* come every time or almost every time. But more than half the lesbians say they do. They sound like technically proficient lovers.

Masters and Johnson found that they were. The lesbians they studied were immensely better at cunnilingus than the heterosexual men. The reason? Intra-gender empathy—we touched on it in the section on bisexual women. It applies even more forcefully here, since lesbians have almost all their sex with other women. A woman knows what feels good to another woman, and she's intimately familiar with the elusive clitoris. Chalk one up for the thesis that homosexuals are better technical lovers. (See chart on page 219.)

Interestingly enough, empathy doesn't seem important in fellatio. Masters and Johnson found that gay men are not significantly better at fellatio than straight women. Chalk one up for the thesis that there's no such thing as a bad blow job.

Lesbians take a long time to come. Straight women generally reach orgasm in 11 minutes. Lesbians average 13—almost as long as the bi women. They're not interested in quickies. The duration of their lovemaking probably reflects teasing techniques that prolong arousal. The lesbians we surveyed take no longer than the straight women to get *aroused*. They just don't rush to the fireworks.

That long duration, though, may partly be due to other factors. We found that

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- Double steel walls (except MPG Standard). Not in Toyota.
- Heavy-Duty Long Bed hauls more than Toyota, Chevy S-10, Ford Ranger... and many full-size pickups.

ONE HECK-OF-A SAVER. Only \$5,995[†] for the Nissan MPG Standard.^{††} Big value, little money.

Every Nissan truck gives you solid value for your money, with extra features at no extra cost. Prices start at just \$5,995.[†] That's less than Toyota, Ford or Chevy, but look what you get:

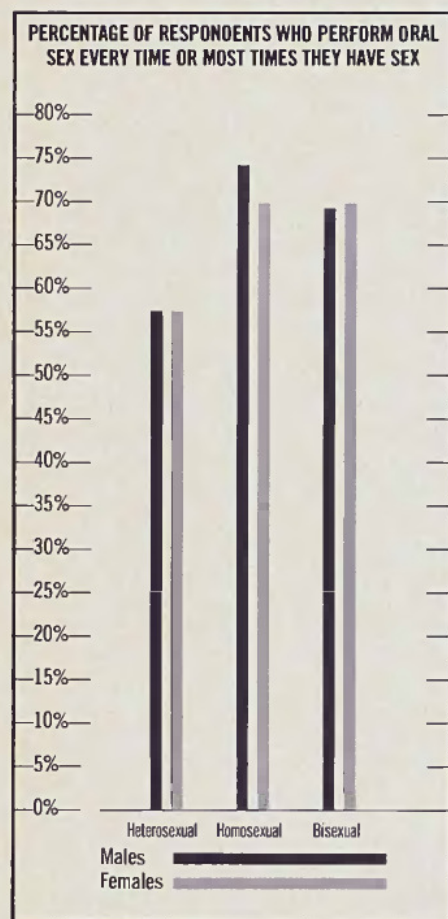
- 5-speed overdrive transmission.
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72 percent of the lesbians we surveyed have faked orgasms. That's more than any other group. Are the lesbian pretenders like the gay-male ones? Are they the sexual superstars? It seems unlikely. There's a physiological limit to how many times a man can come in a short time. Theoretically, there's no such limit for women, so lesbians have no physical reason to fake so



much. It may simply be that they're less inflamed about sex than the rest of our groups. We also found, for instance, that two out of three lesbians say that they've used drugs for sexual stimulation. Perhaps they need drug stimulation more. In general, our results indicate that lesbians are technically skilled but not all that sexually motivated.

What about their attitudes? Do lesbian lives jibe with a "give me love, not sex" philosophy? You can bet your copy of *Take Back the Night* on it.

Lesbians agree with our other groups in choosing love as the master key to happiness. Eighty percent put it first or second on their list of priorities. The numbers of lesbians who put it first or second are almost the same as for the straight women. Bi women aren't quite so likely to say that love is their top priority, and all the men are much less so. Straight women say that family life is their second most important consideration overall. Lesbians put friends second. Family life, sex, money, leisure and work fall nearly out of sight in terms of importance to the lesbians.

They are fiercely faithful. Sixty percent

of the lesbians—the same percentage as for straight women—tell us that they're sexually faithful to their partners. Only a quarter of the gay men say that. Of those who answered our question on current relationships, just 18 percent of the lesbians are in relationships that have lasted more than four years. Only 46 percent are in relationships of at least two years' duration. These numbers are much lower than those for the gay men. But remember—the gay men aren't *faithful*. Lesbians are looking for a more exclusive kind of arrangement than gay men want. Lesbians want both emotional and sexual commitments. Relationships like that are hard to find and even harder to maintain.

In answer to many of our questions, lesbians offer a more feminist view of the world than straight or bisexual women. In response to "Who knows more about 'affairs of the heart'?" lesbians are the most likely to say that women do. Other respondents generally think the sexes are about equal, but only a quarter of the lesbians choose that answer. In response to "Who has more advantages in today's world?" a clear majority of lesbians say that men do.

There are hints in our data that many lesbians have had some negative relationships with men:

Fifty-six percent of the lesbians, for example, say that they have had a physically violent argument with a sexual partner. For straight and bi women, the percentages are similar. The numbers for all groups of men are far lower. It's clear, then, that women consider some arguments violent that men don't see that way.

But that wouldn't explain the high numbers for lesbians if their arguments were happening only with other lesbians. Should we suspect that at least some of them were with men?

Forty-three percent of the lesbians say that they have been forced by a partner to have sex. Forty-two percent of the straight women say that *they* have been forced. Those numbers look too close to be coincidental. Also, lesbians are much more likely than other women to say that they would leave a partner who forced sex on them. Is it reasonable to think many of them already have left, while many straight women have remained with men who forced them?

It would be ideal if we could resolve big questions such as those, but our questionnaire didn't reach quite that deeply. Next time, we'll remember we're not talking only to straights and make it a point to break down more of our survey questions for gender. For instance, if we'd asked *with which sex* those violent arguments had taken place, we might know more about lesbians' past difficulties with men.

Masters and Johnson examined the sex fantasies of lesbians as part of their research for *Homosexuality in Perspective*. They found stronger elements of violence and misandry—antimale feeling—in les-

bians' fantasies than in anybody else's.

In the Masters and Johnson study, heterosexuals most often fantasized the replacement of their current partners. Gay men most often imagined male body parts. But lesbians (who fantasized more than any other group) most frequently imagined forced sex. The force involved was usually psychological, not physical. Lesbians were the only group that frequently reported sadistic fantasies. "There were fantasies of physically destructive approaches to helpless victims," wrote the researchers. "The fantasy content usually went beyond physically forced rape to include sadistic specifics almost always directed to the reproductive organs."

Masters and Johnson emphasized that the lesbians they studied were a small group that was not representative of the whole population. They also cautioned against making generalizations from their small sample. There are more than eight times as many lesbians in our survey. We've found no thoroughgoing aggression or misandry in their fantasies. As we've seen, however, there are noteworthy hints elsewhere of antimale sentiment among the lesbians.

Our findings don't justify strong conclusions about misandry in homosexual women. And we're not saying that bad experiences with men are necessarily what bring about a lesbian identity, though that may be the case for some. The politics of the feminist movement present opportunities for some women to be introduced to lesbian sex, and there are certainly lesbians who have little feeling for men one way or another. What some of our findings do suggest is this: Many women who are in the process of realizing their lesbianism go through unhappy experiences with men that lower their estimation of them. The sexual structure of our society is male-oriented and male-dominated. Heterosexuals generally buy into that structure. Gay men enlarge upon it. Bisexuals can literally have it both ways. Only lesbians must reject it in order to create an identity.

All in all, the lesbians we surveyed appear less concerned with sex than people in the other groups. They embrace romance and courtship even more than the traditional female role would demand. They're the most sexually conservative group we surveyed. Our results harmonize with one of the lesbian activists' chants. It's not just a song and dance: Lesbians really are looking for quality, not quantity.

THE KINSEY SCALE: I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

There are straights who sleep only with straights. There are straights who sometimes sleep with gays. There are gays who sometimes sleep with straights and gays who sleep only with gays. Then there are bisexuals. Where to put them all?

In 20 years, when anything consenting adults want to do is fine with society, calling people heterosexuals, bisexuals or homosexuals may make no sense at all. It

doesn't make much sense now. Try this one: Would you call a woman who has slept with ten men and four women a straight, a bi or a lesbian? What if she slept with the ten men a long time ago? The old labels keep slipping off.

As part of his incendiary sex research, Kinsey created a flow chart for sexual preference. It's still the best representation we have of the continuum of sexual activity. Following the lead of Masters and Johnson, we'll be using a slightly liberal interpretation of Kinsey's terminology:

A zero rating on the Kinsey scale means that the person in question has never had an overt homosexual experience.

A one represents a person whose straight experience far outweighs his or her minimal homosexual experience.

A two has had more homosexual experience than a Kinsey one but an even greater amount of straight experience.

A three represents somebody with approximately equal homosexual and straight experience.

A four is a person with significant

straight experience but with a greater amount of homosexual experience.

A five is somebody whose homosexual experience far outweighs his or her minimal straight experience.

A six is a person who has never had an overt straight experience—the opposite of a Kinsey zero.

A person's Kinsey rating may change over time. Some bisexuals, for example, start out with only heterosexual experience but end up with about the same number of straight and gay partners. Someone like that has gone from a rating of zero to one of three. (The scale measures total lifetime—not just current—numbers of sex partners.) In the course of their lives, individuals may alight in a number of Kinsey categories.

Kinsey's is an experiential scale. It doesn't measure what you want to be, or when. Instead, it places your cumulative sexual experience in the context of other gradations of experience.

That's not a limitation. As a matter of fact, it's often an aid to sex research. Many

of the homosexuals, you'll recall, could, by their experience, be called bisexuals or even straights. Why doesn't their self-identification correspond to their experience? The scale gives social scientists a starting point for finding out.

Most of the heterosexual men in our survey fall into the zero part of the Kinsey scale. They have never had an overt homosexual experience. About a third would get a rating of one. They have had minimal homosexual experience. Hardly any of the straight males we surveyed would rate two or higher.

Eighty percent of the straight women have never had an overt homosexual experience. They're in the zero category. Almost all the rest would rate one, having had minimal lesbian experience.

Fewer gay men and lesbians are so nearly exclusive. Still, most of the gay men and the lesbians tell us that they currently sleep only with members of their own sex. Other studies suggest that self-described homosexuals populate the Kinsey ratings from three through six in substantial numbers. We found people who identify themselves as homosexuals in every Kinsey category, but the vast majority are in the three-through-six range.

Most of the bisexuals fall into the ratings from one through three. They have predominantly straight experience, even at present. There are only a few in the higher categories.

Straight, gay and bi simply can't describe all the varieties of human sexuality, especially when used as labels. The Kinsey scale isn't perfect, but it's an improvement. We would all be better off (more accurate, anyway) if we thought in terms of Kinsey ratings rather than three inflexible words. Better yet, we could bear in mind that even the Kinsey ratings aren't six railroad cars. They overlap and flow into one another, like the colors in the visible spectrum.

We've presented a lot of information about sexual identity. We've come to some conclusions, supported or rebutted some theories and opened the door for a few questions that scream to be answered. Some of our data confirmed our suspicions, but some surprised us and turned our expectations upside down.

When all the words and figures are boiled down, what's the best thing we can take away from them? Perhaps it's simply that pigeonholes and labels limit any understanding of contemporary sex. In the end, maybe we've reached a point at which the only relevant label is someone's name.

See our July issue for part four of *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, wherein we'll reconnoiter the world of experimental sex.

By Kevin Cook in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.



"Not right now, but it's nice of you to offer."

How do you enjoy
Sambuca Romana
when you run out
of coffee beans?



Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.



White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.



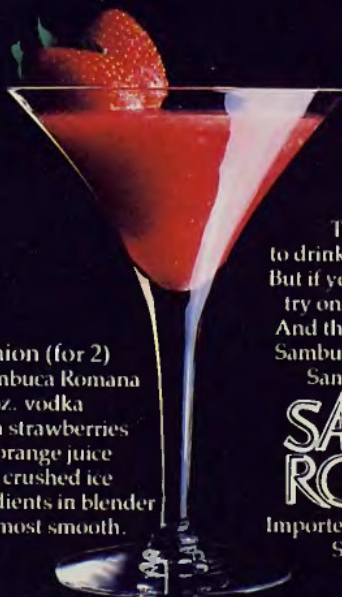
Chocolate Chip Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.



Romana Caffé
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.



Sunny Sam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.



Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way
to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca.
But if you're out of coffee beans,
try one of these other drinks.
And then write for our original
Sambuca Romana recipe book.
Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

SAMBUCA ROMANA

Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd.,
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ANSEL ADAMS *(continued from page 87)*

"Well, the Holy Land is a very good example of some lousy conservation management."

brought in his strange religious beliefs. He can believe any way he chooses on his own time, but to impose his religious dogma on the Interior Department is dangerous. He's a religious fundamentalist who, when asked by the House Interior Committee if he would save public lands for "future generations," answered, "I do not know how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns." He is saying, essentially, that we ought to use the land, as the Bible tells us, without regard for the future. Well, the Holy Land is a very good example of some lousy conservation management. In case Watt is wrong and the Lord does not return in the next few years, the earth may suffer irreparable damage.

Some of what Watt has done is truly unbelievable. Imagine sending a memo stating that no Interior Department official could meet or talk with any professional conservationist! Wasn't this country founded on the principles of free speech and access by the people to their Government? Then there was his irresponsible letter last year to the Israeli ambassador,

warning him that if U.S. Jews joined him in opposing President Reagan's domestic-energy program, it would endanger America's commitment to Israel's defense.

Watt has said that "the vast majority of the conservation movement support our programs, as does Congress, the governors and the state legislatures," but 40 members of Congress have called for his resignation. Newspapers in something like 30 states have asked for his removal from office. Western governors have vocally opposed his policies on wilderness leasing, coal leasing, water projects and land sales. Six coastal states, including Alaska and Florida, have filed suit against his outer-continental-shelf-leasing program. Just about all the national conservation groups, which represent some 6,000,000 people, have called for Watt's resignation. A poll last summer done by *The Washington Post* showed that he had the lowest approval rating of any Cabinet officer other than Secretary of Labor Donovan. President Carter has summed it up nicely: "It is quite likely that the incumbent

Secretary of the Interior will go down in history among our nation's Cabinet officers as one who most seriously betrayed the public trust. . . ."

It seems that there is a determined intention to destroy the integrity of the parks and wilderness areas to lessen their importance, which will eventually make it easier to invade them for commercial purposes. That would be tragic.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite an example of that?

ADAMS: Right near Bryce Canyon, in Utah, they are planning to put in a strip mine. Eventually, we can expect an argument such as "We're near the park already and it has proved very fruitful, so it makes sense to go ahead." Something similar is occurring in Death Valley. The Administration also has plans to allow hard-rock mining in several national recreation areas and has even proposed changes in the surface-mining regulations that could lead to strip-mining of coal in 26 national parks. Watt wants to sell land to pay off the national debt, which is like saying, "It's cold, so let's set the house on fire." He also wants to offer for lease 25 times the acreage offered during the 29-year history of a program that allows leasing of the outer continental shelf. Rape, ruin and run!

PLAYBOY: Have Watt's attempts to open up those areas to exploitation been checked or has the damage begun?

ADAMS: They've been checked to a degree,



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Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, New Jersey.

Sheik
The strong, sensitive type.



BUCK BROWN

"Somehow, I just couldn't say no. . . ."

but he has no intention of giving up. For instance, we had thought we had the drilling off the California coast controlled; but the next thing we heard, Watt announced a new set of leases. In that situation, we don't argue that the oil shouldn't be available in an emergency situation, but there is a very small amount of oil off the central Pacific Coast. Watt just wants to get in there with the idea of promoting total availability. But he pays no attention to the intangible qualities, the scenic qualities and even the wildlife. One oil-company executive went so far as to say that he didn't know why the people in our part of the country were worrying about the drilling rigs. He said, "They're several miles offshore and they look mighty pretty at night, a lot like Christmas trees." Those aren't the exact words, but they are the essence. Well, that doesn't even deserve comment, but even putting aside the view, the possibility of spills of oil and the irreparable damage that would be caused to that very fragile coast line is hardly worth the risk, unless those reserves were absolutely crucial. Remember what happened in the spill on the east coast of Mexico. It put 142,000,000 gallons of oil into the Gulf and the pollution is too terrible to speak of. The oil well was finally capped and controlled, but there was enough already out there in the water to do permanent damage to the Gulf coast.

PLAYBOY: These days, how are you involved?

ADAMS: I try to do something every day—a letter, a phone call, an interview—something to promote the environmental cause. A letter a day may keep the Watts away.

PLAYBOY: You are against nuclear weapons but favor nuclear power, which separates you from many of the environmental groups that are staunchly no-nuke.

ADAMS: That's an apparent dichotomy and it disturbs a lot of people, but the danger of nuclear power is conjectural and the pollution potential, compared with the known pollution potential of burning coal and oil, is minute. When you consider the threat of acid rain and the general pollution of air and water caused by thermal-power production, it is terrible. There is general agreement that nuclear weapons are absurd, but I disagree with the view that nuclear power is bad. They have many reactors in England and they have never had any trouble. The problem here is that we just don't have adequate training for nuclear technicians. We ought to use our technology to make nuclear power *safe* instead of fighting it, since it is the only practical alternative that we have to destroying the environment with oil and coal.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that we just don't know enough to safely use nuclear power, which could potentially do far more harm than the pollution caused by fossil-fuel-energy production?

ADAMS: If we have that much caution, why do we allow the Four Corners coal plant, for instance? That can kill many more

people than any nuclear plant. A nuclear plant is not dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Even with the prospect of a meltdown?

ADAMS: We haven't had any. Three Mile Island only scared people to death. I had my teeth examined when I was a little kid. I bet I had more radiation than I'd ever get around a nuclear plant for a year. Now, I am aware of the arguments against it. I believe technology can check those problems. In the meantime, with the depletion of oil, coal and gas, what else is there?

The better alternative to the fission reactors is fusion, which the Government isn't pushing the way it should. It is a much safer alternative. It's clean, efficient and not very expensive. The technology is inevitable. We have to have the water desalination that it will allow. It's a necessity if we are going to avert a disaster. I just can't be scared. Everything is a risk. When there is a big public squawk about fusion, it becomes evil. It is unfortunate that it has been clumped together with something as insidious as nuclear weapons, because utilizing nuclear energy is the future.

PLAYBOY: That there hasn't been a major disaster, such as a meltdown, doesn't mean there won't be one.

ADAMS: The risk is so low, it doesn't scare me. We're at constant risk of being hit with a meteorite or an asteroid. We're at risk of a major earthquake, and the time for that is coming closer and closer. In Los Angeles and San Francisco, it's going to be a tremendous disaster. The brand-new buildings may hold up, but there is a period of many decades, from 1906 through 20 years ago, whose buildings have no earthquake consideration in their construction. I think you are at infinitely more risk driving around in your car than you are around any nuclear plant.

PLAYBOY: It's not just radicals who fear nuclear power but many scientists, too. One concern is nuclear waste.

ADAMS: It is, indeed, a concern, but it is a solvable problem. Some experts have suggested shooting it off into the sun, which would be fine if the rocket worked. But think what would happen if it didn't. The point is that waste is a solvable problem. There are a lot of scientists who are much more moderate and support nuclear power, but for some reason, they don't get heard. Relating simple facts about something's being safe doesn't get the same attention as telling people that something is scary and dramatic and dangerous. If there ever were a proven hazard, I would be the first to admit it. But with all the information people have been able to give me, I have concluded that we are much better to go on with it than with the alternative. The danger is that most of the plants are privately operated and, therefore, under economic stress, and private companies are not likely to spend the money it takes to ensure that the plants are completely safe. Safety programs *should* be mandatory, which doesn't say much.

There *should* be rent control. There *should* be more rigid pollution control. But you have interests that just don't want to pay the costs. I'm aware of the problems, but I still believe nuclear energy is a needed alternative that should be carefully developed and controlled.

PLAYBOY: But you don't support nuclear arms.

ADAMS: They are absolutely insane. I know people who witnessed the big displays in the Pacific who will never get over it. They had the feeling of seeing something totally beyond control that is totally lethal. They were very sobered people. Of course, people talk about the danger of a nuclear bomb hitting a nuclear reactor, but that's a pretty silly argument. If a nuclear bomb hits anywhere, it doesn't matter what it hits. There is enough destructive force and radiation to do unthinkable damage without any help. People cannot conceive that a multimegaton bomb falling on San Francisco would make a crater out of the entire city and do serious damage as far away as here, Carmel, 100 miles away. That is *one bomb*. It becomes a question of intent. Unlocking the atom can help save the race or destroy it. I have a metal letter opener that could become a murderous weapon if used with intent to murder. Anything used intentionally for destruction is terrible; nuclear bombs, of course, are worst of all. Biological weapons also terrify me. Those things are mankind at its worst. There is the other side, too, which includes art and creative technology—which is why I can find optimism amid such overwhelming odds.

PLAYBOY: You're something of a living testament to the wonders of technology, with your new cardiac Pacemaker.

ADAMS: Without it, I would have died. In fact, there have been four times I positively would have died if it hadn't been for advanced technology in medicine. There have been four surgical episodes. The Pacemaker was the most recent. It's a remarkable device. It's like having a computer inside. It turns on only when I need it, when my heart rate falls below 50 or skips. The doctor can change that by waving a little magnet over my chest. There is a battery inside that lasts five to seven years.

PLAYBOY: But that's not all, we assume, that keeps you going.

ADAMS: You're right. It's a frame of mind. An objective. James Watt keeps me going; so does Ronald Reagan—God bless them. [*He shudders*] Even without them, though, there is always something to do. I'm amazed at the number of people who have no particular objective in life. They work only because they have to bring in money. That is a great part of what is wrong with our culture.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being indulgent again? Can everyone be a creative artist and still make a living?

ADAMS: No, but you can be a creative technician or a creative manager or a creative artisan. It's only the assembly-line ethic

STYLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE

when it comes to fashions, play it by ears

IT'S SPRING, and young men's fancies everywhere are turning to thoughts of golf, tennis, jogging, swimming and, of course, lovely ladies in the latest summer styles. And whether you're under par on the back nine, serving a match-point ace or just doing some serious people watching by the pool, Playboy casualwear and accessories can be right there with you. Our emergence as a status

brand is no accident, as over the past 30 years, the jaunty Playboy Rabbit Head has become one of the most recognized symbols in the world. More good news: The outfits pictured below are just a smattering of the looks for both men and women that bear the Playboy and Playmate labels. They're available at better stores across the country. Seek, gentlemen and ladies, and ye shall find.



Our guy above left will soon be off and running in his terrycloth jogging suit that includes a two-button-placket pullover top, \$22, and pants that have an elastic waist and cuffs, \$25, both by A Trifle Bit; plus an adjustable mesh sports cap, by Arlington Hat Company, about \$6; and suede-and-mesh wedge-bottomed athletic shoes, by Smerling Imports, \$29. (Next to his knee is a nylon sports bag, also by Smerling Imports, \$10.) The laughing little lady in his life has slipped into something very comfortable—a striped cotton/polyester Lycra bandeau bikini, \$30, plus a matching beach jacket, \$34, both by Stafford Higgins Industries. The other guy has also taken the Playboy-fashion plunge and pulled on a cotton boxer-style swimsuit, \$16, along with a matching cotton V-neck T-shirt, also \$16, both by Ruby International; plus a pair of leather athletic shoes, by Smerling Imports, \$40; Orlon/nylon pocket socks, by Gilbert Hosiery, \$5; and men's sunglasses, by Optyl Corporation, \$55, including a vinyl carrying case. For more information on where to buy these and other Playboy-licensed products, write—but please don't send money—to Playboy Licensing Division, 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

that inhibits the mechanic who is creatively building or fixing or making things work. The unions have tried to make people feel important, but they, too, have been trapped by a sort of big-business remoteness. If I were working for a corporation, I'd be looking for a slice of the proverbial pie, especially when I hear about the \$100,000-plus-a-year salaries of the executives. There is no easy answer, but that, too, is what keeps me going.

PLAYBOY: Do you exercise? What do you do in your leisure time?

ADAMS: I don't see a difference between my work and my pleasure. I can't consider wasting time on vacations or so-called relaxation. I get very impatient when I'm on a trip and there's nothing to do. Leisure as a concept implies that the work you do is unpleasant. I might take a break from one kind of work to do another kind or to read or listen to music. I love to see people, perhaps over cocktails in the evenings. The doctor actually wants me to have a couple of drinks in the evening to relax myself.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, that is some strong martini we've sampled. Will you share your recipe with us?

ADAMS: The martini I am drinking now is simply diluted—that way, I can have several. But the ones you're sipping come from a Hotel Sonesta bartender in Cambridge. You take a good-sized glass and fill it with fine vermouth. Then you marinate some big lemon peels in there for days. As the vermouth evaporates or is used up, replenish it. All you need is a glass, ice, vodka and a lemon peel. Rub the lemon peel around the rim of the glass, drop it in, and you have a very dry martini.

It's odd, but I don't really think about being 81, except when I *feel* it. But I just keep on going, doing what I can do. I can't do as much as I used to be able to, but I do all that I can. I was up near San Francisco a few days ago and I was looking around and thinking about how I used to scramble

around the hill with all my equipment without any thought at all about it. Now I need help with all my equipment. Luckily, I have assistants. Sometimes, they tighten the screws on the tripod so much that I can't even open them, which is rather embarrassing. I wear glasses now but can see better than ever. I have arthritis. It's uncomfortable, but it hasn't been too destructive. Since it hit my hands chiefly, it would have been very bad had I continued in music. But overall, I'm quite fine. I'm better off than I was before the Pacemaker. And I hope I'm around as long as the machinery will last; and then, when the final wash comes. . . .

PLAYBOY: The final wash?

ADAMS: You know—the final wash, the last rinse. It would be very presumptuous to think I will not join the great majority. That's one political party you can't escape. I have great expectations—I have a very good life expectancy, they tell me—but the last wash is a given. When I begin to lose my marbles, I think it will be much better not to be around, but the simple physical disabilities are tolerable.

When most people retire, either they die a year later or they are miserable in Sun City or some other self-imposed prison—all those elderly settlements have positively become equivalent to prisons. People go to those places and wait to die, scared and weak. They grow conservative, right wing, which puzzles me. It is an illusion that if you're right wing, you are going to be more secure—that is, unless you've got an awful lot of money under your right wing. [Sighs] It's a bit disheartening. It can't stay this way. Disaster or revolution, whichever comes first.

PLAYBOY: You said that earlier. We assumed you were speaking rhetorically. Weren't you?

ADAMS: Definitely not. We are on a disaster course. A revolution may happen first; and, of course, that may be a disaster anyway. I don't say it would be a Soviet

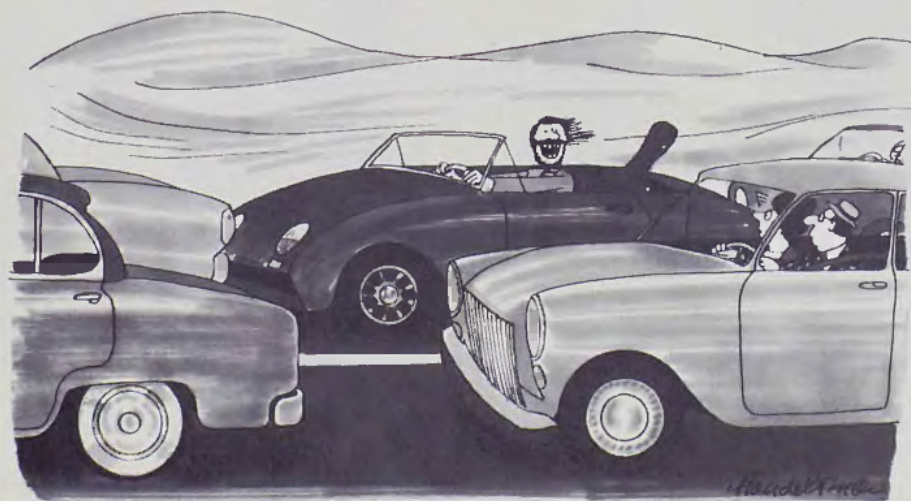
revolution, but it could very well result in a different order of society. It could be a socialist setup that might work for a while. We don't know. The point is, I think there may be a revolution if there is not greater equality given to all citizens. We have consistently considered the employer, especially the large corporations, as the most valuable part of the American society. We have consistently overlooked the enormous importance of the farmer, the technician, the educator, the artist, the laborer. I'm not calling for a revolution; I'm calling for greater equality to all citizens. If that doesn't happen, something will.

You see, I believe in a Federalism under which you would pay your taxes to a properly elected and conducted central Government that would, in turn, provide essential services—which would include medical care and other essentials—to the population. I do think there is a basic obligation for everyone to make his maximum contribution to society, but we talk about opportunity for everyone, and the fact is that it is perfectly obvious that equal opportunity does not exist. It's about time we woke to that fact and clarified the whole social-political structure. Or we'll be awakened.

Remember, ten percent unemployment, no matter how high that is, is an *average*. There are places and segments of the population with much higher unemployment. People will not continue to tolerate those conditions. What we need is a new set of political commandments that call to attention some of the basic provisions of the Constitution that are often overlooked by our contemporary leaders. There are inalienable rights that are supposed to be guaranteed. It is absolutely criminal that our Government has consistently supported rightist governments that deny citizens' rights while being paranoid about any liberal concept, which is the concept upon which our country was founded. But, remember, it took a revolution here.

PLAYBOY: In the meantime, you're working vigorously to correct the situation.

ADAMS: I think good things can be done within this system. I think there is more equal distribution in societies that pay more taxes and get more services from the government, such as Sweden. The big problem is to convince the people that all the public lands are owned by *them*, not by some big bureaucracy or some corporation. Literally *everybody* owns public lands. You can't go up and claim your square yard, but if something goes wrong with the public land and resources, everybody suffers. A big corporation may make a great deal from exploitation of the environment and it may even create several jobs, but in the end, the public—that is, all of us—will suffer. But I wouldn't continue my efforts if I thought they were hopeless. I wouldn't write all those letters. There's so much that is worth conserving. [Lifts his diluted martini] And I'll drink to that.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

DIGITAL AUDIO: NEW SOUND OF MUSIC

The compact digital-audio-disc player, introduced not long ago, represents such a quantum leap in sound reproduction that even some of the most skeptical audio buffs are being blown away by this newfangled format's dynamic range. The discs, as you probably know, are digitally encoded four-and-three-quarter-inch platters (one is pictured

here) that hold one hour of music per side. As each is read by a laser beam instead of a stylus, there's zero wear on the record surface; and, no, you don't have to scrap your current rig, as an audio-disc player will dovetail nicely with most sonic setups. In about six months, as soon as ample software and additional machines are available, we'll tell you more. Keep in touch.



Top left: Pioneer's P-D1 audio-disc player can be programmed to play specific cuts—and even to locate a specific verse in a song—in whatever order you choose, price to be announced. Top right: The Model 9500, by Phase Linear, features a full range of programmable functions such as repeat, pause, skip, fast forward, reverse, phrase repeat and time locate (up to 24 location instructions can be retained in its memory), \$1200. Center: Magnavox' compact, top-loading FD 1000-SL digital-disc player can be programmed to locate a specific track simply by entering the track number on the keyboard of the player, about \$800. Above left: Although it's not a disc player, we've included Technics' SV-P100 unit in this feature because it records digital sound onto VHS video cassettes, \$3000. Above right: Sony does it again with its Model CDP-101, featuring a digital display showing how many minutes and seconds of a track have been played, plus much more, about \$1000.

Here comes

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You never had it this fresh!

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

WHEELS

THE 'BIRD TAKES FLIGHT

Ford's original 1955 Thunderbird, now a coveted classic, began life as a Johnny-come-lately answer to Chevrolet's first Corvette. Built on a cut-down sedan chassis, the 'Bird was barely 20 months in gestation from management approval to public introduction in the fall of 1954. A check of the records shows that it one-upped Corvette's "Blue Flame Six" (the 'Bird came loaded with a 198-hp, 292-cubic-inch V8) and handily outsold its crosstown rival ten to one that first year. But Ford saw greater sales in more seats than two, so the graceful two-seat 'Bird was replaced for 1958 with a larger, five-passenger version. For 18 years, the T-bird grew fatter and plusher, then was downsized for 1977 and again for 1980. But the once proud 'Bird had lost its spirit. More fluff than substance, it was a shoe-box-shaped shadow of its former self.



Well, rejoice, 'Bird watchers of America: Your car is back in fighting trim for 1983, lighter, leaner and vastly more appealing. Its sensuously rounded, aerody-

namic new body looks as if it were designed in Zuffenhausen, not Detroit. It rides on bump-eating, gas-filled shocks, and it coddles both driver and front passenger in individual reclining

seats. Most surprising is a hot, high-performance Turbo Coupe version guaranteed to knock the socks off the most jaded driving enthusiast. The Turbo model comes with dual fog lamps, multi-adjustable bucket seats, electric remote-control mirrors, big black-wall tires on aluminum wheels and a special handling suspension with axle-taming horizontal hydraulic dampers.



Forget all you've heard about turbocharged Ford fours. The Turbo Coupe may be only 2.3 liters large, but it goes like a greased snake on a griddle. With each intake port individually fuel injected and everything overseen by computer, it pumps out 145 very healthy horses—sufficient to soar the 3000-pound 'Bird to 60 mph in nine seconds flat with the standard close-ratio manual five-speed. Although not as brutishly fast as Ford's H.O. V8-powered Mustangs, the Turbo 'Bird is more sophisticated, more fuel efficient (18 mpg city and 29 highway are projected) and a more athletic handler. This is the flattest-cornering, sweetest-handling Ford to grace a showroom since the legendary Boss Mustangs of more than a decade ago. Best of all, this made-in-America driver's car is base priced at just \$11,790. Talk about a cheap way to fly!—GARY WITZENBURG

For about \$15,000, fully loaded (sun roof, leather seats, special stereo, Michelin TRX tires and more), Ford's new Turbo Thunderbird is one hell-of-a-bargain fowl. Under that sleek skin are fast-ratio power rack-and-pinion steering, MacPherson struts up front, horizontally mounted dampers and other handling goodies—plus a 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine coupled with a five-speed gearbox. Furthermore, the Turbo's interior is equally sleek: The dash is brushed black metal—and there's even an optional electronic voice alert (key in ignition, lights on and door ajar) for absent-minded lonely guys yearning for the sound of a friendly nonhuman. Sorry, the voice alert doesn't give Mercedes the Bronx cheer as you go sailing by.



For Artie's Sake!

Actress **ARTIE FIELDER** isn't long out of Texas, but she's already hot in L.A., in *Trail of the Pink Panther*, *Six Weeks* and the upcoming *Daniel*. On TV, she's teamed with Gregory Harrison in *Fighting Chance*. She's got more than that.



It's a Wrap

We've already told you that Missing Persons vocalist **DALE BOZZIO** used to be a Bunny. What you don't know is how she developed her special fashion sense. Says Dale, "God gave me a beautiful bosom. Why should I try to hide it?" Amen!



Crazy Joey

Over the years, singer **JOEY HEATHERTON** has held on to both her sense of humor and her singing career. She still hits the night-club circuit and, as you can see, has worked up her own imitation of SCTV's Lola Heatherton. Eat your heart out, Catherine O'Hara!



A Peek at Perfection

Keep your eyes on this beauty, actress **VALERIE KAPRISKY**, who is currently co-starring with Richard Gere in an adaptation of the 1961 French movie classic *Breathless*. Actually, looking at her makes us, well, breathless.





Brinke of Success

How did we ever get so lucky? Actress BRINKE STEVENS is our celebrity body of the month. You will soon see her in Rob Reiner's movie *Spinal Tap*, in which she plays a rock-'n'-roll groupie, and if you need more, she'll also be in *Private School*. Where do we go to register?

ROD BARNES

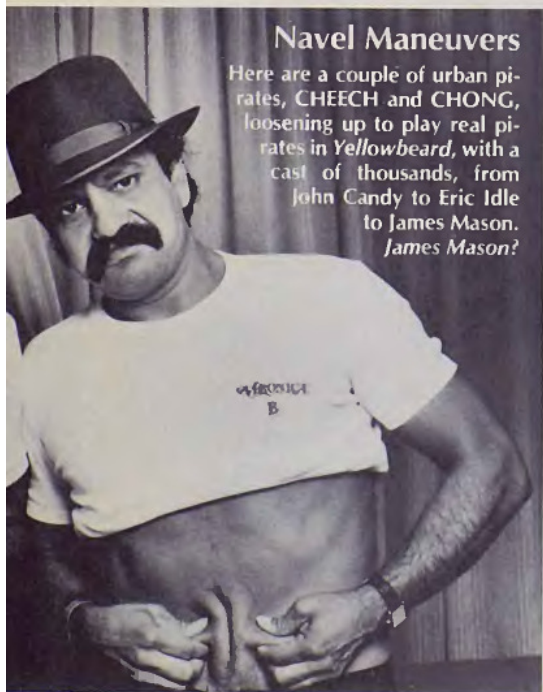


Not All Rulers Have 12 Inches

Now that the movie version of *The Pirates of Penzance* has reached the screen, REX SMITH measures fame in new ways. Smith and *Pirates* co-stars Linda Ronstadt and Kevin Kline have re-created their Broadway roles and have managed to popularize light opera for a new generation. Rex, who also occasionally co-hosts the TV music show *Solid Gold*, is worth his weight.

Navel Maneuvers

Here are a couple of urban pirates, CHEECH and CHONG, loosening up to play real pirates in *Yellowbeard*, with a cast of thousands, from John Candy to Eric Idle to James Mason. James Mason?



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A SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE BARFER

UCLA psychiatrist Dr. Robert J. Stoller makes a habit of sauntering down controversial avenues of inquiry. His last book focused on the relationship between sex and violence. Now, in a short article in *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, he has reported on a fairly offbeat practice among women that he calls erotic vomiting. For shock value, it rivals even the case of the guy whose blind date had a grand mal seizure the minute she laid eyes on him. But we digress.

Noting that he hadn't performed an actual study on the subject, Dr. Stoller presented case histories of three women who claimed to derive sexual pleasure from tossing their cookies. Case number one described a druglike rush that she experienced all over her body when she vomited. Case two said that she could attain orgasm only through masturbation or vomiting. Number three said that she could "reach a sure orgasm by imagining someone vomiting in a hard, humiliating fashion."

What we wanted to know was, how does such an aberration get started? It appears, at least from two of the cases, that erotic vomiting takes hold about the same way any other fetish does: The subject has an extremely exciting erotic experience early in life that can be related to an object, a practice or, as in this case, a bodily function. In one case, the subject was caught masturbating and was summarily spanked until she simultaneously threw up and experienced orgasm. In another, the subject thought that her fixation might have begun when, as a child, she upkucked while straddling Grandma's knee. In the third, the erotic reaction wasn't cued to any specific event.

Besides the fact that two of the

women sometimes wear men's clothing, the only trait that the three share is bisexuality. Stoller is hesitant to draw any conclusions. He says that while scientific data on the subject is nil, vomiting is found in some pornography. We'll go along with him when

we suppose that it was a difficult move. Not surprisingly, in a recent issue of *Mother Jones* magazine, Diamond, who lives in California, said that he has reconsidered the drug companies' culpability in those cases.

As time marches on, the evidence to



The scene below in a past issue of *RAW* caught our eye. We checked in with *RAW* mogul and *PLAYBOY* contributor Art Spiegelman to find that *RAW* Number Five, *The Graphix Magazine of Abstract Depressionism* (left), with artsy funnies by Spiegelman and others, is out. It's \$5.95 from Raw Books & Graphics, 27 Greene Street, New York, New York 10013.



he says that "we still have a lot to learn regarding erotic life."

NEW S.O.S.: SONS OF DES

In 1970, researchers found that some women whose pregnant mothers had used the antimiscarriage drug diethylstilbestrol (DES) had developed certain rare cancers. In the Fifties, the drug was quite often prescribed for pregnant women who'd previously miscarried. Since then, nearly 500 of those daughters have sued the DES manufacturers. Now attorney Craig Diamond is suing DES makers, claiming that his case of testicular cancer was related to DES taken by his mother while he was in the womb. On the strength of new evidence, that's a smart move. And knowing that Diamond spent his early legal career helping DES manufacturers E. R. Squibb & Sons and The Upjohn Company prepare a legal defense against the DES daughters,

support his charge begins to mount. DES sons appear to have higher than normal incidence of small testicles, undescended testicles, abnormally small penises and cysts on the epididymis, the part of the testicle in which sperm matures. While there has been no direct link of DES to cancer in males, genital abnormalities such as those mentioned are known to indicate a higher risk of cancer. Men with undescended testicles are 35 times more likely than other men to develop testicular cancer. Because of courtroom log jams, we probably won't know the results of Diamond's suit and similar suits by several other men until at least 1986. We may have to wait just as long to fully explore the DES-testicular cancer connection. Right now, there are at least 12 ongoing studies of DES sons in the United States. They'll shed more light on the subject—and so will we—as they are completed.



KAKU KURITA / GAMMA (3)

LET'S GET SCRUTABLE: In Tokyo, it costs 70,000 yen (\$300) to receive the advanced course of instruction in a sex-training school run by Yasuro Ishii. Known as the Junior Health Club, Ishii's operation is popular among newlyweds. Far left



and center: A female instructor helps a student explore the wonders of the Orient. Above, Ishii suggests some final adjustments. Samurai sexologist? As best we can figure, this is like Masters and Johnson, only with your underpants on.

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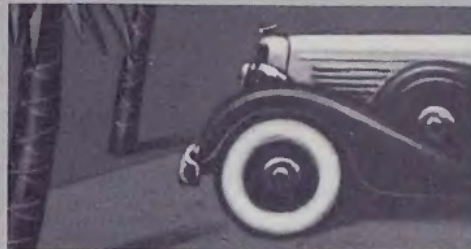
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